

October 24, 1962

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Margaret Graham

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Head Office: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4088WW, G.P.O.
Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letter
Box 185C, G.P.O.
Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 409P, G.P.O.
Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 302A, G.P.O.
Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 101 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letter
Box 491G, G.P.O.
Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

- This week we begin a new service for readers — "Letterbox for Cooks."

THE service will answer (this week on page 62) cooks' problems — on, for instance, unfamiliar ingredients, quantities, cooking failures.

Send your questions to "Letterbox for Cooks," Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

★ ★ ★
THE short story "My Great-Uncle," by George Bradshaw (page 21), comes from a recent collection of the author's stories, "Practice to Deceive."

In this collection, all the stories deal with the art centres of Paris, New York, and London.

Many of them reveal the shady world of dishonest dealers and forgers.

The "Uncle" in our story is a forger — but quite an endearing one.

★ ★ ★
THE problem with the America's Cup wedding (see opposite page) was getting the maid of honor, not the bride, to the church on time.

The bride, Faye Coroneo, had asked Pam Quinn, an Australian model now working in America, to attend her.

But five hours before the ceremony, Pam rang to say she was ill and could not go.

Faye rang Judy Ainsworth, an American journalist with whom she had become friendly during her stay in Newport, and asked

Our cover

• Margaret Graham, 20, of Northbridge, Sydney, who last week was crowned Miss New South Wales.

Tall, slim, and brown-haired, Margaret is a seventh generation Australian and a direct descendant, on her mother's side, of the State's third Governor (1800 to 1806), Philip Gidley King.

Margaret, who won her crown from 16 lovely contestants, works as a fashion co-ordinator in a Sydney store, but her ambition is to enter Parliament. She hopes, however, to first marry and have a family — "Politics will have to wait until I'm much older and have more experience," she said.

With finalists from other States, Margaret will contest the Miss Australia title, which will be announced on October 31 at the Miss Australia Golden Ball, in Melbourne.

Picture by staff photographer Ernie Nutt.

her to substitute as maid of honor.

A Newport shop yielded a yellow brocade gown which was just right, and after a visit to the hairdresser Judy just made it.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 24, 1962

THE HAPPY ENDING



• Cutting two cakes at their reception at "Seafair," Bill Solomons and his bride, Faye Coroneos. At right is maid of honor, American Judy Ainsworth.

• Skipper of the America's Cup winner, Weatherly, Emil ("Bus") Mosbacher, and his wife, Patricia, gave the reception that followed the wedding of Gretel reserve helmsman Bill Solomons and Sydney model Faye Coroneos at Newport, Rhode Island.

THE party was held at "Seafair," a Norman-style turreted mansion on Newport's "millionaires' row," which was occupied by the America's Cup defenders.

Attractive Mrs. Mosbacher—a mother of three—said, "I had been waiting to have a party in this wonderful house all summer, but Bus did not want to interrupt the training routine of the crew living here.

"When I heard that Bill and Faye were being married in Newport it gave me the excuse I needed. Bus agreed that we couldn't have a better ending for the series than a wedding reception at 'Seafair'."

After the reception, Bill, a Sydney salesman, and Faye left for two weeks in New York, then to London and Greece. In Athens, where Faye was born, they had been asked to be the guests of Prince Don Juan of Spain and his wife, Princess Sophie of Greece, who attended the Cup races.

• Mr. and Mrs. "Bus" Mosbacher with Faye, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Coroneos. Bill and Faye were married in the Greek Orthodox Church of St. Spyridon.



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Assistant Director, Army Nursing Service, at
Army Headquarters in your capital city.**

Issued by the Director of Recruiting

Page 4

GEA191.143.12

MRS. DICK REILLY
and her daughters
Terri (left) and
Joanne buy boronia
from Perth street-
seller Harry Gartrell.

*There's a
harvest of
perfume
at a . . .*

Boronia farm

• "Fresh, sweet-scented boronia! Sixpence a bunch, bor-o-nee-a!" The familiar old cry of the man with the blossom-laden basket could be heard on the streets of Perth every year toward the end of winter.

HARRY GARTRELL, who sells boronia from his stand in Hay Street, told me, "I can remember when it used to sell for 3d. a bunch—before you were born."

In recent years the cost of a bunch of the modest brown wildflower with the sweet perfume increased to 1/-, and then to 1/6 (2/- in Sydney).

But inflation can't deter Western Australians when it comes to their native boronia.

It may not be much to look at (it is a different variety to that found elsewhere in Australia), but they love its heady, sentimental perfume.

Even Perth men, shy about carrying flowers in public, take home a bunch of boronia quite unself-consciously.

Brown boronia is a Western Australian institution—the very breath of spring.

But its popularity is its

own worst enemy, and brown boronia (or, in technical terms, *Boronia megastigma*) is dying out.

For many years its haunts in the winter-damp southern depths of the State have been thoughtlessly stripped to meet the demand.

Repeated summer bushfires also have threatened its existence.

The staff of an Australia-wide firm of manufacturing chemists has been quietly working on a project which could save this wildflower.

"Plantation"

Chairman of the firm, Mr. A. F. Scammell, of Adelaide, plans to reintroduce boronia perfume, which went off the market before World War II.

Three years ago his company established a three-acre "plantation" on a private farm eight miles from Manjimup and 190 miles south of Perth.

This is the first attempt to grow boronia in com-

mercial quantities under natural conditions.

Mr. John Edinger, the firm's works manager in Perth, told me:

"We had to put a 5ft.-high rabbit-proof fence round the plot to keep out kangaroos and cows.

"They like boronia, too—to eat. It's not a bit toxic."

This year the first blossom has been harvested—by combing, not picking.

Ordinary plastic hair combs are used, and the plants don't seem to suffer, and go on flowering while the season lasts.

The blossom is taken to Perth for the complicated process of "lifting out" the boronia scent.

"You don't just crush the juice out of the flowers and bottle it," Mr. Edinger said.

After distilling at the firm's laboratories, the "boronia absolute" is blended with perfumery-grade alcohol, then traces of other flower perfume oils are added to highlight and "fix" the natural scent.

"We've been experimenting to find the ideal formula," Mr. Edinger said.

"Like Eliza Doolittle, we think we've got it!"

His firm hopes to have the first products finished in time for the Commonwealth Games so that visitors will be able to buy a bottle of captive boronia fragrance.

— Pat Parker



MRS. JOHN EDINGER
sniffs the boronia
"absolute" prepared
in the laboratories by
her husband (right)
and Mr. Les Ramsay.

WEEKLY — October 24, 1962

'Golden Girl' of '38 is Games guest

By WINIFRED MUNDAY

● When Decima Norman travels by fast air-conditioned train to Perth for the Commonwealth Games next month, it will be a sentimental journey.

AS the train speeds over the vastness of the Nullarbor Plain she will be remembering the last time she attended the Games—24 years ago.

Then she was travelling from Perth to Sydney, as competitor, not a spectator.

She will be recalling that, on the return to Western Australia after the 1938 Sydney Games, she carried in her suitcase a fistful of gold medals—five in all.

Five medals

She still holds the record for being the only competitor—man or woman—ever to win five gold medals in one Commonwealth Games series.

"But that's about the only one of my records still standing," said petite, 5ft. 2in. tall Decima Norman when I talked to her at the Kogarah (N.S.W.) R.S.L. Club, where she manages the dining-room.

"All my other records—including the 100 and 220 yards, the long jump, and the 90 yards hurdle title—have all long since been smashed."

As a distinguished Western Australian athlete—Decima lived at Subiaco at the time of her greatest fame—she has been invited to Perth as the guest of the Commonwealth Games Committee.

"I'm going by train again," she said, "but the journey is much more com-

fortable now than it was when I first came to Sydney.

"Now the athletes fly everywhere in a few hours. On that 1938 journey we were in the train for six days—in second-class compartments.

"The only part of the train which had air-conditioning was the dining-car, where the stewards prepared the meals.

"We competitors used to go along and help them—even peel potatoes—just so we could travel in an air-conditioned compartment. We slept sitting up all night, too."

Although travelling was harder for athletes then, Miss Norman thinks there was much more fun in athletics in her day.

"Sportsmen take their sport too seriously today, and don't enjoy it as much as we did," she said. "There was more team spirit then, too. The club or association was the important thing. You performed for your team's good, not for yourself."

"Today there is more specialisation, more concentrated training, more individual effort. These are some of the factors which account for the improved performances, I think, but there are other reasons.

"Tracks are much im-

proved since cinder replaced turf, and in my day there were no starting-blocks. I've never started on a block, but I'd say they clip a tenth of a second off a runner's time.

"In 1938 women's ath-



● Decima Norman in training for the Empire Games in Sydney in 1938, when she won five Gold Medals, a record never since equalled for a Commonwealth series.

ning. My coach, Frank Preston, and I founded the West Australian Athletics Association, and it was a real struggle to get the girls to join."

"There weren't enough of us to specialise on particular distances. We had to go into everything to make up the teams.

"I think we were just as physically fit as today's athletes. You had to be in top

condition to compete in four or five different events, but our training was more hap-hazard.

"We used to compete in shirts and shorts as the girls do today, but we never had the smart tracksuits. An old 'woolly' and an old pair of slacks comprised the uniform for waiting around on training.

"The times girls put up now would have been considered good for men 25 years ago.

"I covered the 100 yards in 11 seconds, the 220 in 24.5 seconds, and my long-jump distance was 19 feet. My other 1938 medals were for the 440 and 660 yards relays."

[Commonwealth Games records today are 10.3 seconds for the 100 yards (Marlene Matthews); 23.2 seconds for the 220 yards (Betty Cuthbert); and 20ft. 7 1/2 in. for the long jump (Annette Williams, of New Zealand)]

● Decima on the rostrum after receiving a Gold Medal for the 220 yards in 1938. With her are Jean Coleman, left, and Eileen Wearne.

Decima went on running until 1941, but by then she had left Subiaco and was doing secretarial work at a Sydney sportswear house.

"I gave that up when I went into the restaurant business—near the George's River Bridge, Sydney. Consequently, I didn't have time to coach, but I've always done all I could to raise money for athletics."

As a member of the Ex-Athletes and Officials Association she is now raising money for the Commonwealth Games Fund.

Competition

"I have house parties and other fund-raising events, but I'm not telling you how much I've raised so far," she said. "I don't want the other members to know yet."

"We're having a competition among ourselves to see who can raise the most, and I don't want to give my figures away until the end of the month, when the results are announced."

"Ours isn't only a Games effort, though. We raise money every year as a reserve to help promising girls to compete in events away from their homes."

"We like to feel that when the association is trying to decide whether they can send 11 competitors to any event or only ten, we can supply enough extra money to pay for the promising eleventh."

"She is often the very one which results prove shouldn't have been left out."

Although she spends a lot of time raising money for her beloved sport, Decima doesn't find much time to attend many sports meetings.

"I usually confine my visits to championship meetings," she said. "I buy my ticket on the quiet and go with the crowd. I don't go down and mix with the athletes. They wouldn't remember me, anyway."

As I left Decima, a neat, trim figure in a blue tailored suit, with a beautifully groomed head of dark gold hair, she was hurrying back to her duties as manageress of the R.S.L.'s dining-room—to give instructions to her staff of 15 waitresses, and to put the finishing touches to the masses of white and purple stocks decorating every table.

"I do all the flowers," she said. "Yes, they do look nice, but my favorites are pink carnations. They look lovely with the decor here."



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Sunsilk Tonic Shampoo brings under-par hair back to healthy life because it treats the root cause of drabness; stimulates and tones up your scalp with revitalizing Allantoin. Treat your hair to Tonic for sheen, for tone, for dancing highlights. With Sunsilk Tonic your hair will have a wonderful look of vitality, a wonderful feeling of well-being all along its lovely length—from healthy root to shining tip.



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specially formulated by the makers of Pears Sunsilk Shampoo

NOW THE "CABBAGE" LINE



SMOOTH and charming version of the new "Chou" hairstyle shows front height and forward movement.

— It's the latest Paris hairstyle

• The "Chou" line, created by the Haute Coiffure of France, is the new look for autumn-winter, 1962-63.

LITERALLY translated, "chou" means cabbage, and the style's sponsors believe that its soft shape resembles the gently folded leaves of a sugarloaf cabbage.

The new shape is sleek, flattering, and feminine. It's also easy to wear and just right with the softer make-up look.

Essentially a short, young-looking style (hair is from 1½ in. to 2 in. long in front), the "Chou" line for day and evening bares the forehead and is cut in layers that fall one on top of the other to form a backward flowing shape.

Occasionally hair-ends reverse loosely on the top of the head in a forward flip. Back hair may swing down close to the head or sweep upwards; either way, the shape is full and rounded.

On this page are six pretty versions of the "Chou" hairstyle (to be released here at the end of October) for you to take to your hairdresser.

Members of the Haute Coiffure, which is introducing this style, are: In Sydney, Charles Coppa, Vincent de Lorenzo, Oscar of Simonet, Philippe and Maurice, Raymond and Allan, Richard of Carlton-Rex Hotel. In Melbourne, Edward Amon, John Barker, Henri Gomo, Frederic Muller. In Geelong, Gordon Hall. In Adelaide, "Josephine." In Perth, Karl Wigger's Salon Classe, Nicolas of Switzerland, St. George's Salon, Coiffure de Paris, Joseph et Karl Wigger's. In Hobart, Frey.



SOPHISTICATION is the keynote of this evening styling of the new Paris hairline. Note backward movement.

SOFT, loose curve of the "Chou" hairstyle makes this version a go-anywhere winner.

BRUSHED and combed according to the "Chou" line and without a curl in sight.

PRETTY for a girl is this sparkling style with flip-up sides balanced by sideboards.

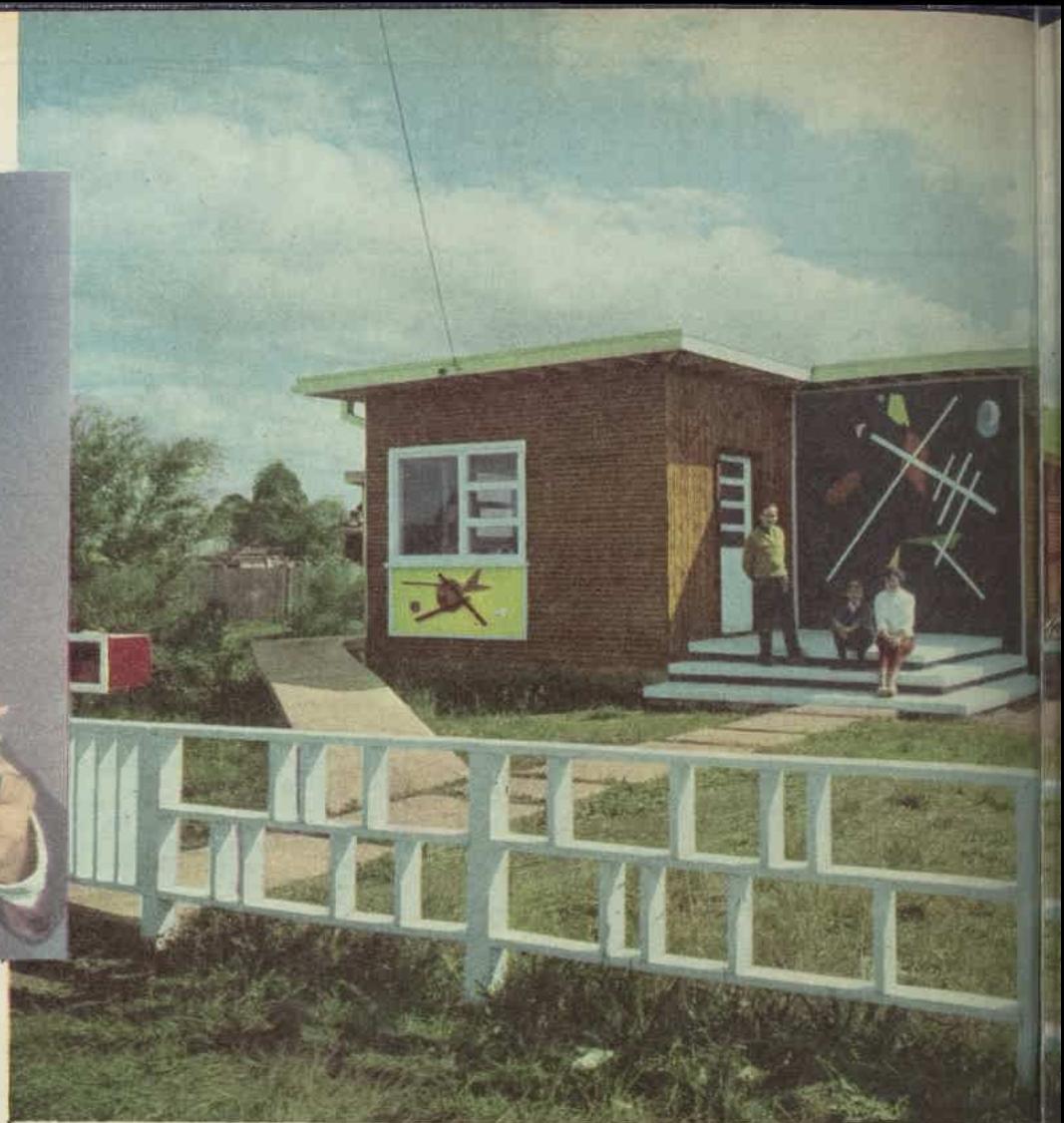
EVENING glamor simply shines from this soft and elegant new-season silhouette.



A happy Polish-Australian party
"warmed" a new home in Sydney



THE HOST, Stefan Dziminski, beams behind the Polish cakes he made for the party in his home at Condell Park.



THE HOUSE THAT STEFAN BUILT

• "Mr. and Mrs. Stefan Dziminski invite you to the opening of their new house," the invitation read.

IT was a night to remember, this party in the house Stefan and Anna had been dreaming about since their arrival in Australia.

Twelve years ago they were displaced persons from Europe, hoping for a new life and a home of their own. At last they have their house. It was designed by Stefan and built by Stefan, helped by his friends. In Condell Park, in Sydney's Bankstown district, it took 18 months of hard work from the digging of the foundations to the last coat of paint.

Except for the dining-room—which is Polish—it is a very Australian house.

Not typically Australian in the outback tradition, with wide verandas and flyproof netting on every door, nor a red-tiled brick bungalow like the thousands that pepper the suburbs of Australian cities.

The Dziminski's house is gaily and colorfully decorated with motifs adapted from Australiana.

Outside, there are brilliant bursts of color on the varnished cypress walls near the entrance—abstract designs taken freely from aboriginal corroboree patterns.

Inside in the living-room magohany kangaroos leap along a frieze on one timbered wall and a concealed light shines on an aboriginal mask flanked by native spears, a woomera, and boomerangs.

"We have a thousand years of tradition in Europe," said Stefan, "so we can appreciate your traditions. We have lost our country, so we want these Australian motifs in our house here."

"An architect might have been cheaper. It took so much of my time visiting every home exhibition to get ideas, studying books, working every weekend and all hours of the night."

Stefan and his friends did it all themselves, apart from the floor and roof and connecting the water and electricity.

And the total cost of this three-bedroom house, with its

wide terrazzo verandah (laid by Stefan), raftered ceilings, plateglass windows, and parquet floor was £4450.

"Now my wife and I have the house we want," said Stefan, "and we are happy."

Stefan Dziminski is Polish and Anna is German. They lived first in a migrant hostel at Bathurst, then in a room at Surry Hills, Sydney, where their son, Robert, was born. They had no money, but they worked and saved and planned for the house they would build one day.

Seven years ago they bought a £745 block of land in Condell Park. But there was still a lot of money to be earned before they could afford to buy the timber and a house could begin to rise on that land.

A bank loan helped, and 18 months ago Stefan dug the foundations. He became bricklayer, carpenter, painter, tiler, and polisher until the 12-square house was finished.

The one Polish room has a rainbow frieze round the ceiling in the Polish tradition and plates and wall-plaques sent out by relatives in the homeland that Stefan left in 1944 for a German prison-camp.

On one wall hangs a plain silver-birch cross sent from Lublin by Stefan's uncle and aunt. They're also sending some special striped material to curtain the wide plate-glass windows of this Polish dining-room.

On the night of the party while a priest, Fr. Gagayek, blessed the house in Condell Park, in faraway Poland these relatives went to Mass in the little church in Lublin which Stefan attended as a child.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—October 24, 1962



THE HOUSE and the proud Dziminski family. Robert, 10, painted the aboriginal-inspired wall motifs from his father's designs. Stefan taught himself how to lay the terrazzo verandah.



KEY of the door is presented to Mrs. Dziminski by son Robert and Krystyna Kazmierszak in Polish traditional dress.

POLISH ROOM (below) is raised above the living-room and masked slightly by climbing plants. Serving hatch opens into kitchen.

Story by PATRICIA BEST, pictures by staff photographer BARRY CULLEN

"Your first house is almost like a wedding," said Stefan, "so first we had the ceremony and then the wonderful party to celebrate the occasion."

"Some of our friends wonder why we had such a big party. But we have been working and saving for so many years that now we wanted to express in one night all the joy we have been saving up for so long."

It was a wonderful party. Everybody was there. Neighbors, friends from the Government Printing Office, where Stefan works as a storeman, Polish friends, Australian friends, carpenters and builders who helped with the house.

Some brought little gifts for the new house—one a pink azalea blooming in a pot.

They watched Stefan's slides showing the stages of the house as it was built, and then Robert (now 10) presented his mother with the key of the door.

They toasted the house and the Dziminskis in a traditional Polish honey drink, and then they could choose which tradition to follow—the Polish vodka or the nine-gallon keg in the laundry.

They sang "Bless This House," throbbing Polish songs, and a rollicking version of "Waltzing Matilda."

They danced till midnight to one band; then another arrived and they danced on—some jazzy Continental foot-work on the parquet floor besides a few couples doing the barn dance.

There were special Polish cakes made by Stefan and some savories made by the neighbors, as well as Continental salads and chicken.

It was a wonderful party.



FRIEZE (left) of mahogany kangaroos decorates living-room wall.



NEXT WEEK:

● How NOT to kill your husband

Start our wise yet tempered with wit series written especially for wives and brides-to-be. The author, a distinguished family doctor, warns wives to realise that their husbands are not supermen—are not, in many ways, as strong as women.

He gives advice on what wives can do to help their husbands have happier, healthier—and longer—lives.

Some of the topics the doctor deals with:

- Diet • Exercise • Proper nutrition
- Heart disease • Rest and holidays
- Worry • Drinking • Domestic chores.

● To sew for the children

Twenty pretty and practical designs to make for children are in a special four-page pattern section.

The clothes range from baby clothes to party dresses and play outfits for children up to ten. There are clothes for boys as well as girls.

Each budget-priced pattern has expert, easy-to-follow making instructions.

● Christmas trees and decorations

Clever Christmas trees and decorations are all simple to make from the directions in a special three-page section.

Materials needed are easy to obtain and cheap—branches, old bottles, baubles, paper, wool.

Color pictures show the results you'll get.

● Oasis in the outback

A two-page color picture-story tells how a retired businessman and his wife have turned an abandoned station homestead in the Northern Territory into a thriving holiday resort.

● In Teenagers' Weekly . . .

MARGARET SMITH, the world's top woman tennis player, gives ten tips, illustrated, to improve your game. Margaret is the color pin-up on the cover.

HAIR TRICKS—for beachgirls. There's no fun in a day in the sun and the surf if you're afraid to get your hair wet. Learn how to handle your hair so that it is attractive and carefree by day and ready to go out on a date in the evening.

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By Mary Coles



AT PICKWICK CLUB. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ryko were among guests at the dinner dance arranged by the Parents' Association of Sydney Grammar Preparatory School, Edgecliff. Mrs. Ryko topped her slim-fitting white lace frock with a pale mink stole.



ABOVE: Artist Jean Isherwood (at right) pictured with her daughter, Miss Jacqueline Dubron, and Mr. Walter Geiringer at the opening by Mr. Douglas Watson of an exhibition of her paintings at Frances Jones Studio, Woollahra.

AT RIGHT: Cheery foursome at the Aschan Old Girls' Union Spring Ball at the Wentworth Hotel were (from left) Miss Anne Reid, of Rose Bay, Mr. Robert Purves, of Woollahra, Miss Alison Kent, of Double Bay, and Mr. Peter Clark, of Vaucluse. Miss Reid wore turquoise-blue and Miss Kent chose a gold satin evening frock.



SUCH a fascinating variety of collectors' pieces will be shown at the "Old and Beautiful" exhibition at the Red Cross Annexe of the Woollahra Municipal Chambers on October 25, 26, and 27.

They'll range from duelling pistols brought to Sydney Town in 1788 by Dr. Thomas Jamison (from Mrs. Cleveland Lennon's collection of family treasures) to an oil painting of Nellie Stewart, by Mary Edwards, and rare circa 1840-1850 French and English glass paper-weights lent by Mrs. B. J. F. Wright.

Scott Erickson, who is arranging the show with Mrs. F. B. Josephson, Mrs. E. C. Allen, Mrs. W. J. Barnes, Miss I. M. Anderson, and Miss M. L. Power to aid the Red Cross, will play selections from his wonderful collection of Melba and Caruso recordings to enhance the nostalgia for bygone days at the exhibition.

I LIKE the custom-built ring chosen by just-engaged Jan Henty and Frank Moore. It's an oblong emerald set between matching diamonds. Jan is the daughter of Mr. Douglas Henty, of Rose Bay, and Mrs. Joan Henty, of Woollahra. Frank is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Moore, of "Moorlands," Moree.

THERE'LL be an invasion of New South Wales visitors to Melbourne next week for the marriage of Jill Ryan, of Toorak, and Brien Cobcroft, of "Parraweena," Willow Tree, on October 24. They will include Mr. and Mrs. Bill Moses and Mr. and Mrs. Bob Stephen of Palm Beach, Mr. and Mrs. Chip Hill, of "Colly Plains," Quirindi, and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Moses, of "Valais," Willow Tree, with their sons, Michael, Peter, and Fred. The wedding is at St. John's Church, Toorak, and afterwards Jill's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Ryan, will entertain 400 guests at Menzies.

LATEST donation for the boutique at the dinner dance at Mr. and Mrs. Kev Chaldjian's home at Wahroonga on October 20, to aid the Kuring-gai Truby King Mobile Clinic, is a Benjamin Minns landscape — the gift of Mrs. M. E. Webeck, of Pymble.

WONDERFUL splash of color in the dining-room of the new home unit Mr. and Mrs. Weston Fox have bought at Dorian Towers, Double Bay, will be an oil painting by the Spanish artist Padilla. It's a bullfight scene featuring a scarlet-caped matador. Mrs. Fox has chosen off-white hangings and honey-beige carpeting throughout the apartment, with interesting color highlights. In the living-room, for instance, there'll be a marvellous little eggshell lacquer table screen from Saigon, ornamented with a superb goldfish with glinting scales. And the main bedroom will have heavy white silk and cotton curtains and bedspread, hand printed with sprays of gold bamboo. Mr. and Mrs. Fox, who returned to Sydney from Singapore a few months ago, hope to be in residence in their new home next week.

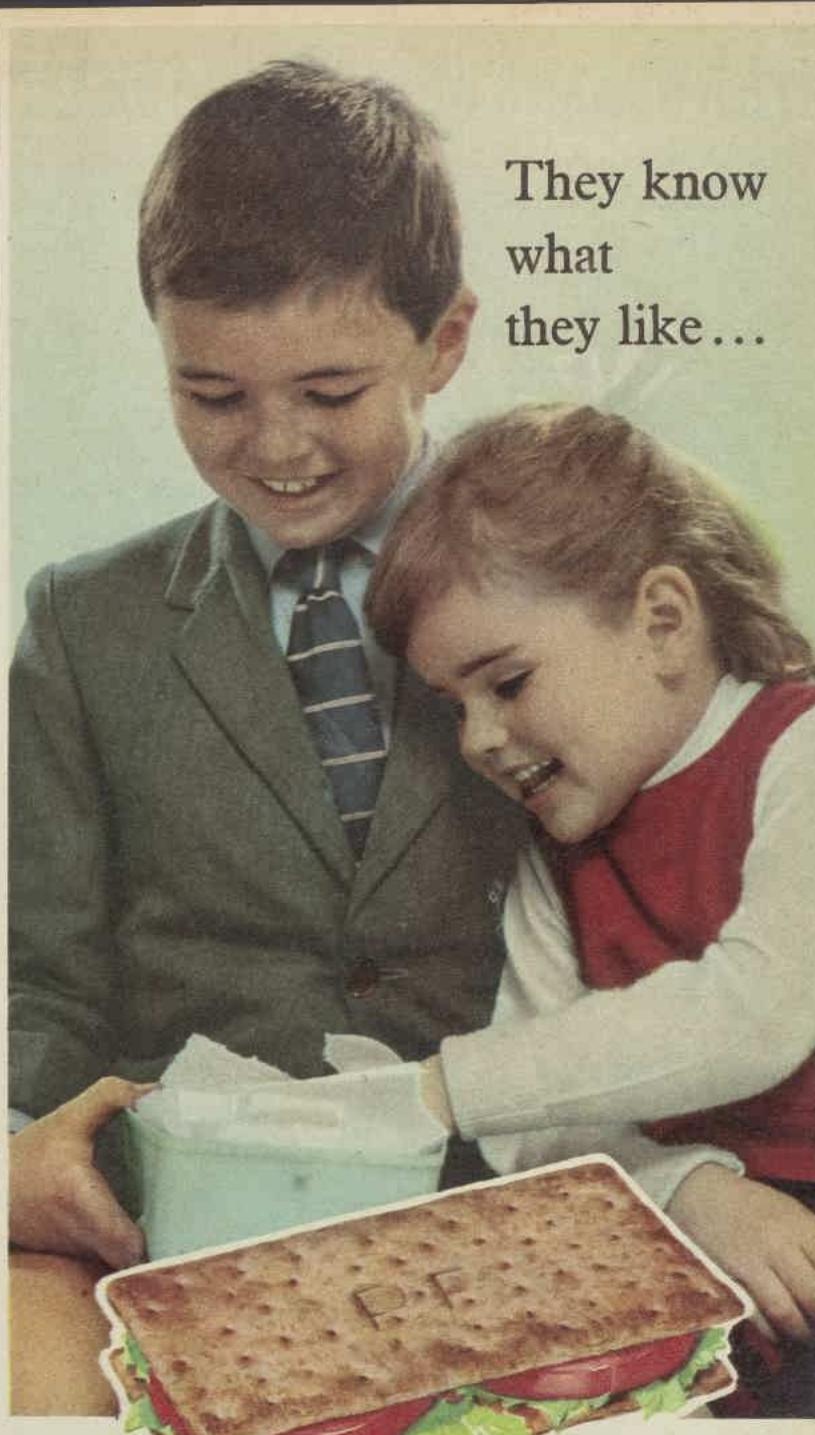


ABOVE: Miss Sandra Phillips, who was a debutante at the Grecian Ball at the Trocadero, and her partner, Mr. Danny Meinnad, with Theo Theol, one of the pageboys at the ball.



AT RIGHT: Recently engaged Miss Lois Dawson, of St. Ives, and Mr. Graeme McKimm, of Pymble, plan to wed at St. Andrew's Church, Summer Hill, on December 17.

BELOW: Mr. Bob Dyer with his wife and Mr. Dick Rowe (at right) exchanging fishing stories at the Sydney Game Fishing Club's cheery dance held at the Pickwick Club.



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what
they like...

you know what's good for them

Peek Frean's Vita-Weat

No more soggy sandwiches. Vita-Weat crisp bread 'sandwiches' in your youngsters' school lunches are the answer. Easy for you—buttered with meat, egg, cheese, tomato or spreads. Essential for them — Vita-Weat has all the known goodness of the whole wheat kernel, and whole wheat is *proved* Nature's most valuable grain. Sustains energy — helps build firm flesh and solid muscle. Isn't this the kind of lunch *your* children should have — every day? Such good eating — so good for them.



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Yours sincerely, the **ABC**

NEWS/SPORT/ENTERTAINMENT/TALKS/
EDUCATION/RURAL/CONCERTS/RADIO AUSTRALIA

BC15.143.82WW.

FATHER



"Everything looks good."

MOTHER



ELISABETH MACINTYRE

"Oh, THAT'S the education programme you just had to stay up for."

It seems to me

WHEN Emlyn Williams' play "Night Must Fall" was first seen as a film I lived in a microscopic bed-sitter on the ground floor of a small block of flats.

I came home late one night from this spine-chiller and switched on the light. It was almost possible to see the whole area from the main door, but I still searched every corner for a lurking murderer. The iron bars on the bathroom window which faced the street were only four inches apart. Nevertheless, I locked the bathroom door. There was another door leading to a tiny outside enclosure with an eight-foot wall. I locked that, too.

Then, with a squeak of misery, I noticed the HATBOX on top of the wardrobe. If you saw the film, which is now making the rounds again on television, you will remember that hatbox, just big enough to contain a human head.

Shuddering, I hauled the box down and shut it out of sight in the kitchenette. Then I took three aspirin and, at last, slept.

I saw the film again on television the other night. The performances of Dame May Whitty and Robert Montgomery still stand up as first class, but my hair didn't. That was partly because in the intervening years Alfred Hitchcock and others have produced more and more effective hair-raisers. And partly — probably mainly — because I knew all about that hatbox. It was, so I was able to note calmly, quite a different shape from mine.

* * *

POOR Mr. Walter Schirra. He makes six orbits of the earth, comes down safely, and hardly anyone takes notice.

At Honolulu, where he came back to land, only 2000 people greeted him — a crowd that would not excite a fair-to-medium pop singer.

The marvellous becomes commonplace. It always has. The transition just gets faster and faster.

(If you were asked in a quiz show who first flew the English channel you'd probably come up with the right answer (Bleriot—1909). But who remembers the second man to do it?)

Around Cape Canaveral these days I suppose a cocktail-party conversation between wives goes like this: "So pleased you could come, but where's Jim?"

"He had to go to the moon at short notice."

"Goodness, if I had only known, I could have postponed the party till tomorrow."

"Oh, it doesn't matter" (with just a hint of martyrdom). "But I do wish they would give him his time off more regularly. The lawn is a perfect disgrace."

"WHY tell him that it's make-up when he's convinced it's you?" asks an advertisement in an English magazine.

The picture shows a girl with an exquisite complexion and a young man in such close quarters that if he can't detect the make-up one must deduce that the came to the dance by taxi. He certainly shouldn't have a driving licence.

What interested me was the approach of the ad. It is a line that I would have thought too old-fashioned to use.

But ad-men, though they may exaggerate are shrewd. Evidently there are still men who don't know the difference between a rose-petal complexion and one that comes off the bathroom shelf.

All the same, if there are any who confuse the currently popular eye make-up with nature's handiwork, then they must be not only short-sighted but a weeny bit deficient in normal intelligence.

* * * * *

ON show at a London food fair last month — eggs with transparent plastic shells.

Future generations will see eggs and guess shells.

* * * * *

THOUGHTS after a conversation with a taxi-driver who was discussing a spectacular five-car accident. "It's Friday," he said. "They all go mad on Fridays."

On Mondays homo sapiens, Observed by an inquiring lens, Looks low in spirits and depressed, Resigned, but well below his best. On Tuesdays he is fairly bright And strikes a norm by Wednesday night.

On Thursdays he can cruise along And sometimes even raise a song.

But watch his stifled passions surge When Friday's strong primeval urge Propels him swiftly to and fro.

The weekend looms ahead, and so He sniffs his freedom, wild of eye, He feels the wind and scans the sky.

A hunter, shooter, fisher, he — A race or cricket devotee;

Or maybe just a garden bug Intent on slaying snail or slug.

The female of the species, she Rampages on a shopping spree And lugs home quantities of food To satisfy her hungry brood.

Oh, weekday traffic's good and bad, But Friday's when they all go mad.

Christine is training hard

"I'm paying for my laziness"

By SCARTH FLETT

● Australia's "King of Tennis" Harry Hopman is coaching English tennis star and 1961 Wimbledon finalist Christine Truman.

CHRISTINE, 21, flew from England recently on a private visit to the Hopmans at their Hawthorn, Vic., home.

Christine has not played tennis since the Wimbledon Championships four months ago, when she was beaten in the third round by Leslie Turner, of Australia.

"I've had a long holiday," she said. "I went on a cruise to Madeira, played a bit of golf, and was generally lazy for three months."

"Now I'm paying for my laziness. I've lost my form and I've gained a lot of extra weight through going from regular exercise to none at all, and eating more."

She chose Australia as the perfect place to work up form for next year's Wimbledon titles.

"I decided I needed a lot of tennis," she said. "I couldn't see myself getting down to hard training at home, where in winter you play indoors on wood."

"Australia's conditions are wonderful all the year for tennis, so on a snap decision I wrote to Mr. Hopman asking if he would help me if I came out here."

"He replied so promptly

I didn't have time to think. I just packed my bags, caught a plane, and here I am. Perhaps if I had thought about it longer I would not have come."

Christine told no one but the Hopmans she was coming. She wanted no fuss; her visit is to be all work.

Although Mr. Hopman can only coach Christine after work in the late afternoons, he has planned a complete daily programme for her.

Gym workout

This begins with a workout under the direction of ex-wrestling champion Bonnie Muir at a city gymnasium, with exercises to tone the muscles, followed by a massage.

After lunch and a short rest, Christine goes to the practice courts at Kooyong.

Her opponents are often Mrs. Neil Hopman, who managed the Australian girls' tennis team at Wimbledon this year, and promising 16-year-old junior Eddie Beers.

Sharp on five o'clock Mr. Hopman arrives and the hard training begins.

We found Christine at one of these late-afternoon sessions.

"Move forward, lift your

shoulder, reach for the ball," Mr. Hopman called across the net.

Tennis balls flew over the net toward Christine at a furious rate, each designed by the tennis veteran to make her stretch a little farther and move a little faster at each stroke.

As dusk fell they finished with a brisk jog around a nearby oval, and then it was home for dinner and an early night for Christine.

Keen to regain form as soon as possible, Christine

trains hard each day with time off only for eating, sleeping, and writing letters home to her family in Woodford Green, Essex.

"If I stop training, I'll stiffen up," she said.

Strict diet

Christine is tall ("I don't know how tall, because I never measure myself — I don't want to be 6ft., and if it's not written down there is no record"), with short fair hair and calm blue eyes.

Her greatest problem is her extra weight, which slows her footwork considerably.

She has worked out for herself a strict but sensible diet, which Mrs. Hopman sees she carries out.

"The diet is quite an effort for Christine, who loves sweets, cakes, and ice-cream," said Mrs. Hopman. "But she adores fresh fruit salad, so I give her a large plate at dinner each night."

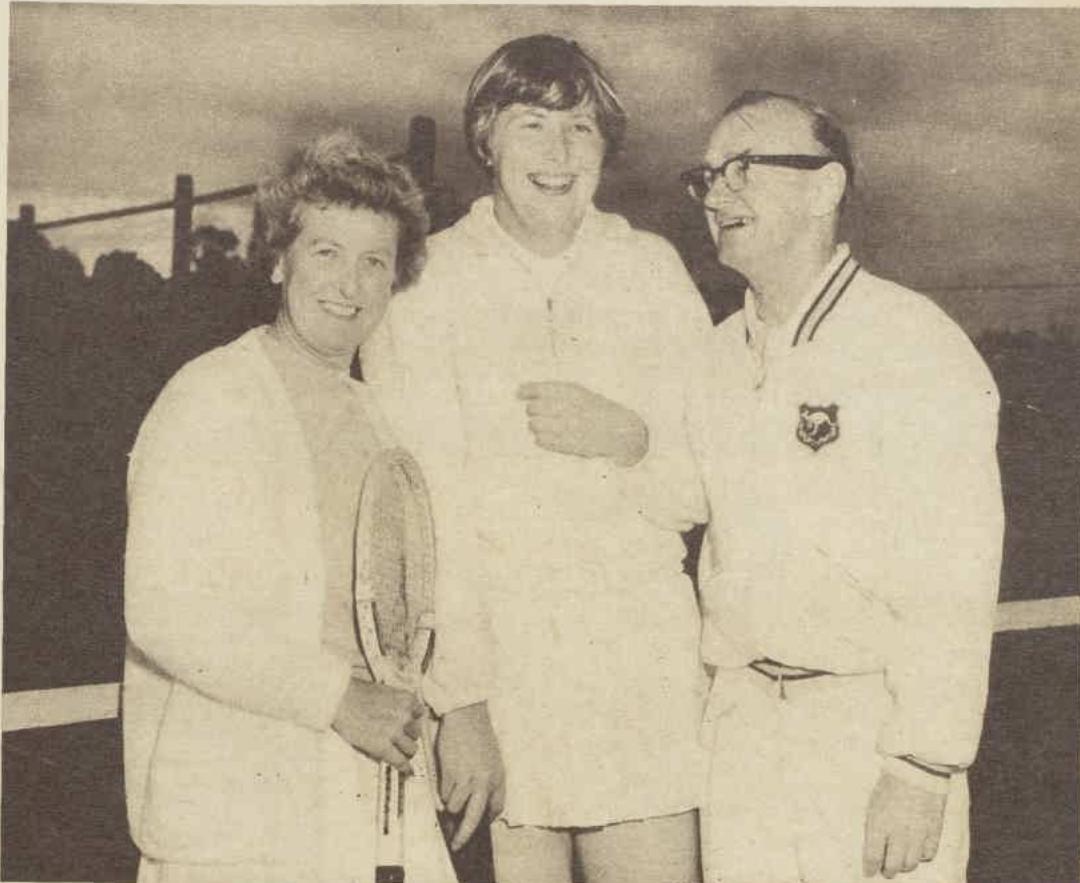
As soon as she is fit, Christine would like to

enter some of the State tournaments, the first of which is held in Brisbane, followed by Perth, Adelaide, Sydney, and finally Melbourne.

She played this circuit when she visited Australia three years ago.

Her ultimate aim is the 1963 Wimbledon Championships next June.

If her first few weeks of training are any indication, perhaps her greatest ambition, to win at Wimbledon, will be realised next year.



BEATEN by Angela Mortimer in the 1961 Wimbledon finals, Christine Truman (centre) has come to Australia to train for next year's championships. She is pictured with Neil and Harry Hopman, her host and coach in Australia, at Kooyong Courts, Melbourne



RUNNING on the treadmill tones up leg muscles, makes Christine faster on her feet. She is dieting, has daily massage.



EXERCISES with a wall pulley strengthen arm and shoulder muscles, improve Christine's powerful ground and volley strokes.



WEIGHTLIFTING is part of Christine's daily workout at a Melbourne gymnasium, planned to bring her back to top form.

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St. Mark
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SSW,W
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Nighties

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Cute "Baby-Doll" shorties

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WOOLWORTHS W

Yvonne was the Queen of Technicolor

● Turn your back on TV for six weeks (as I did while I was on holidays) and things happen when you flick the channel switch—new programmes have displaced the old favorites, new TV personalities stamp round the living-room, everything seems to have a new look.

CHANNEL 9, surging on into its seventh year of telecasting, seems determined to capture the presentation-officer crown, female division.

It has never really been held by anyone since A.B.C.-TV's famous find, Tanya Haleworth, deserted TV for university life.

But if Channel 9 goes on the way it is, it will surely find Tanya's successor before long.

In three days' viewing on Channel 9 I met Ruth Wallis, American singer of naughty songs; Helen Shapiro, English teenage pop singer who apparently finds life very real, very earnest; that well-known local product Miss Eunice Bevege; and famous international beauty and former film queen Yvonne de Carlo—formidable competition for the presentation-officer crown.

Competition

Indeed, Miss de Carlo was formidable competition for many movie queens in the days before TV.

Early in her career she was employed solely as a threat to sargan queen Dorothy Lamour.

All she had to do was to be seen on the Paramount set where Dorothy was making the "Road" series with Bing Crosby and Bob Hope—a walking warning to Miss Lamour that she was easy to replace should she get temperamental.

Miss Lamour never did,



● Channel 9's latest presentation officer, Yvonne de Carlo, wearing a sequin-patterned cream net and pearls. Her diamond wristlet watch is set in a bracelet of three rows of pearls held firm by spaced bars of platinum and diamonds.

so Miss de Carlo never got into a sargan.

She went into beads and became known to millions of moviegoers as a lush Eastern beauty, appearing in such films as "Song of Scheherazade" and "Salome, Where She Danced."

Talking to Miss de Carlo this week at Channel 9, she was happily recalling the days of the big, big movie stars who ruled Hollywood.

"There's no time for temperament these days on TV," she said.

"It's hard on some of us former movie queens; we're used to regular lunch breaks, long ones when you had a chance to eat and get your hair fixed and your makeup freshened.

"TV producers resent it if you have to stop a minute to fix your make-up."

Miss de Carlo's agent heard her refer to herself as a "former" movie queen and objected strongly.

"But I am," she said. "These days there are not movie queens the way there were then."

"I used to be the Queen of Technicolor, with Maureen O'Hara.

"Well, I'll tell you something. I'm going back to Hollywood to make a film with Maureen. It's a Western comedy and it's the two of us competing for John Wayne."

I agree with Miss de Carlo's agent that "former" is a bad word to use about her. The present-day woman is really something in the flesh, although I think TV is cruel to her. It adds years to her age, takes away her sparkle.

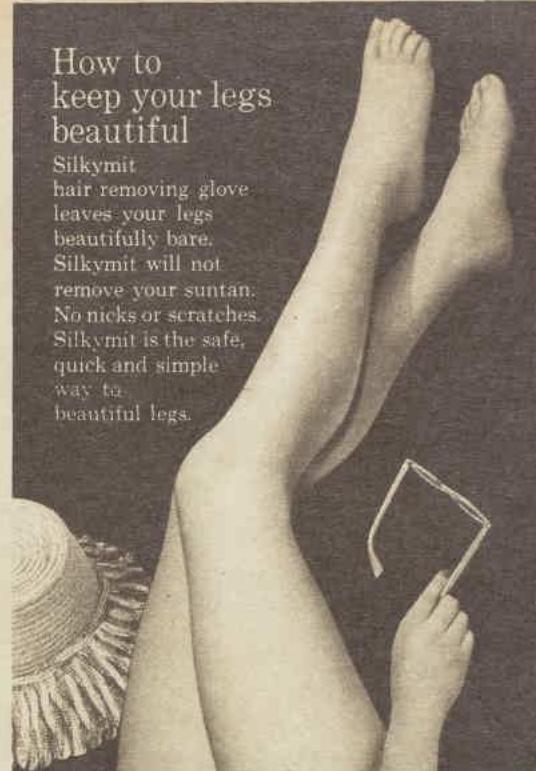


● Injured in a car smash, Tommy Hanlon of "It Could Be You" compered, from a wheel-chair, his first show after the accident. Despite his discomfort, he didn't miss a show.

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 24, 1962

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LEFT: P.V.C. Hand Broom, with 'dustcatcher' tufts for easy cleaning of car interiors, drapes and furnishings. Price 9/6.

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AD32

The island life was like some exotic dream, but she knew it had to end . . . a short story

By JOANNA MARCUS

IF Pete had not insisted I would never have accepted Great-Aunt Marcella's invitation to spend those three weeks on her Mediterranean island recuperating from bronchitis. But that did not help me feel any better about what happened.

"Of course, you must go, darling! Three weeks in the sun is just what you need."

"Pete," I protested, "what about Mr. Watson? He's expecting me back at the office next week."

He promised to persuade Mr. Watson to keep on the temporary. "Miss What's-her-name seems quite happy with the old boy. Don't suppose she'll mind. You get down to packing, my sweet, and leave everything to me."

Pete was as good at organising as he was at having ideas, which was why he had risen so fast up the production ladder in the television company for which we both worked in London.

Four nights later he drove me in his car to the airport.

"I've been thinking, darling. That island might be a good basis for a documentary. You know the form—time standing still—roots deep in the soil and/or sea."

"I'll have to see what I can do."

He thrust a flat packet at me. "Something to read if you can't sleep. Robert Worth's latest."

"Pete, you angel!"

"The man who got it for me said it was selling like 'Lady Chatterley.' Can't think why. No plot. Don't know what you like about his stuff."

I was not at all sleepy. Thank's to Pete's thoughtfulness the flight was over before I realised my safety-belt had been off for more than five minutes. It was very late. The island had gone to bed. As we came down, the oil lamps on a row of fishing boats were strung like pearls on the black sea.

Next morning the sun filtered like bright music through the green wooden shutters of my bedroom window and two church bells were ringing in harmony.

My great-aunt came in quietly. "Awake? Good. I let you sleep late. Rest today, then I shall introduce you to young friends."

Aunt Marcella had been a childless widow since her English husband, my father's uncle, had died in World War I. She came from one of the oldest land-owning families on the island and seldom visited England. I had been a schoolgirl when we last met. She behaved as if that was yesterday. She was very old. Perhaps it seemed only like yesterday to her.

Later that morning Carmelo, her head houseman, carried a long cane chair into the shelter of a fig tree. "For you, miss," he said.

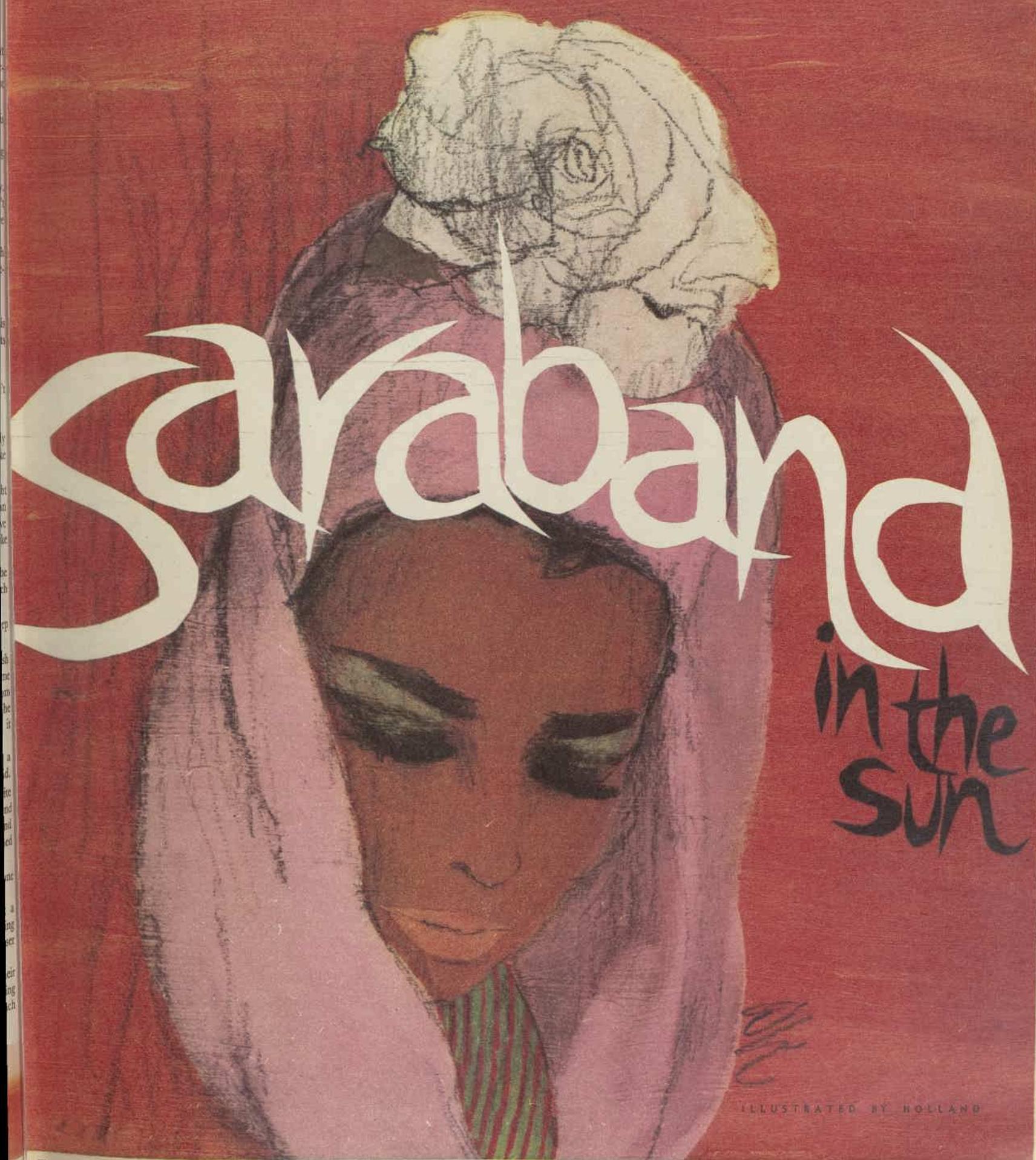
There were vines heavy with grapes climbing the yellow-white stone walls of the house. Huge crimson geraniums sprawled round their roots. The air was heady with the scent from the scarlet and white oleanders. I had never seen a real sky so blue, nor imagined that the sea could be that pure lapis lazuli.

My great-aunt retired for a long siesta after lunch. I had done enough resting and wanted to explore.

My aunt's house stood on one arm of a tiny natural bay; a small fishing village stood on the other. The sun made standing still a little uncomfortable, so I decided to go and have a closer look at the village.

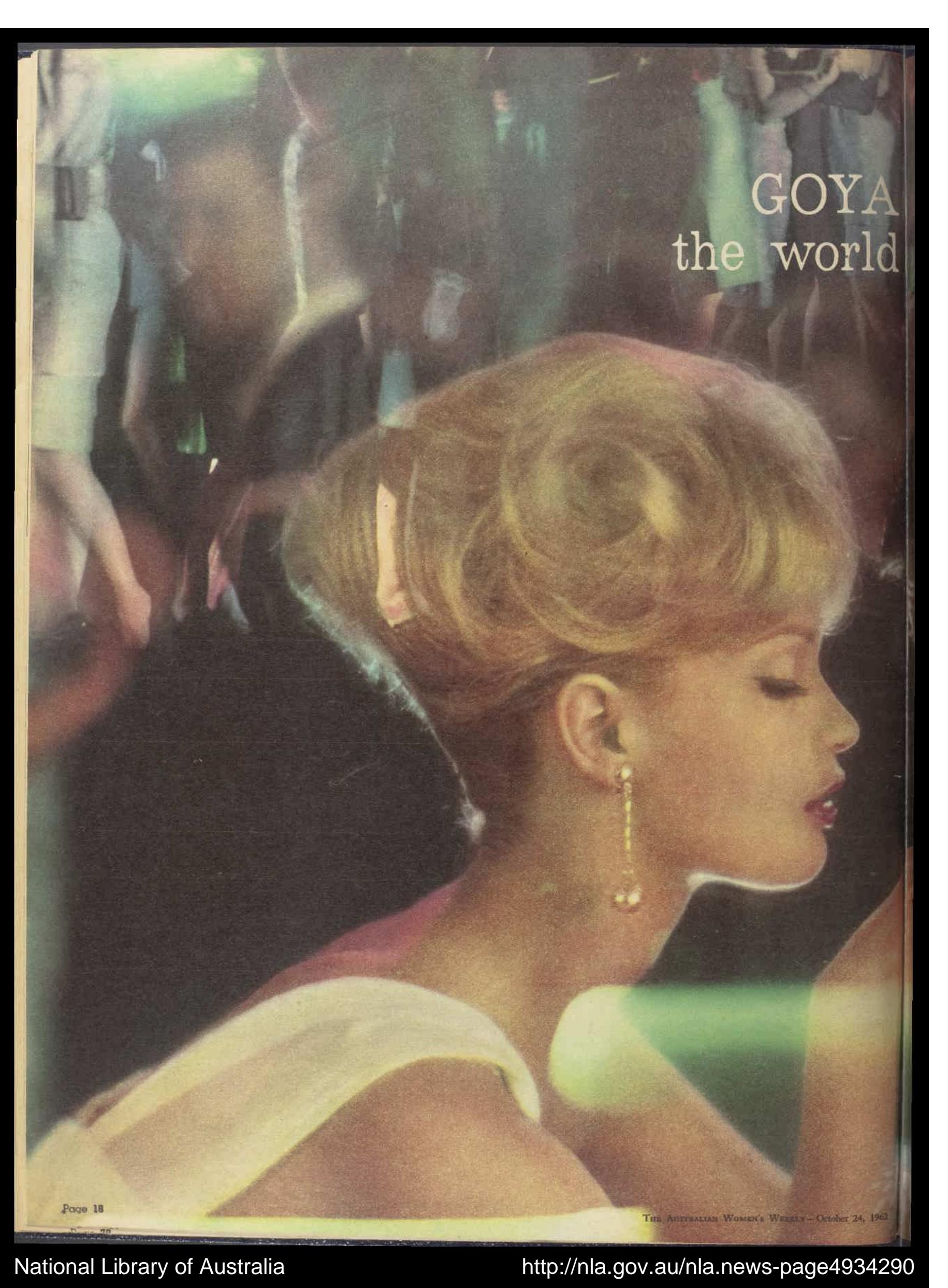
The fishing boats were in. The fishermen, in straw hats, their trousers rolled above their knees, their feet bare, were spreading their nets to dry on the rocks. They looked my way, called to each other, then to me.

To page 55

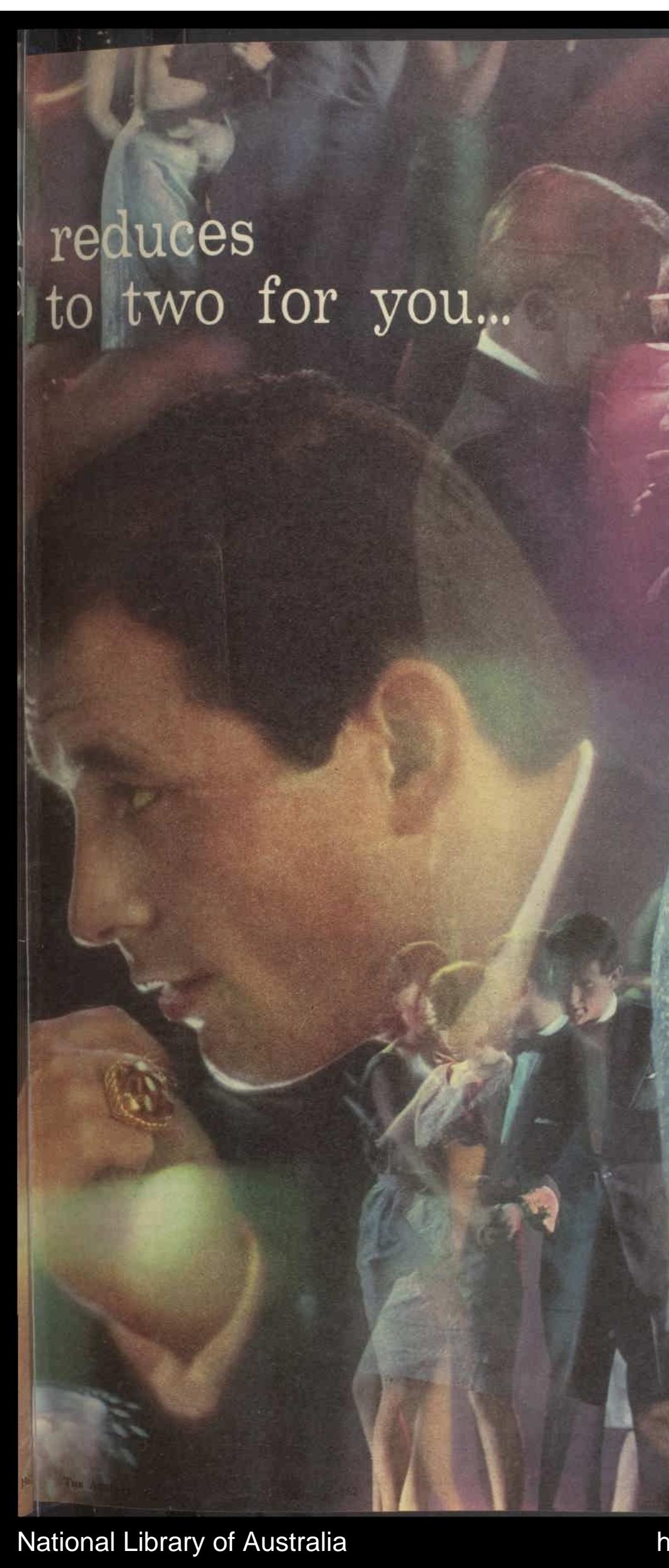


Syaoan in the Sun

ILLUSTRATED BY HOLLAND

A woman with blonde hair, styled in soft waves, is shown in profile, looking down. She is wearing a dark, possibly black, garment. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights on her hair and face, and deep shadows on the background. The overall mood is contemplative and intimate.

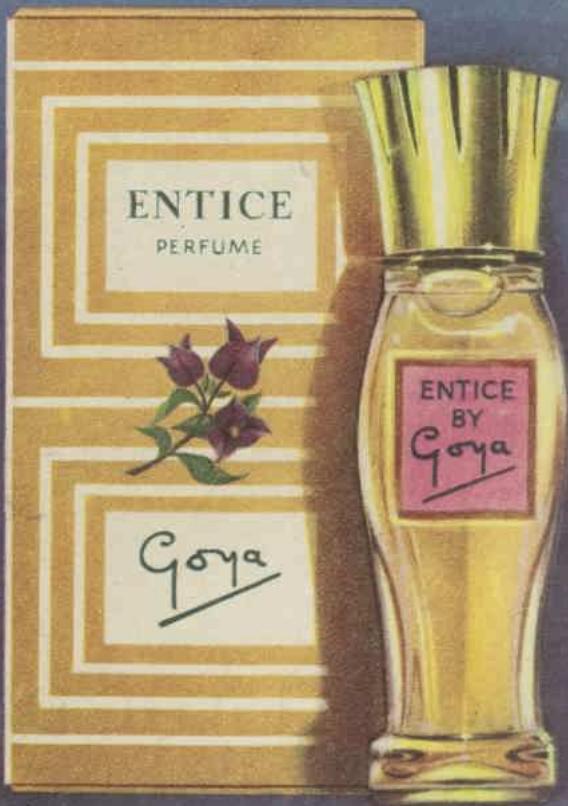
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Page 18

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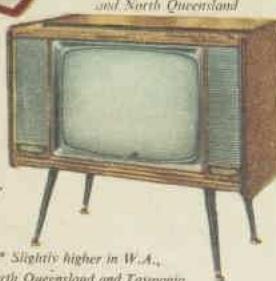


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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 24, 1963

He worked so earnestly at
his career of forging the Old
Masters . . . a short story

By **GEORGE**
BRADSHAW

ILLUSTRATED by BOOTHROYD

MY great-uncle, although in his later years a respected member of society, which is to say he had money, was in his youth a forger of paintings.

And he might have remained one except for what my grandmother, his sister, called: "The unfortunate circumstance." He wasn't very good at it.

There were art experts those days — 1907-8. Berenson was operating, and, of course, there were others, but even a not very expert expert could tell at a glance that my great-uncle's efforts were fakes. No matter how carefully he scraped an old canvas, no matter how cagily he copied a design, of, shall we say, Palma Vecchio, no matter how painstakingly he rubbed it with dirt and covered it with layers of yellow varnish, baked and cracked it in an oven, framed it in a really old frame, something was the matter. The innocent amateur millionaires of the period were not allowed by their advisers to buy. My great-uncle thus missed the big money.

Which is not to say that he never sold a picture. He had to if he were to stay in Rome.

His father, my great-grandfather — how the generations multiply — a respectable merchant of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, was opposed to his son's studying painting in a foreign country. So he sent him very little money. I don't know what "very little money" was in those days, but I suspect it wasn't much.

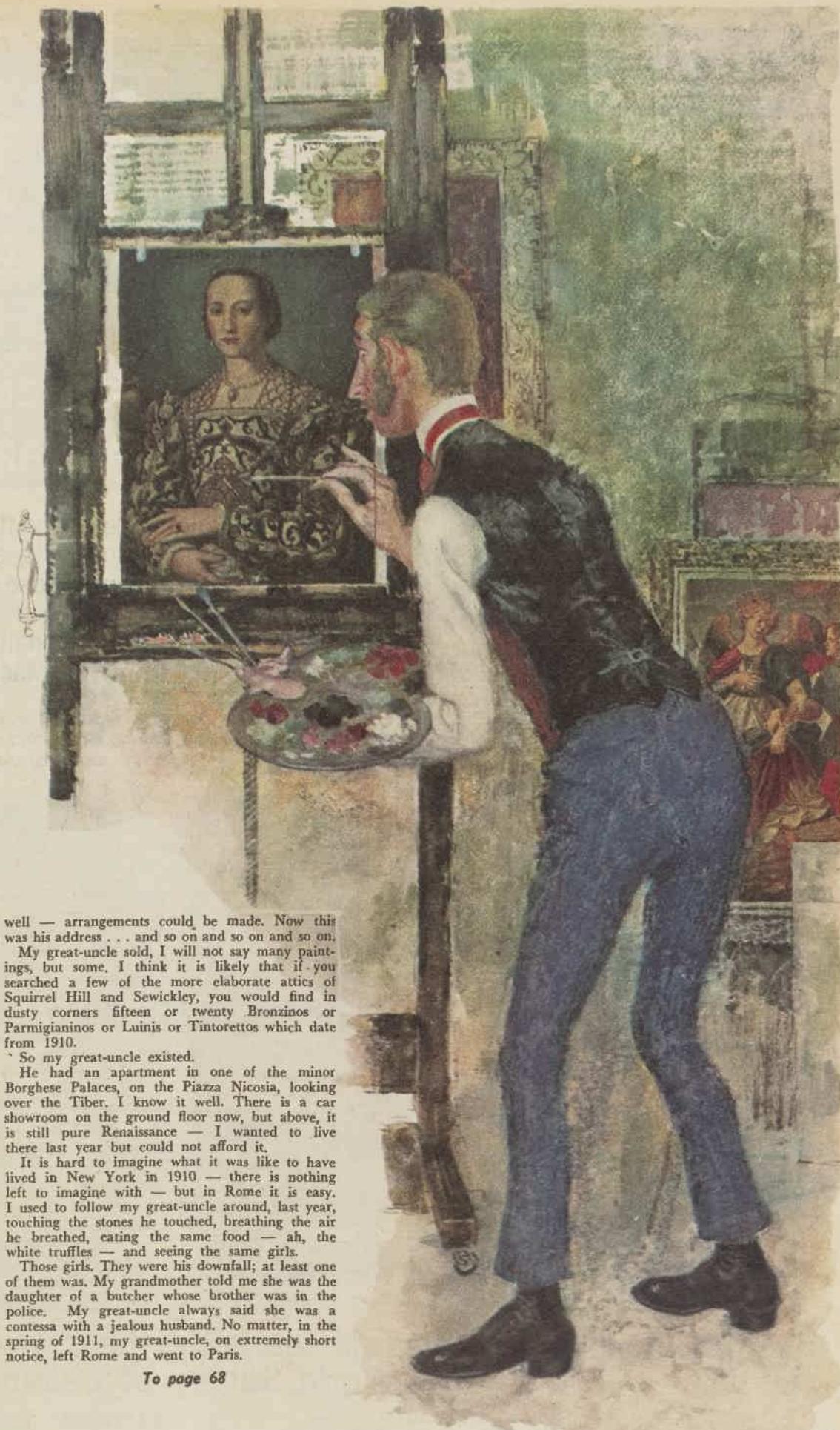
My grandmother helped out. On her wedding trip to Europe in 1907, she and my grandfather spent a month in Rome, and she found out everything my great-uncle was up to. She was, I am surprised to say, delighted. Forgery. I suppose it seemed a romantic occupation, certainly it was one she had never run into in the drawing-rooms of Front Street.

She helped out as she could. She was a Pennsylvanian. The great Pittsburgh coal and steel fortunes — the Frick, the Carnegie, the Mellon — were, as I said, guarded strictly by the House of Duveen. But the little fortunes, the satellite millionaires, the tycoons of coke and cold drawn steel: well, in them were possibilities. Italian paintings were suddenly very well thought of west of the Alleghenies. And if Henry Frick could have one, so could Henry Jones. But the prices! You could buy a palace for what Andy Mellon paid for just one canvas.

Here was where my grandmother came in. She had been to school with the daughters of some of these acquisitive despots and she was able — to use her phrase — to put a bug in their ears.

She ran down, I am afraid I must say, the sainted Joseph Duveen. What he did, she implied, was buy for a penny and sell for a half million dollars. But in Italy, she said, there were still plenty of pictures Joseph had not yet got his hands on. Now if you could just find someone to help you, you could buy a painting, not for a penny, of course, but for a fraction of what Joseph would charge you.

It so happened that her brother, who was himself an excellent artist, and consequently knew, had unearthed several extremely interesting things. Of course, he hadn't the money to buy them himself, but for any friend of his sister's,



well — arrangements could be made. Now this was his address . . . and so on and so on and so on.

My great-uncle sold, I will not say many paintings, but some. I think it is likely that if you searched a few of the more elaborate attics of Squirrel Hill and Sewickley, you would find in dusty corners fifteen or twenty Bronzinos or Parmigianinos or Luinis or Tintorettos which date from 1910.

So my great-uncle existed.

He had an apartment in one of the minor Borghese Palaces, on the Piazza Nicosia, looking over the Tiber. I know it well. There is a car showroom on the ground floor now, but above, it is still pure Renaissance — I wanted to live there last year but could not afford it.

It is hard to imagine what it was like to have lived in New York in 1910 — there is nothing left to imagine with — but in Rome it is easy. I used to follow my great-uncle around, last year, touching the stones he touched, breathing the air he breathed, eating the same food — ah, the white truffles — and seeing the same girls.

Those girls. They were his downfall; at least one of them was. My grandmother told me she was the daughter of a butcher whose brother was in the police. My great-uncle always said she was a contessa with a jealous husband. No matter, in the spring of 1911, my great-uncle, on extremely short notice, left Rome and went to Paris.

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My Great-Uncle

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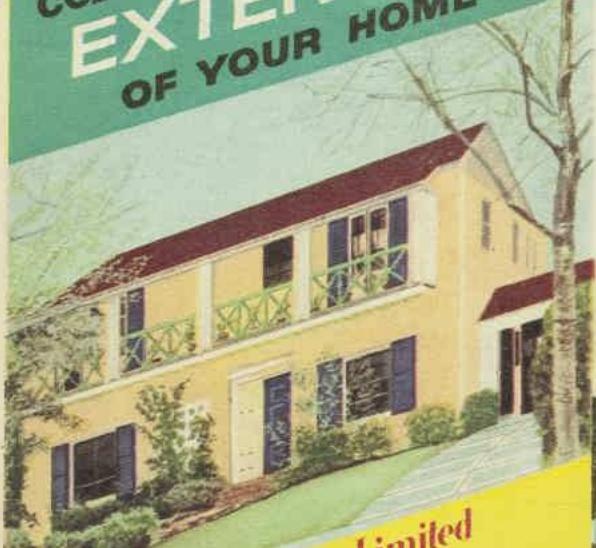
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A funny thing happened

He had quite a reasonable explanation to offer . . . an amusing short short story

By JEFFRY SCOTT



HAVE you ever attempted to be dignified, sane, and personable while balanced on one leg and talking to the most beautiful girl you've ever seen? I thought not.

It happened to me, though. That sort of thing tends to. There was I—Ted Jordan, advertising copy-writer and bachelor—in a highly polished corridor of the executive wing of that highly polished business, Mammoth Merchandising Inc., standing on one leg. I was looking for a job.

And, just as the one leg left to me began to develop cramp, up she turned, if you know what I mean.

One minute I was teetering, sweating, and trying to look as though I always stood like that outside the boss' office, and the next, this clean, cool, utterly devastating girl was standing a yard away. Looking

In happier circumstances she could have stayed there for hours with my blessing. She was about a 1938 model, with straight blond hair which stopped just short of her shoulders, an ice-blue suit, and eyes and expression to match.

"Why are you standing on one leg outside my office?"

A good question, unfortunately.

Tell the truth and shame the devil, my granny used to tell me. "Because my other foot is stuck to this wall behind me," I said.

My lovely girl's thermostat went into action. And I felt the need of one of those fur-lined coats. It was chilly for January!

"If you're going to play the fool, there's no point in our continuing this conversation," said the fair Miss Iceberg.

"On the contrary," I told her earnestly, "there are at least two very good points in favor of continuing this conversation. One—you're the loveliest girl I've ever seen. Two—I've got cramp, and unless I grab hold of something soon—"

At that moment my leg gave way, and I promptly demonstrated my second point by falling into her arms. But gracefully.

She heaved and shoved and gasped. I breathed in her perfume and thought beautiful thoughts. Then the wall hit me sharply on the back of the head. She had pushed me upright again. But not gently.

"Suppose we take it from the beginning," she snapped. "You're standing on one foot . . ."

"Yes," I agreed wearily. "It all started three months ago when I threw up my job and went abroad for a few months. You know, follow the sun, live it up, let's go." My voice faded. She didn't speak. And she didn't look even faintly sunny.

"So when I came back, I had no job and no money."

Her eyebrows went up. So did my heart. On a face like hers, it was quite something to watch.

"That still doesn't explain why you should be standing outside my office—"

"On one foot. You really stick to a thing, don't you? Well, I heard a job was

going in the copy-writing division of Mammoth, and applied for it. I have my interview in just about one minute from now."

The cramp returned to my leg, as gently as a heavyweight wrestler with a sadistic streak. I tried to grab her shoulder. She stepped back. I sighed.

"When I got up this morning I discovered the upper of my left shoe—my last presentable, job-hunting pair—had parted company with the sole. No money for repairs, so I glued it."

I took a deep breath. Until then it had sounded quite reasonable. Crazy—but reasonable.

"I arrived early for my interview with an inquisitor called J. B. Hanlon, head of the copy department. He doesn't run to an outer office, so I decided to wait for him outside the door. I leaned against the wall and put one foot up behind me—and, uh, I suppose that glue must have seeped through."

Her beautiful face clouded. "You mean . . ."

I nodded nonchalantly. "Yes, I'm just sticking around the place, you might say."

It didn't amuse her. She glared at me. "You don't really expect me to believe that, surely? I think you're drunk!"

Suddenly, she lost her temper, grabbed me and pulled. There was a nasty tearing noise, I staggered on top of her, released from the wall, and we collapsed together on the floor.

"This is fun," I murmured deliriously.

She pushed me aside and got to her feet. We both looked at that beautiful pastel wall.

Well, anyway, it had been beautiful. Now the sole of my shoe and part of my sock—rather a nice line in mauve-and-crimson stripes—was sticking to it.

"I hope you believe me now," I said.

Darling girl, she took it like a balanced, intelligent adult. "The lovely wall," she moaned. "You, you hooligan."

"You could try putting a frame around it," I suggested. "I think it'd look rather fetching."

"Go away!" she yelled.

There are times when a man has to assert his authority. "Excuse me, Miss," I said sternly. "I've an appointment with Mr. J. B. Hanlon, and you've kept me waiting long enough." And with that, I strode into Hanlon's office. Well, limped, really. There was still nobody there.

Then I heard her voice behind me. It sounded shaken, near to tears. "There isn't a Mr. J. B. Hanlon. Just Jean Barbara Hanlon, the copy-chief."

With my usual quick summing up of the quickly changing situation, I made a very wise remark. "Oh," I said.

I turned round—to a different girl. Still lovely—lovelier if anything—but different. Her voice was shaking all right. With laughter.

And that's the end of the incident. Almost, anyway.

But she made me buy a new pair of shoes before we walked up the aisle together, six months later.

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FRESH NEW IDEAS WITH A



● Look carefully at the new looks on these pages, because they add up to some of the freshest fashions anywhere.

Some are, as the Americans say, "Very now"; others are on the way in. Others still are all dash and jazzed-up chic. They all take verve to wear.

by Betty Kepp.

Newest animal steal is from the zebra. This jazzy black-and-white-striped look is booming in Paris and the U.S. in real and bogus skins. Zebra stripes are also printed on by-the-yard dress fabrics. At left, zebra skin—real—goes out for the day in tunic form sashed with soft black kid and worn with a wide handsome hat in matching kid. Ensemble is by Italian designer Capucci, who has opened a couture house in Paris.

Scintillating gold boots, right, 24-carat fake, wonderful for apres ski with slim black or gold pants. More cobblers' news: Boots in exotic versions worn with the latest at-home gimmick, the divided-skirt ensemble. Further about boots, Californian designer Golo styles narrow white fur boots speckled like a giraffe.

Alluring and modest at the same time, the covered-up trouser-suit worn with a hat (right), which scored a big fashion impact on bikini-clad sun-worshippers on the Cote D'Azur. The suit is for the woman, no longer an ingenue, who has kept her figure and intends to do likewise for her complexion. The suit is check cotton gingham, widely belted in self fabric. The mushroom-shaped hat, in fine straw, is banded in ribbon.



BIG FASHION FUTURE

Some of the newest hats in the Paris autumn collections are thefts from masculine headgear. The most brazen steal is a copy of the check cap worn by Prince Philip for sporty occasions. Feminine version below is in black-and-white check worn with a matching tweed scarf. The cap was designed by Jean Barthet, of Paris. Madame Maud, directrice of this house, says that Sophia Loren, who buys from Barthet, loves the cap look.

Reed - slim ballroom shift (right) designed by Marc Bohan for the Dior autumn collection. The shift is side-buttoned and, except for two pockets, entirely unadorned. Bohan says: "For autumn I am trying to produce suppleness not volume. Shape is closer to the body and more sinuous. Crepe is the fabric of the season." More straight news: In New York the shift in all lengths is being ordered by all age groups and in an astonishing variety of sizes.



Sheers have made a fast new entrance into all phases of fashion till finally they flutter on the beach. Whipped up by summer breezes, the tunic covers, but does not conceal, figure curves. This new diaphanous beach cover-up is typical of two prevailing fashion moods, femininity and individuality. The look is intriguing and sexy and has a 1930-ish cut. Example above has no fastening, just slips over the head to veil a diamond-printed one-piece wool swimsuit.

Good news for this trouser-loving generation of women is the surprise arrival in Paris of drawing-room culotte-pants. This new era of at-home elegance was launched by the French couture in their recent autumn collections. The pants can be short or floor-length and are always part of an elaborately planned ensemble. At left, in grass-green and blue moire silk print, is a culotte cocktail ensemble by that successful husband-and-wife team Simonetta and Fabiani.

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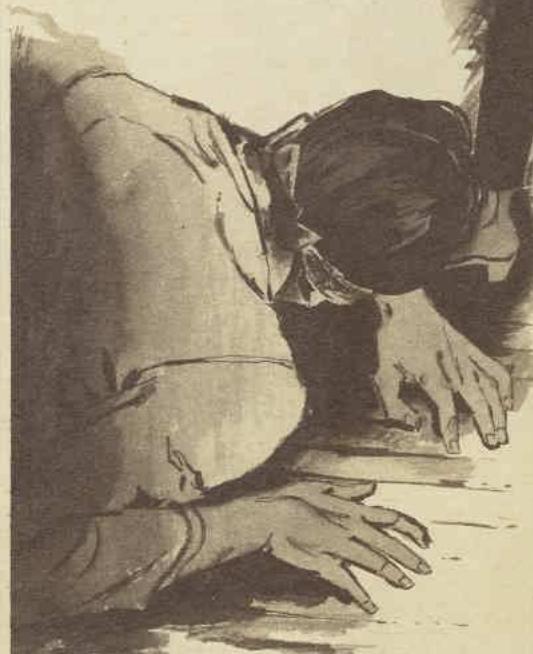
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Helped by Susan, Carter's plan almost succeeds, but the appearance of Tony in the hold ruins their hopes of saving the ship

the
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By ALISTAIR
MacLEAN



ABOARD the luxury freighter Campari, CAPTAIN BULLEN, FIRST OFFICER JOHNNY CARTER, and BOSUN MacDONALD are in the sick bay, all having been injured when SENOR MIGUEL CARRERAS and his son TONY committed an act of piracy and took over command of the ship. They were aided by forty men who had been smuggled aboard in large crates at the last port, Caraceio, in the Caribbean Sea. BENSON, the head steward, RADIO OFFICER BROWNE, and FOURTH OFFICER DEXTER had been murdered because they had each seen or known something was wrong in the radio-room.

Carter, helped by SUSAN BERESFORD, daughter of millionaire passengers who have offered Carter a job in the family business, has been investigating the deaths, and finds a transmitter-receiver in the suite of MR. CERDAN, an invalid who had come aboard with two nurses at the same time as the Carreras'. At a party where all the guests are gathered he confronts Cerdan with it, who, as he throws himself from his wheelchair, is knocked unconscious by Captain Bullen. Machine-gun fire is then heard on the bridge, and Carreras' gang lock the passengers and crew in a lounge.

The next day, when Miguel Carreras forces Carter to check another ship's course, he guesses the Campari has a rendezvous with the Fort Ticonderoga, which is carrying one hundred and fifty million dollars' worth of gold bullion. Carreras admits he wants this for his island country's revolutionary forces.

Carter pretends he has a broken thigh, knowing that Carreras will think he is now immobilised, and he has discussed a plan with Macdonald. Their guard is given a cup of drugged coffee just as Tony Carreras leaves the sick bay after another navigation check with Carter. NOW READ ON:

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Page 26

I SWUNG my legs over the side of the bed and stood up. A moment later I had fallen heavily to the floor. Four things were responsible for this: the sudden lurch of the deck as the Campari had fallen into a trough, the stiffness of both legs, the seeming paralysis of my left leg, and the pain that had gone through my thigh like a flame as soon as my foot had touched the deck.

Hands gripping the bosun's bed, I dragged myself to my feet and tried again. Dr. Marston had me by the right arm and I needed all the support I could get. I made it to my own bed and sat down heavily. Macdonald's face was expressionless. Susan looked as if she were about to cry. For some obscure reason that made me feel better. I lurched to my feet like an opening jack-knife, caught hold of the foot of my own bed, and had another go.

It was no good. I wasn't made of iron. The lurching of the Campari I could cope with and the first stiffness was slowly beginning to disappear. Even that frightening weakness in my left leg I could in some measure ignore. I could always hop along. But that pain I couldn't ignore. Every time I set my left foot on the deck the shooting agony in my left thigh left me dizzy and light-headed, barely conscious. A few steps on that leg and I just wouldn't be conscious at all.

"Get back into bed," Marston ordered. "You're going to have to lie on your back for at least the next week."

I was feeling a bit light-headed, and that's a fact. "Clever lad, Tony. He'd the right idea. Your hypodermic, Doctor. Pain-killer for the thigh. Shoot me full of it."

"Don't do it, Dr. Marston," Susan said urgently.

"Bosun?" Marston queried.

"Give it to him, sir," the bosun said quietly. "Mr. Carter knows best."

"He'll kill himself, I tell you!" Susan said.

"Perhaps he will. But then he will only be anticipating by about two days, Miss Beresford," Macdonald said quietly. "We all know that no one on the Campari has very long to live—not unless someone can do something."

Marston looked at me. "You and the bosun have been talking? Talking about something I know nothing about?"

"I'll tell you when I come back."

He went to his dispensary, came back with a hypodermic, and injected some pale fluid. "Against all my instincts, this. It'll ease the pain, no doubt about that, but it will also permit you to overstrain your leg and cause permanent damage."

"Not half as permanent as being dead." I hopped across into the dispensary, pulled old man Beresford's suit out from the pile of folded blankets Susan had fetched, and dressed as quickly as my bad leg and the pitching of the Campari would allow. I was just turning up the collar and tying the lapels together with a safety-pin when

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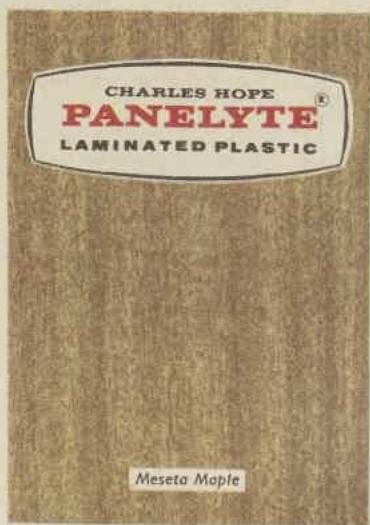
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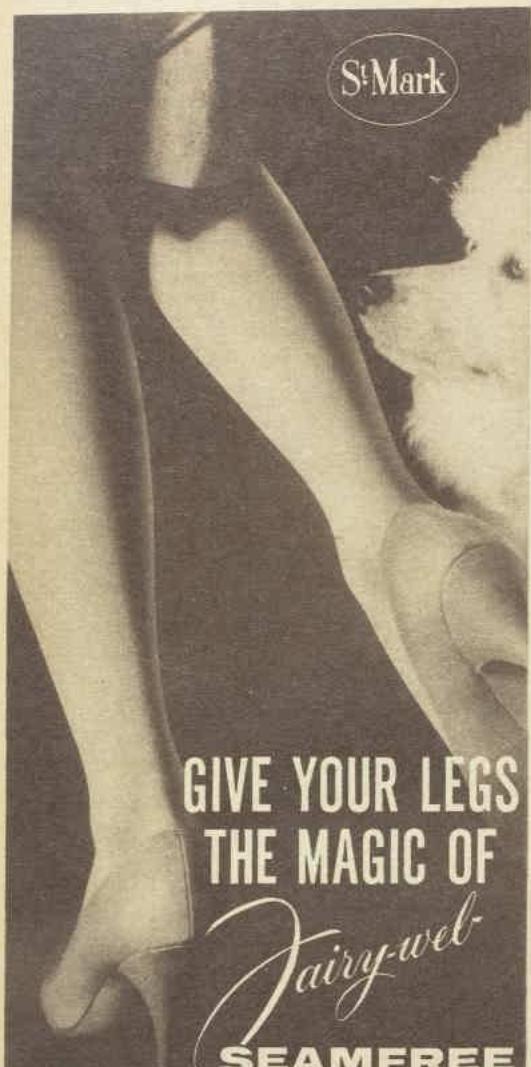
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CINDERELLA IN

Choosing a Paris model gown to wear for one night - it was like a Cinderella story . . .

THE vendueuse looked at my woollen underwear. I felt ashamed of it, and realised how thick and lumpy it was.

"But you are not going to wear all this?" she said, and she did not try to hide her disdain.

"She's cold," Don said. "She's just come from Tibet." He laughed. I don't think she believed him, and anyway it wasn't true. I had just come from India. In Tibet it was just as cold as Paris, but India was another matter. Coming straight from a hot, steaming jungle by air, I felt the cold very much, and, even though it was almost the end of winter and I had bought the thickest woollen underwear I could find, I shivered.

I had on a long-sleeved woollen vest and woollen pants with long legs ending just above the knees. I also had an unusual garment of mauve wool which looked like a sheath dress, except that the hemline was all up and down and slightly fluted. Around the neck it had a crocheted edge with baby-blue ribbon slotted through it.

It was called a woollen petticoat, and I had bought it from a stall somewhere near Notre Dame.

I had snatched it up as if it were a treasure and paid 1000 francs for it. The color was nice, but it made me look three times larger than I was, especially with the other layers of wool underneath it.

No one could have said I looked sexy, least of all this vendueuse whose job it was to transform me. I was her Cinderella and she was the fairy godmother Don had handed me over to.

But she frightened me immensely. It was a long time since I'd seen such a formidable lady. She was a "high priestess" of haute couture in one of the great fashion houses.

I looked at Don. "Do not," my eyes begged, "leave me alone with this reptilian person." She looked like a sleek and elegant black snake.

"Take off zeese clothes"

He had promised to help me choose a dress, and not leave me alone with anyone else. But it wasn't really his department; he was head of publicity.

It was only when he had seen me in my three-year-old coat, which had survived three monsoons without getting green mould on it, and my fur hat, which was Tibetan and strangely fashionable in its way, that he said to me, "We must get you something to wear."

Don was my old friend and we'd once been in the same ballet class.

He knew what the vendueuse was thinking about my underwear, but he left me, the traitor! "Try some of these things on," he said. "I'll be back soon."

I was left standing in a room lined with mirrors that reflected every angle, and I could not escape the distressing views of myself. In fact, if I stood in a certain position I could see myself stretching into eternity, millions and billions and billions of me, curving away out into space in a mauve wool petticoat.

This spectacle would have been fascinating to contemplate, but I had to think of now, and get myself suitably dressed for the ball . . . or the party.

"Take off zeese clothes," the vendueuse said, sounding like a lady doctor. I took them off and stood almost naked in a pair of white briefs.

She measured me with a tape that had centimetres instead of inches, so I could not tell what my measurements were.

When she finished she left the room. I felt better because the room was heated. I looked at my figure from all angles and discovered some things about myself.

I discovered that it was time for me to begin my leg and thigh exercises again, and I saw that I had quite a nice upper back as long as I stood straight and did not slump into the dreamy, droopy attitudes I had always imagined suited me.

I turned and moved and cast ironical and smiling glances into eternity. I struck Indian dance poses and classical ballet poses and Spanish gipsy poses, and tried to cheat the mirrors into making the never-ending curve of reflections change their course. They would not, and then the vendueuse came back with an armful of gowns.

EILEEN CRAMER, invited to a party by a friend who worked in one of Paris' leading fashion houses, was told to choose a dress from the salon's fabulous collection. Artist, dancer, model, and costume designer, Australian Eileen Cramer came to a chilly Paris winter after spending three years in tropical India. This is the second amusing article she has written about her adventures in Paris.

long, carpeted salon downstairs.

One day, just before I left the East, I sat on a long verandah looking at a famous fashion magazine to see what was being worn in the West.

Below me, in the compound, Indian girls walked backwards and forwards wearing the age-old sari which never really changes, and carrying water-pots and baskets on their heads. Even standing still or leaning against the dried-mud walls of their huts, their attitudes were unconsciously beautiful.

By comparison, the Western models in the magazine, with their strange pouting and astonished expressions, their defiant, aggressive stances, looked like fascinating young witches.

"What a strange world I'm going back to," I thought. After years in India everything about the West seemed unnatural and abnormal, and this was symbolised, for me, in High Fashion.

But I was also longing for it, and in a very short space of time I was actually there, right in the heart of Paris.

When I walked along the Rue du Faubourg St. Honore I smiled to myself as I imagined what a stir it would cause if I carried my large handbag on my head as I had learned to do, walking with long, easy strides.

Wigs, false eyelashes

I didn't do it, but tucked my bag under my arm and tottered along on sharp stiletto heels like everyone else, with my woollen pants chafing my legs.

The street was full of smart people and cars. In the windows of the little shops for which it is so famous there were chic little Parisian suits and blouses and dresses and coats; strange leather skirts and jackets; fantastic shoes and terribly smart hats; handbags, scarves, umbrellas, chiffon and silk and dainty cotton underwear; adorable brassieres and the most seductive nightgowns in the world.

There were beauty shops with marvellous wigs, red and gold and raven-black, dressed in the latest styles, and there were false eyelashes, delicately shaded face-powders, and beauty masks.

There were doorways and archways with glimpses of hidden treasures in arcades, and a court or two with graceful stone statues.

Everything was clean and sparkling, outwardly at least, and I could not help comparing the street with the smelly

THE WORLD

OF FASHION

bazaars, with their noises and odors and even cows, where I had so often gone shopping for rich Indian silks.

But you couldn't buy Paris gowns in India, where there were no professional mannequins to compare with the strange young women hurrying toward the house of fashion. I saw one or two, and I knew at once that they were models going to keep appointments for fittings or with one of the fashion photographers.

They were very small girls, not tall at all. Thinking of them reminds me of a fat lady I saw chatting to her friend, a ticket-puncher at a Metro station. They were speaking about a day's outing in a car.

The ticket-puncher said, "But there will be room for you, of course."

And the fat lady swung herself coquettishly and replied in the crystal-clear voice of self-acceptance, "Ah, oui, une très petite miniature comme moi." (Literally: "Ah yes, a very little miniature like me.")

A romantic beard

That's what the models are—very little miniatures, with tiny bones and almost non-existent waists. They are not always pretty, but they are chic.

They look silent and superior, and as they model the gowns they gaze past their audience at some distant spot.

Their bodies perform the little tricks that show off the interesting and new points of the gowns they wear as they go through the room like zephyr breezes, fresh and sharp, making sudden little turns and changing course to go back the way they came.

Only when they appear in the long evening gowns or the bridal gowns do they slow down; then they sail like vessels on a calm sea.

The clients, mostly Frenchwomen and Americans, take in every detail of the gowns, and the few men, husbands or fashion buyers or journalists, take them just as seriously.

My friend Don takes the collections seriously, too, but then it's his job.

When he first came to Paris he was a painter, but his interest in people and fashion gradually led him to the fashion houses.

He is an Australian and still has a free and easy manner which makes it easy for him to meet people and talk to them. His charm is infectious and he has hundreds of friends in Paris.

When I first saw him years before, he had a beard and looked very romantic. He came to the stage door of the theatre in Brisbane at which I was dancing and asked if he might have the honor of taking me and another member of the ballet to supper.

We went to a place called The Pink Elephant, and afterwards he took us to see a Chinese temple in a wide green yard with a wooden fence all around it.

There was a white horse racing around in the moonlight which chased us out, and we tore our stockings as we climbed over the fence in our anxiety to escape.

After that he took us to see his room, where he gave us a rotting old Chinese robe to take with us on tour. Even then he collected things, and his room was full of little vases, pictures, and rugs.

Now that he lives in Paris he has the same tastes, only he has more of everything and he has the opportunity to discover, in places like the Flea Market and at the half-yearly Iron Fair, stranger and rarer things.

He has paintings, artificial flowers, china fruit, tear bottles, hour-glasses, silver boxes, strange little ornaments, mirrors that reduce the whole room to a fairy palace, and magnifying glasses that turn a small ant into a monster.

"I almost wept"

Occasionally one finds hanging by a gold chain an antique feather fan or a pair of eyeglasses like the ones Toulouse-Lautrec used to wear. In a drawer of his desk and in a small carved wooden box he has photographs of models of the '20s and pictures of famous French actresses wearing gowns from the great fashion houses, as well as letters and postcards from dozens of his friends.

He has all these friends because he is so nice to them. When I came to Paris he said, "We must get you something to wear."

I told him I couldn't possibly afford to buy French models, so he said, "Never mind, you can wear them for one night and see how it feels. I'll take you to a party. You can give them back the next day." That's what he's like.

So that is how I came to be trying on the models from the winter collection in the room with the mirrors.

The vendueuse laid them out on a chair and we began. I was beginning to feel more at ease with this lady and she had softened toward me. She saw that I had possibilities. The only trouble was that I was larger than most of the girls for whom the gowns had been made. I was fuller in the hips and thighs.

It seemed hopeless to try on the gowns with tight skirts. They fitted me at the waist and if I held myself



Then I put on a white satin robe with the skirt billowing out in such luminous stiff folds that there was no space for it in the room. The moulded bodice was embroidered with silken thread and pearls.

There was a great wide shawl to match, with seven or eight yards of stuff in it which wrapped around and fell away at the back like a cloak.

As I looked at myself I seemed to change into "Pygmalion's" Eliza, sweeping majestically through the marble halls of a ballroom with all eyes upon her! But this was much too grand for the party, so I took it off. I wished that Don would come back so that I could ask him to take me to a first night at the opera instead.

Then I tried a suit. It was as smooth and calm as a long, low limousine lined with leopard-skin. I saw myself lunching at the Ritz, keeping a rendezvous with someone I loved, looking pensively at him over the rim of my cocktail glass, hiding my inner feelings.

But no! This was not for the party.

Mysterious stranger

The vendueuse appeared through a curtain of garments. She looked like a primitive woman returning from the jungle with a prize. I was pleased to see that her hair was dishevelled—so was mine.

The prize she had was a rag of a black frock. It looked shapeless and most uninteresting. "Black," I thought. "How can I wear black after that wonderful satin?"

Then I tried it on. It was a miracle of a dress, with a low neckline and a skirt tapering at the hem. It was of soft dull satin and it had a silken fringe at the neck. This was the dress for the party.

Don came back. "My dear!" he exclaimed. "My dear, it's just too marvellous."

I smiled dreamily and ran my hands over my hips.

"You must have a coat," Don said. My friend the vendueuse handed him a bundle of shot silk and heavy taffeta—a voluminous coat of coffee color shot with deep tones of purplish-gold, with a wide shawl collar that turned up to become a hood. So romantic!

"You can wear this, too," Don said, and held out a dream of a mink hat. It was a warm brown and suited me perfectly.

"Only you must bring it back tomorrow because I've borrowed it from the millinery department."

"Oh, I will. I promise," I said, and kissed him. He looked pleased. It was giving him immense pleasure to see me dressed like this, if only for one night.

The vendueuse had straightened her hair. She smiled at me, too, and I thanked her for all she had done. I couldn't bear to put on the woollen pants and vest again, so she said she'd pack them. Then she brought the white wool dress and coat and said I could wear them home.

Walking down the stairs with Don past some of the fitting-rooms, I'm sure I caught a glimpse of Marlene Dietrich being fitted.

In the small ground-floor boutique, where they sold blouses, skirts, scarves, and jewellery, Don told me to choose a lipstick from a glass case. There were also large bottles of toilet water and perfumes, and he chose some for me. "To start you off in Paris, my dear."

"You must have stockings, too," he said, and before I knew it someone had handed me a box of two pairs of pure silk coffee-colored hose and two pairs of almost-black ones with red beetles embroidered above the knees.

"There's no time to have them sent," Don said. "You'll have to take a taxi—unless you want to carry them on your head."

He called a taxi for me, the doorman held open the door, and Don escorted me to the kerb. The boxes were piled in after me and the taxi moved away.

"Eight o'clock at the George Cinq Hotel. Don't be late. We'll have dinner first and then go to the party," Don called out.

That night I was a rich, mysterious stranger. They thought I'd come to buy my spring wardrobe and see all the Paris collections. Don kept telling people that I was a rich maharani from Tibet, and I had to correct him.

"There are no maharani in Tibet."

"What are you then?" asked my host, a French count who spoke perfect English.

"Oh, no one—just a woman," I replied vaguely, and ran my hands over my hips.

... the models perform little tricks to show off the interesting new points of the gowns they are wearing.



The pleasant-tasting fluoride
with the refreshing mint flavour!

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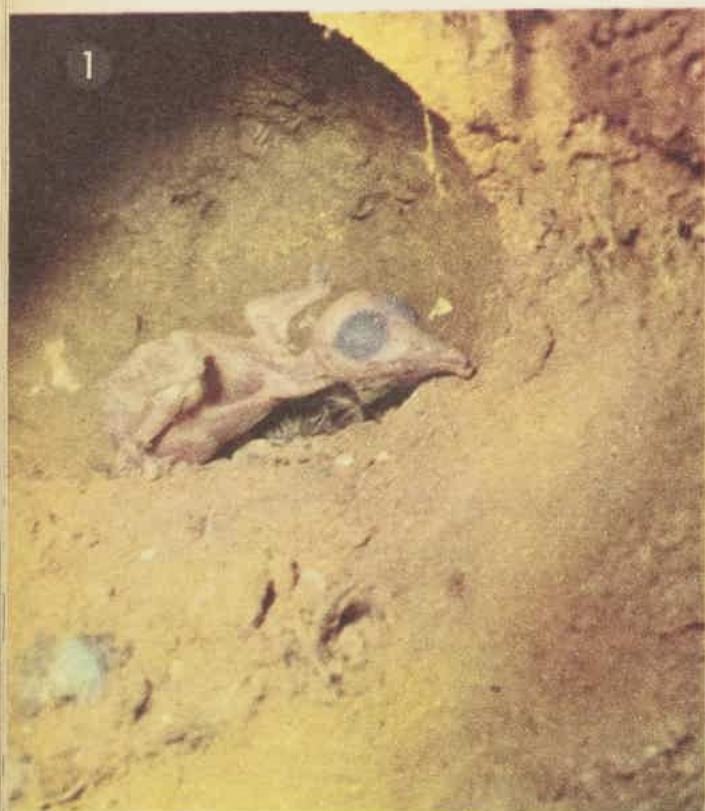
TOOTHPASTE

RECOMMENDED BY YOUR CHEMIST

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 24, 1962

It was "a thrilling, joyful experience" to rescue and rear a kingfisher in the outback, a Broken Hill man says in this picture-story.



1 Naked and afraid, only this baby kingfisher remained in the nest in the creek bank after the mother had died. He was 2 or 3 days old.



2 Taken to a Broken Hill home, "Kingy" indulged his vast appetite, though his eyes were still unopened. Grasshoppers half as long as himself went down the scrawny neck.



3 Now he was six days old. He nearly died when the weather turned chilly at night; a hot-water bottle revived him in his woollen "nest" in a cardboard carton. After that a 25-watt globe was used to give warmth.

"Kingy's"

By GORDON B. CAMPBELL

● When I first noticed the hole in a bank of Umberumberka Creek, a redbacked kingfisher was in it, sitting on four eggs. A week later I found the mother dead nearby, and one surviving nestling.

I TOOK the nestling to Broken Hill, 27 miles away, and there my family named him Kingy. The next six weeks were memorable for us all.

The little bird's eyes had not yet opened. To feed him, we imitated the high-pitched call of a mature kingfisher. This would cause Kingy to open his beak and squawk. We would place a grasshopper or a whip lizard in the beak and at the touch he would shake it strongly and then eat it.

The grasshoppers and lizards were four to five inches long, and it was amazing how, when three or four days old, the bird was able to swallow them.

At 13 days Kingy's eyes began to open. We feared he might object to being fed by human hands, but he did not mind.

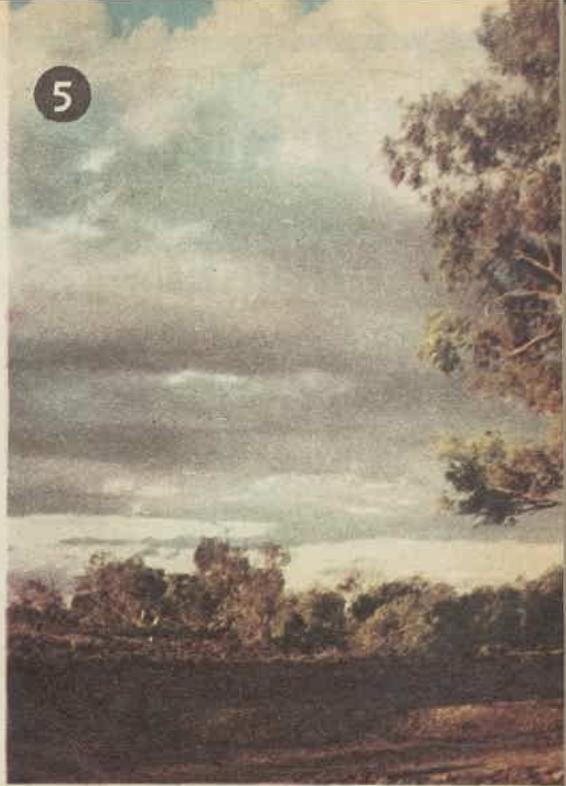
The bird's habits were interesting. Each day, at evening or morning, he disgorged a pellet of indigestible diet residue, which proved that the stomach acids were

4



4 At 13 days his eyes were beginning to open and the baby feathers were thick enough to give him a little natural warmth and protection. His appetite was now gargantuan.

5



5 After 42 days Kingy was taken back to his birthplace at Umberumberka Creek, 27 miles north-west of Broken Hill. It is a region of red gums and swamp gums.

new grip on life

capable of dissolving only the fleshy part of his diet.

At 37 days Kingy's baby squawk gave way to the call of a mature kingfisher. He had taught himself to fly, and now he made longer flights inside the house. He left his cardboard box early each morning and perched on the curtain-rod in the living-room.

Grasshoppers could now be thrown into the centre of the room. Kingy would swoop down, take them, and fly on to a block of wood, where he thrashed them in typical kingfisher style.

His appetite was enormous. During the six weeks we had Kingy in our charge he ate the following diet, procured by my family and several young neighbors:

922 grasshoppers
2 dragonflies
3 crickets
29 moths
65 whip lizards.

This diet proves that kingfishers are of great value to property owners by helping to keep down the grasshopper numbers. It is not surprising that the kingfisher is a protected bird.

(The diet of the inland kingfisher is certainly much different from that of the coastal species, which feeds mainly on small fish.)

Kingy had now matured to the stage where his liberation had to be considered. He was able to fly some distance and take his own food, and we realised he had his own ideas of what he wanted to do.

We were glad and yet sorry to be

motoring back along the road to Umberumberka, 42 days after we found him. Rearing Kingy had been a thrilling, joyful experience and we had become greatly attached to him.

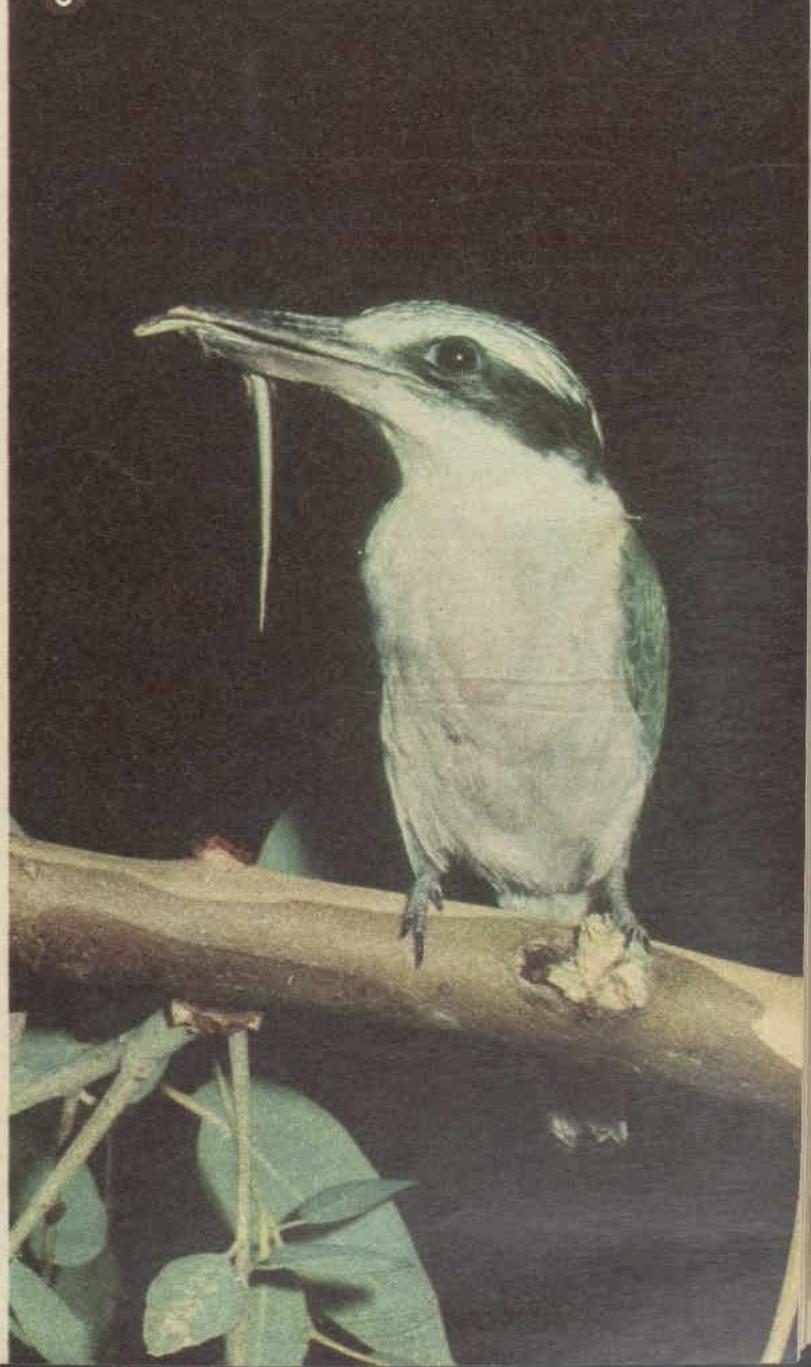
The day was fairly well spent when we stopped at the creek. We decided to feed him before releasing him. He took a whip lizard from us and held it in his beak for a minute or two. Then he flew with it into the leafy branches of a large tree, and settled for the night in typical kingfisher fashion.

We camped nearby that night, and were up early next morning to find the bird sitting in the same position. He was quite still, but looking about and apparently listening.

We watched from a distance with binoculars. Suddenly, with a rushing noise, a goshawk flew into a neighboring tree and we felt fearful for Kingy. Within seconds a more welcome sound, the call of another kingfisher, came from farther down the creek and it was thrilling to see Kingy fly away from the possible danger to answer the call of one of his kind.

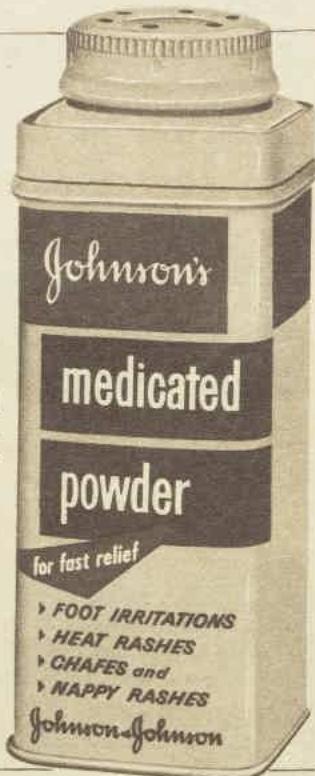
We were packing the car to leave when Kingy returned with another kingfisher; and as we drove away we could clearly see the two birds perched high in a gum tree.

6



6 As a parting gift Kingy was offered a whip lizard. He flew with it into a tree, a healthy and handsome young bird, back at last in his real home.

SOOTHE HOT FEET! BEAT PRICKLY HEAT!



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Wonderful
for baby, too—
Quickly
relieves
chafing and
nappy rash
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FOR FAST RELIEF BEYOND BELIEF
of all minor skin irritations!



"BUTTERFLY." After dark creation by René Henri and enhanced by Vitapointe.

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Though summer sun, drying winds and salt sea air all steal sebum from the hair, you can still keep it radiant and lovely with Vitapointe's nourishing care. Vitapointe is the cream beautifier and conditioner you can use any time. At once hair is easy to manage, frizz and dryness disappear and dullness vanishes. Use Vitapointe to keep your hair in perfect condition, so lovely . . . lively . . . soft and shiny.

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and CONDITIONER FOR THE HAIR

LETTER BOX

Project problems

WHAT do other mothers think of the tiresome and time-consuming business of schoolchildren illustrating every poem, project, exercise, and nature-study book with pictures? I have just spent hours looking for pictures of a porter, mosquitoes, and a magpie, and I know that other busy mothers are pestered too. We are interested in our children's education, but of what benefit are these hours of searching when the three R's are not up to standard?

£1/1/- to "Tired of Searching" (name supplied), Rockhampton, Qld.

Holiday milk

I WOULD like to know what happens to excess milk during school holidays. Theoretically, it should be absorbed by mothers buying extra while the children are home, but I believe few do this. Would it not be possible to introduce a scheme to supply the milk free to families who need it? If a child is entitled to free milk it makes no difference whether it is a school day or a holiday.

£1/1/- to Mrs. L. Lonsdale, Oyster Bay, N.S.W.

Silver weddings

MY husband's father was married at 25, and lost his wife when he was 52. A few years later he married again, and was still married when he died at the age of 83. Thus, in his lifetime, he celebrated two silver weddings. This must be a record.

£1/1/- to Mrs. D. Smith, Cremorne, N.S.W.

Snob excursions

WHAT do other parents think of present-day excursions run by some high schools? Ranging from one day to a week or more, prices are from £8 to more than £100. Uniforms are compulsory to stop class distinction, yet these trips surely put pupils in two groups—those whose parents can, and those who cannot, afford such luxuries. Is it good for teenagers to expect these sums of money to be handed out just for the asking? They will be able to see these places when they are earning their own living.

£1/1/- to "Against Excursions" (name supplied), Croydon, Vic.

Charity stamp

CHARITY could greatly benefit from the issue of a special 5d. Christmas stamp. This stamp should have a surcharge of one penny, the extra money going to underprivileged children. This is done in Holland with enormous success. Charity workers sell the stamps in special booths in post offices.

£1/1/- to Mrs. W. L. Ismail, Ringwood, Vic.

Ross Campbell is on
holidays. His column
will be resumed on
his return.

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

due to the winter ills which few families escape, and would give mothers a welcome break from rousing reluctant children from warm beds on frosty mornings.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Parker, Tenterfield, N.S.W.

Never too old . . .

I GAVE an old friend who is 82 a box of chocolates as a treat. She thanked me, but regretted that she could not eat them, as they were fattening and she was trying to slim. Do we never cease to be figure-conscious?

£1/1/- to "Jaycee" (name supplied), Mt. Gambier, S.A.

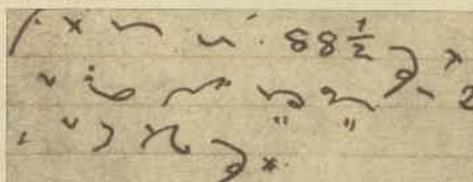
Shorthand fans

IN reply to "Grandmother," Hawthorn, Vic., who still writes shorthand at 70, I am now 51 and although I have left work for 25 years I can still write shorthand quickly and accurately. If I am listening to a speech or sermon I mentally "take it down" in shorthand. Recently I spoke to a lady of my own age who consulted her shopping list written in shorthand. She told me that she and a former office friend have corresponded in shorthand for more than 30 years.

£1/1/- to "Well Learnt" (name supplied), Adelaide.

MY father, 88, is still drafting letters, taking notes (names and addresses over the telephone, etc.), and even reads books in shorthand. At present he is re-reading "Treasure Island" in shorthand.

£1/1/- to "Shorthand Grandfather" (name supplied), Auburn, N.S.W.



"SHORTHAND GRANDFATHER" sent this sample of his 88-year-old father's shorthand. It reads: "I am now 88½ years of age. I commenced learning Pitman's system of shorthand when I was 11 years of age."

ALTHOUGH I am a great-grandmother over 70 I still write shorthand and have a part-time position where it is often necessary. It is 55 years since I learned. Although I married young, there were many times when I took down lectures or sermons. I sometimes correspond in shorthand with my brother just for fun, and I find myself translating the news or other items in my head, so you can say it is possible to "think" in shorthand.

£1/1/- to "Great Grandmother" (name supplied), Caulfield, Vic.

MY sister in England, a great-grandmother of 71, still keeps her diary in shorthand, which she has kept since she learned at Pitman's College 57 years ago.

£1/1/- to Mrs. R. S. Jarman, Darwin.

AFTER gaining a First Class Royal Society of Arts Certificate and being a member of the Shorthand Writers' Association in my youth, I have maintained an interest in shorthand—by correspondence, copying out texts, etc. One of my most cherished gifts is a "New Testament in Phonography." From this I copy my favorite texts and write them in shorthand in the fly-leaves of the books I read.

£1/1/- to "Shorthand at 87" (name supplied), Launceston, Tas.

Here's variety
to tempt
the whole
family!

3



serve

HANSEN'S

JUNKET
PLAIN

—OR

DELICIOUS
FLAVOURS

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Pineapple
Strawberry
Raspberry
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NO COOKING . . . NO BEATING

Junket, being a milk-based food, contains all the goodness of milk . . . a variety of nutrients necessary for a balanced diet in an attractive form.

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A Father's influence never fades . . .

Come what may a man may rest content when:—
**HE HAS HIS HOME MORTGAGE REPAYMENTS
WELL IN HAND.**

**HE CAN PROVIDE SUFFICIENT INCOME
FOR HIS FAMILY'S NEEDS.**

**HE CAN GIVE HIS CHILDREN AN ADEQUATE
EDUCATION.**

HE CAN PROVIDE FOR HIS OWN RETIREMENT.

If he lives he will see to it that these things are done.
If not they will be done only if he leaves sufficient cash
and/or income for the purpose.

A.M.P. Family Security Plans, wide and flexible
enough to cover every need, are the answer.
Ask your A.M.P. man to show you a Family Security
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A.M.P. MEMBERS ENJOY THE UNQUESTIONED

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 24, 1962

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Worth Reporting

WITH little other than faith and spirit, a young Sydney couple have staked their future on a gamble.

They are six-months married Carroll and Kosti Simons, of Vaucluse, N.S.W. Kosti has written four novels.

His first two novels Kosti dismisses as experimental, but the third and the fourth he feels "should have been given the chance."

The publishers were not willing to take this chance, so the Simons' borrowed money from the bank and published the fourth book privately.

Kosti gave up his job as a salesman, and he and Carroll did the proof-reading and editing themselves. Artist and friend Maris Earl designed the cover.

Recently, with the help of a chair and a table, the Simons' were selling the book in a Sydney arcade. Then they went to Brisbane, and if they can scrape up the money they'll go to other States.

The book is selling for 17/6. From the sales they make personally they will get 7/6, and from the sales through book stores, 1/8.

"Even if we sell the whole 1000 copies, we won't get rich," Carroll said.

"But our aim is to bring Kosti's talent to attention and establish him as a writer. We've done reasonably well so far. The critics liked the book and people have shown tremendous interest.

"It's such a shame," Carroll continued. "Do you know that last year 4400 fiction novels were published in England and in Australia there were only 12?"

"There must be hundreds of writers here with something to say and the talent to say it."

Another Elliott?

PROUDEST grandmother we've met in ages is Mrs. V. Bicknell, of Umina Beach, N.S.W.

She came to see us with letters and newspaper cuttings sent to her from Malaya by her grandson, 16-year-old Doug Henderson, telling of his success as a runner.

Doug lives in Malacca, where his father is stationed with the Army.

The cuttings say that Doug could succeed Herb Elliott — he has won three 1500-metre races against Malaya's fastest schoolboy opposition.

Doug's best for the 1500 metres is 4min. 13sec., for the 800 metres 2min. 1.6sec.

There is no official (under 17) record in Australia, but John Manuel, the sensational schoolboy runner from Wyong, N.S.W., ran the 1500 metres in 4min. 2.8sec. and the 800 metres in 1min. 53.9sec. when he was 16.

Doug hopes to try for the Olympic Games in 1964.



• Kosti and Carroll Simons selling Kosti's book in a Sydney arcade.

Cottage for £1

UNCHING at a recently opened Sydney restaurant, we became interested in the photographs on the walls.

We found that they were by David Mist, a young English photographer, who came out a year ago and has been making a name for himself.

We went to see him—and found out he likes Australia.

"I only miss the theatre and the pubs," he said.

"Anyone who can think up a pleasant way for men—and

I THINK gentlemen have gone terribly out of fashion. They're not as interesting as they once were. We have no time for gentlemen these days, and I think, as a matter of fact, they've gotten to be rather stuffy."

—Quote from American writer Anita Loos, author of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

Such a success

SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD Glenice Fellows, of Kew, Victoria, the pretty, young budgerigar breeder whose story we published last year, entered her budgies for the first time in the Melbourne Show this year.

And, we are happy to report, she now has almost as many ribbons as a maypole.

Her birds won the championship, three special prizes, five firsts, six seconds, one third, and a "highly commended."

So it can be seen that out of the 19 birds entered, only a very few let the side down.

These were baby birds, who, Glenice hopes, may profit by the example of the Lutino cock bird that was judged best budgie in the show.

So much for Melbourne triumphs. At the World Poultry Congress show in Sydney in August, Glenice's birds won the Poultry Congress sash, two gold medals, two silver, and two bronze.

Glenice entered cock birds only. Most of her hen birds—respectable matrons all—were breeding in August; breeding champions, she hopes, for the next Royal Melbourne Show.

WE all say we disapprove of gossip. I disapprove of gossip very strongly. I never gossip, I merely give information to those who do.

—Lord Mancroft, speaking on the B.B.C.



Modess because

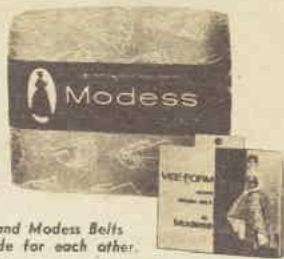
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Only Modess gives you so many refinements — only Modess gives you such a wide range: Modess with MASSLINE cover . . . Modess Super . . . Modess with Gauze cover . . . and now New Vee-Form by Modess, shaped to echo the lines of the body.

PRODUCTS OF Johnson-Johnson

Page 36

Modess . . . and Modess Belts — they're made for each other.



• David Mist

women—to have a drink out here will make a fortune. The present 'pub' is awful. But I do like the beer."

We also found out that while in London David met and came to know slightly Antony Armstrong-Jones, now the Earl of Snowdon.

"He was a very, very good photographer," David said. "I met him through a friend, Bob Bolton.

"I've stayed with Bob in a 16th-century cottage in Sussex that was given to him by Tony," David said.

"Tony and Margaret wanted to live in the main mansion, but though Tony's relatives owned the grounds the house belonged to the National Trust, which wouldn't release it.

"Tony sold the gardener's cottage to Bob — for £1."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 24, 1962

Home decorators' guide to Floor coverings

Six pages of detailed information on floor-covering materials, including quality, color and pattern ranges, preparation of floors, laying, and maintenance

INLAID LINOLEUM

LINOLEUM has been produced for more than 100 years. Research is constantly improving the material, and today, with many new products in competition, it remains one of the most popular floor coverings.

It is relatively inexpensive and an excellent all-rounder. Most attractive, and sometimes hard to tell from some of its more expensive rivals, it can be used alone or as a background for scatter-rugs.

Linoleum is made from oxidised linseed oil, or other suitable drying oils, and pigments mixed with cork and wood flour. This is applied under heat and pressure to a backing of jute, canvas, or bitumen-saturated paperfelt.

The pattern in inlaid linoleum goes right through to the backing and cannot wear off.

QUALITIES. Linoleum, in 72in. sheets and 9in. by 9in. or 12in. by 12in. tiles, is available in two qualities.

"A" Quality is a heavy-duty thick linoleum used mainly in public buildings. It is available in 72in. sheets in marbleised patterns and plain colors. With few exceptions the tiles are marbleised.

"C" Quality is lighter and used for domestic purposes. The 72in. sheet in "C" quality is available in marbleised patterns, plain colors, and in various geometrical designs. The tiles are nearly all marbleised.

COLORS, PATTERNS. Manufacturers of linoleums, paints, and fabrics have co-ordinated their color ranges to mix and match. The scope of design is increased by using sheet and tile together.

There is also a wide range of feature tiles which carry designs appropriate to particular rooms, such as food subjects for the kitchen or watery ones for the bathroom.

Plain linoleums are more restful and uncluttered than patterned ones and are generally a better background for furniture, but you will require less furniture for a "furnished" appearance if the floor is patterned.

The pattern used can alter the proportions of your room. For instance, stripes running the length of a room will make it appear longer and narrower; running across the room they make it appear shorter and wider.

Big or bold patterns in a small room would be overpowering and make the room appear even smaller. Small, indistinct patterns in a big room would be lost.

A break in a floor pattern or color can be used to separate activity areas. In a lounge-dining room you could use tiles of a medium-grey alternating with white for the lounge area and medium-grey with black for the dining section. Perhaps mustard and yellow and mustard and brown would suit your requirements, or blue and black and blue and white.

FLOOR PREPARATION. Timber floors must be level, sanded, and have adequate underfloor ventilation to prevent moisture causing the timber to swell and warp the floor. Lack of ventilation below floor level will also cause the boards to rot.

Concrete floors must be level and contain a waterproofing medium if the floor is in contact with the ground.

Such concrete floors usually include a

By MARGARET STELEY

who studied interior decorating in England and Europe, and who decorated the rooms used for official entertaining at Melbourne's Olympic Village in 1956. Mrs. Steley has also designed the decorations in many city and country homes in Victoria and Queensland.

waterproofing medium as part of their structure, such as a thin vinyl sheet or various waterproofing additives.

If the floor is not waterproofed, a surface waterproofing medium must be used, such as a layer of bitumen. A mixture of latex, sand, and cement trowelled over the top of the concrete also forms a moisture barrier, and at the same time serves as a leveller.

LAYING. Use a good-quality paperfelt underlay for both sheet and tile linoleum. This is inexpensive, reduces sound, and adds to the wearing qualities.

Stick the paperfelt to the floor and the linoleum to the paperfelt with adhesives recommended by the maker. The handyman will find it easier to lay tiles than sheet linoleum.

MAINTENANCE. Linoleum should be only damp-mopped for the first 14 days after it is laid. Then it should be cleaned, sealed, and waxed.

Initial Cleaning. Sweep, then apply a liberal amount of the recommended stripper. Allow to lie for a few minutes, then scrub with a machine scrubbing-brush. Rinse with clean water and allow to dry.

Sealing. Apply one coat of floor seal according to maker's directions. Allow to dry for about four hours, lightly rub with steel wool, then sweep up thoroughly.

Polishing. Apply at least two thin, even coats of your selected polish. Allow 30 minutes between coats. When dry, machine-polish.

Weekly Maintenance. (1) Remove surface dirt and scuff marks, using a steel-wool pad beneath the brush of polishing-machine. (2) Sweep, then damp-mop the floor with a weak solution of cleaner. Rinse with clean water. Mop up and allow to dry. (3) Apply a thin coat of polish to the traffic-lane areas only. When dry, machine-polish the whole floor.

PRINTED LINO

PRINTED linoleum is made from similar materials to inlaid lino, but it is thinner and the pattern is only printed on the surface, and so can wear off.

It is available in 72in.-sheet form and is much cheaper than inlaid lino.

COLORS, PATTERNS. Many and various.

FLOOR PREPARATION and LAYING. As for inlaid linoleum.

MAINTENANCE. Printed lino should not be sealed. Simply wax-polish it.

VINYL ASBESTOS

VINYL asbestos is a relative newcomer and is extremely hard-wearing and

less prone to indentation than other types of floorings.

QUALITIES. Vinyl asbestos comes in two weights — 1-16th in. thick for domestic use and wall treatments available in 9in. by 9in. tiles, and in 1in., 2in., or 3in. feature strips, each 2ft. long. A heavier quality, 1-8th in. thick, used for commercial or heavy-duty areas, is made in the same sizes.

COLORS, PATTERNS. The color range is extensive in both local and imported tiles and all are readily available.

The 1-16th in. quality is made in marbleised or terazzo-type patterns and in a range known as "pastel."

The heavy quality is available only in the marbleised range.

The feature strip in any one of its three widths is very useful in creating your own designs and gives a professional look to a home-laid floor.

FLOOR PREPARATION and LAYING. As for inlaid linoleum.

MAINTENANCE. For the Initial Cleaning, sweep, scrub thoroughly with diluted solution of cleaner, mop up and rinse with clean water, and allow to dry.

Polishing. Apply at least two thin coats of special polish recommended by the maker, allowing each coat to dry before polishing with machine.

Weekly Maintenance. Sweep, damp-mop with mop wrung out of weak solution of cleaner, and machine-buff floor until dry.

Monthly Maintenance. Sweep, scrub thoroughly with dilute solution of cleaner, mop, and apply polish on traffic areas only.

FLEXIBLE VINYL

THIS flooring is claimed to be practically indestructible and has exceptional resilience, which makes it quieter than most other floor coverings.

It defies the heaviest traffic and the roughest treatment and is impervious to stain, although some stains may be difficult to remove if allowed prolonged contact.

The pore-free surface does not allow penetration of dust or germs and is non-slippery—even after polishing, provided a non-slip polish is used.

It has non-fading solid color right through and is resistant to heat, which enables it to be laid over panel-heating systems.

QUALITIES. Available in sheet and tile form, and although the basic pattern goes right through, where silver or gold flecks are used, these particles are only on the surface.

COLORS, PATTERNS. Local ranges are available in three types of design. One is almost plain but has the faintest streak and is in many colors. The second is a granite effect, also in a wide choice of colors.

The third looks just like marble, with the same colors and lovely translucent quality. This is a delightful material and brings "marble" floor lobbies and bathrooms within the average budget.

The imported ranges are many and varied. One, with square colored vinyl chips floating in a sea of translucent colorless vinyl, comes in several monotypes and multicolors and gives a feeling of depth. Another, with random-shaped chips, has slight undulations on the surface which help to conceal marks.

Many ranges feature glittering particles of silver and gold. They are all dressy, random designs—some open and airy, some densely packed.

FLOOR PREPARATION. As for inlaid linoleum.

LAYING. This material can be laid by the handyman, but the advice of an expert firm should be sought.

If sheet vinyl is being used the joins can be sealed with special tools, giving a fine contrasting line which can add to the decorative effect.

MAINTENANCE. Maintenance is most important. Less is required for this type of flooring than for most others, but it is essential to safeguard the life and appearance of your floor by giving it regular maintenance. Maintain as for Vinyl Asbestos.

RUBBER

RUBBER has been used successfully for floors for many years and is excellent where silence is desired. Good-looking and long-wearing, it is very resilient and warm.

QUALITIES. Rubber is available in heavy-duty 1in. thick or the usual 1/16in. thick. Tile sizes are 9in. by 9in. or 11 1/2in. by 11 1/2in., and sheet rubber can be bought in 3ft., 4ft., or 6ft. widths.

COLORS, PATTERNS. Mostly in marbleised effects, in a good color range.

FLOOR PREPARATION. As for inlaid lino.

LAYING. Rubber can be laid directly on the floor or with a cork or sponge-rubber underlay, which produces the highest degree of silence.

It is inadvisable to attempt a "do-it-yourself" job on rubber, so get an expert to do it.

MAINTENANCE. Polishing or cleaning materials such as paste wax, spirit wax, or cleaners which contain solvents or sealers should not be used on rubber floors.

New Floors. Don't polish during the first two weeks. Sweeping and damp—not wet—mopping with a weak solution of a recommended cleaner in warm water is all that is necessary, but use an overlay to prevent scratching or grinding in of dirt.

Initial Cleaning, Polishing. Sweep, apply a dilute solution of stripper, mop with clean water and allow to dry thoroughly. Then apply two or three thin coats of the recommended polish. Allow half an hour between coats. Polish with machine.

CONTINUED overleaf

FROM THE HOUSE OF GOODCHILD

Destination anywhere...

such soft, cushiony, comfort ... such easy, breezy charm!

FRISKEES
Knight



KM-156—Knight, slipper with vulcanised sole, gold trimmed brocade upper, Red, Blue and Gold. Sizes 2-7. **19/11**



KP-022—Friskee durazon flat with vulcanised sole, white stitched upper. Many colours. Sizes 2-7.

19/11

Friskee's
BY KNIGHT



19/11

KM-129
Friskee bow-tied and perforated flat in Gardenia, Seafoam, Cracker, Black. Sizes 2-7.



KM-146—Knight vulcanised with cotton tweed upper. Green, Bone, Blue, Red. Sizes 2-7.

17/11

KM-133—Knight vulcanised flat with denim uppers, in Grey, Blue, Green. Sizes 2-7.

17/11

AVAILABLE AT 9 OUT OF 10
STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

Page 38



KM-130—Friskee flat with buckle trim. Coffee Cream, Gardenia, Red, Cracker, Black. Sizes 2-7.

19/11

KP-021—Friskee flat, vulcanised sole, suedette upper. Seafoam, Gardenia, Cracker, Black. Sizes 2-7.

19/11

Friskees and Knight are brands
from the famous
HOUSE OF GOODCHILD
a unit of Felt and Textiles
of Australia Limited



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 24, 1962

FLOOR COVERINGS *continued*

Normal Maintenance. Remove surface dirt and scuff marks by using a steel-wool pad under the scrubbing brush of the polishing machine and lightly buff the floor. Sweep and damp-mop with a dilute solution of cleaner. Rinse with clean water, mop, and allow to dry.

Give traffic lanes or worn parts one or two coats of polish and when dry machine-polish the whole floor.

CORK

CORK flooring is made from ground cork particles compressed into sheet form and cut into tiles. The particles are uneven, producing a pleasing texture. The edges of the tiles are tongued and grooved and so lock together.

Cork is a good insulator, making the flooring warm in winter and cool in summer. It is very quiet and most suitable for nursery floors. It is resistant to staining, comfortable to walk on, and long-wearing.

QUALITIES. Available in several thicknesses and 12in. by 12in. is the most popular tile size.

COLOR. The natural cork color comes in three tones—light, medium, and dark—which can be used separately or in combination to form a pattern. The natural mellow color is restful and never clashes with the rest of your color scheme.

FLOOR PREPARATION. As for inlaid lime.

LAYING. Cork is difficult to lay, so leave it to an expert.

MAINTENANCE. Cork is supplied either pre-sealed or bare.

If pre-sealed, advice should be sought from the supplier on how to proceed with the initial treatment and maintenance.

If bare, the floor-layer will sand the surface smooth, and it is most important to remove all the dust without wetting the cork. A vacuum-cleaner is best for this.

The cork floor must then be sealed before use—with a varnish-type or a plastic sealer.

When using a varnish sealer, apply only sufficient to form a seal, not a finished surface. Normally two thin coats are required. After each coat, floor should be cut back with a steel-wool pad and vacuum-cleaned.

Then apply at least two thin coats of the recommended polish, using straight strokes with a lamb's-wool applicator or a clean mop, first dampened with water.

Allow each coat to dry thoroughly, and buff with machine.

If you use a plastic finish, mix and apply the plastic according to directions on the can. Normally three coats of plastic are required.

Plastic finishes form a surface which is both long-wearing and glossy without the application of polish. However, light maintenance with polish will minimise wear in heavy traffic areas.

PARQUETRY

MOSAIC parquetry flooring can be laid on timber or concrete and consists of "fingers" of timber set together in blocks 4in. square.

The squares are assembled into 18in. panels backed with perforated aluminium foil, which gives the panels extra rigidity, makes them easier to handle, and has an insulating and sound-proofing effect.

COLORS, PATTERNS. Many timbers are suitable for parquetry, the most popular being tallowwood (greyish-yellow or a pale honey color), brush box (rosy-brown to greyish-pink), blue gum (rich red to rose-pink), Tasmanian oak (pale grey pink), blackbutt (pale brown-yellow), jarrah (dark red-brown to bright pink), spotted gum (medium brown with touches of pink and grey), Japanese oak (greyish-yellow), and cypress (pale to dark honey with dark brown knots).

The timbers can be used on their own or mixed in any combination of uniform or contrasting tones.

The usual pattern is basket weave. Narrow strips of timber of all types are available and can be used to break large areas into panels.

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FLOOR PREPARATION. On a concrete floor the surface must be plain and smooth. Rough concrete should be ground to the required finish. The surface must be dry and clean. If there is any possibility of dampness a waterproof membrane should be incorporated.

Timber floors should be level-sanded, and tongue-and-groove flooring-boards not more than 4in. wide are best, with the flooring firmly fixed to the joists.

LAYING. The laying of mosaic parquetry is well within the scope of most handymen. Before laying the panels of parquetry they should be stored on the job for several days to allow them to become adjusted to the existing atmospheric conditions within the building.

Comprehensive and easy-to-follow instructions are issued by the manufacturers.

MAINTENANCE. Remove all surface dirt by sweeping or vacuuming. Never use water on polished wood floors, as it will raise the grain of the timber. Oil mops, oil dressings, soaps, and detergents are all injurious to timber.

Apply recommended timber polish sparingly. Some polishes can be broken down with mineral turpentine, which means that you can apply a thinner coat, and this is desirable. Polish by hand or machine.

CERAMIC TILES

CERAMIC mosaic floor tiles are available in two types—unglazed or glazed.

The tiles used today are very hard and impervious to water.

COLORS, PATTERNS. There is a wide range of sizes, shapes, and colors in unglazed ceramic tiles. Sizes include 1in. hexagonal, 2in., 1in., and 2in. square, and rectangular shapes.

Many plain colors are available, including a sophisticated charcoal-grey and some have a fine stipple.

You can use just one color for a floor or a mixture of several colors.

Different shapes can be combined and you can use different types of one color—mottled and plain—which are set at random to form an all-over speckled effect.

The range in glazed tiles is similar, but not so large, although it includes some 4in. hexagonal floor tiles with matching 6in. square glazed wall tiles, available in soft delicate colors.

The small mosaic tiles are sold in sheets, with the tiles in various designs stuck by the top surface to sheets of paper or fabric ready for fixing.

LAYING. The sheets of tiles are applied to the wet cement, the paper or fabric removed, and joints grouted in with cement. This job should be done by an expert.

MAINTENANCE. These tiles should not be sealed, but the unglazed type can be polished if desired. The glazed tiles need no maintenance at all, except for a wipe with a damp cloth when soiled.

VITREOUS TILES

UNGLAZED ceramic vitreous tiles are particularly recommended for patios and breezeways. Their sizes are 2in. by 4in., 4in. by 4in., and 6in. by 6in.

COLORS. The two smaller sizes are available in eight colors—black, white, blue, teal-blue, mustard, cinnamon, chocolate, and grey. It is an excellent range of lovely colors and allows plenty of scope for monochromes or mixtures.

The 6in. by 6in. tile is available in four varieties of brown. Two of them are mottled creamy biscuit-type colors—one lighter than the other. The other two are plain, one almost terracotta and the other like milk chocolate.

**VARY TEXTURES TO HELP COLOR—
how to mix and match floor coverings to
add interest to your rooms... overleaf**



VINYL ASBESTOS tiles used to turn a basement into an attractive room.

SANDSTONE

These tiles have distinct possibilities for a kitchen floor. The large tile in terracotta would be lovely for a "colonial" kitchen.

LAYING. The tiles are set in cement, the joints grouted in with white cement. The laying should be done by an expert.

MAINTENANCE. These tiles should not be sealed, but can be polished if desired.

GLASS TILES

GLASS mosaic tiles are suitable for floors or walls. The tiles are cut with uneven edges, which gives a feeling of texture to the surface, and the glass has a brilliance and depth which is very beautiful.

COLORS, PATTERNS. The color of glass tiles cannot fade and the ranges are very extensive—some colors being soft and muted and some brilliant and jewel-like.

Any desired combination is obtainable, as the tiles come loose and are fixed on to sheets to order.

Red, tangerine, and yellow tiles are more expensive than other colors because of the higher cost of the pigments.

Australian-made tiles are available in 70 colors, so you can create very subtle blends, and if you use a few brilliant colors in a quiet background they appear like jewels with a realistic sparkle.

Italian-made glass tiles are available in much the same plain color range, but in addition there are many fancy ones, sprinkled or streaked with gold.

LAYING. As for ceramic mosaic tiles, but for glass tiles it is suggested that you use colored cement, which increases the already vast variety of color combinations.

MAINTENANCE. Just a wipe with a damp cloth to remove dirt.

TERRAZZO

TERRAZZO consists of marble chips mixed with colored cement. This mixture is poured on the job on top of a concrete floor. When the cement is set it is ground to a fine surface.

COLORS. Terrazzo floors can be made to any color scheme within the range of marble and cement colors.

LAYING. Tiles of terrazzo are laid in cement like vitreous tiles. The pouring of a whole floor on the job needs an expert and the use of a special grinding machine.

MAINTENANCE. Only wiping with a damp cloth or mop is required.

MARBLE

MARBLE is another natural material used for paving, and has an indefinable quality difficult to reproduce in a manufactured material.

It is expensive, but has great durability and is perfect for halls or patios.

Furnishing schemes can be changed many times without being bound in any way by the floor. Any type or period of decoration is enhanced by it.

Marble is cool and may need the addition of rugs in cold climates.

COLORS, PATTERNS. Marble is available in white, grey, black, red, green, and cream, but all are very soft, muted, and delicate.

It is supplied cut and polished, usually 3in. thick and in any size or shape up to 3ft. square.

LAYING. It is advisable to lay marble only on a cement floor.

MAINTENANCE. Requires only washing to maintain its beauty.

**FOR CARPETS — please
turn to page 42**

Vary textures to help color

With all the varied floor coverings now available to the homemaker, there is a wonderful opportunity to get just the effect you want by choosing materials with contrasting textures to add interest to your color scheme.



PARQUETRY floors, sometimes laid at high cost by a craftsman on the job, can now be bought in sections mounted on a foil backing and laid by a handyman. With this patterned floor the plain fringed rugs are just right, and their different colors help separate dining-room from living area.



SEAGRASS matting made up in squares is one of the cheapest of all floor coverings and can be used wall-to-wall or as individual mats on a timber or stone floor. It is particularly suitable in rooms opening on to a garden, as in this sunroom in the Sydney home of Mr. Laurence Le Guay.



New! DAWN announces single pack colours!

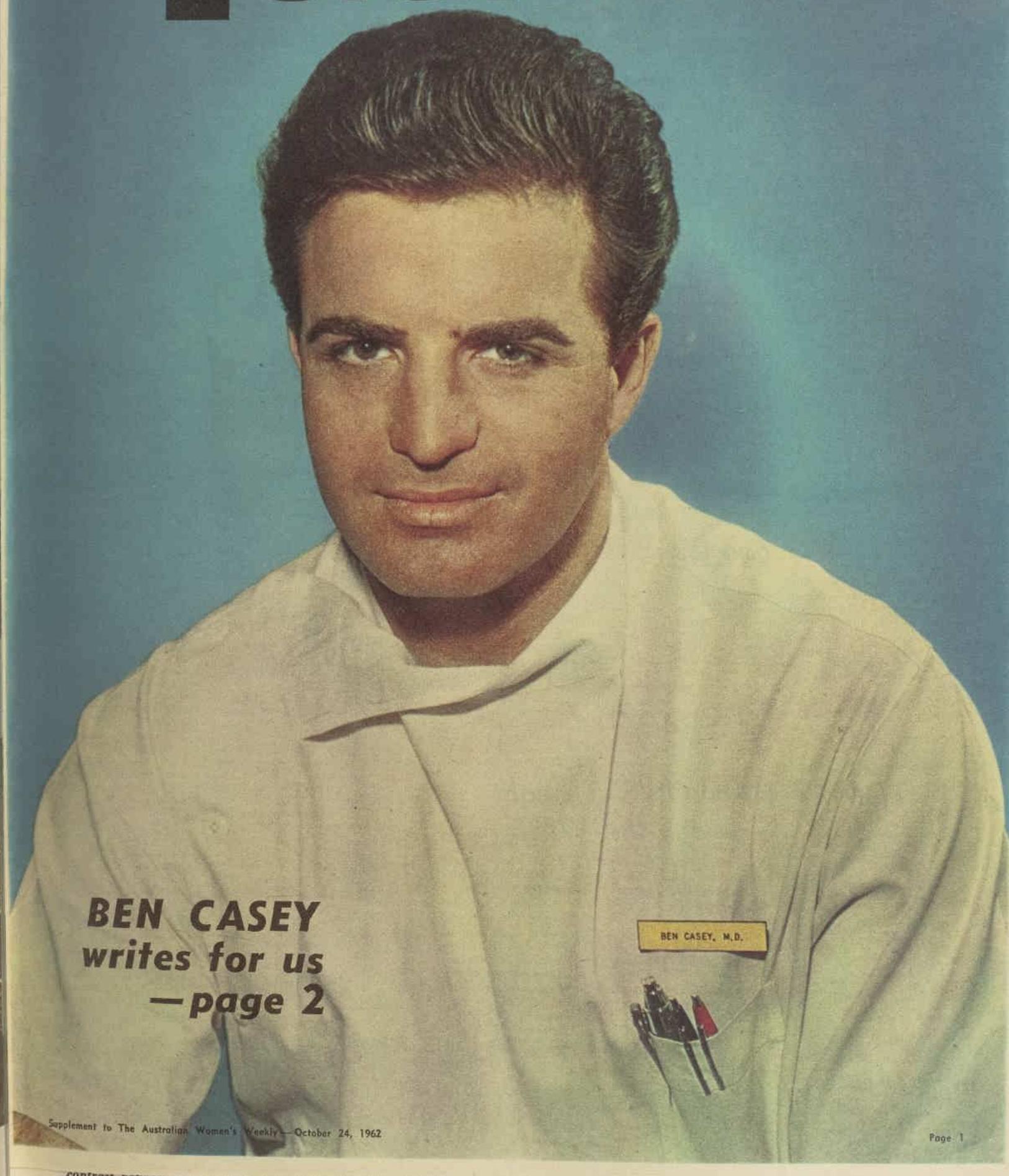
Now! Your favourite toilet tissue in PINK, BLUE and PRIMROSE single packs! Buy DAWN — delicately soft, safely strong — and super-long, too. 100 extra sheets in every roll.



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Supplement to THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Television



BEN CASEY
writes for us
— page 2

BEN CASEY, M.D.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — October 24, 1962.

Page 1

contrast between the rich red carpet of the stairs and the off-white of the walls.

Don't say soap—say Neutrogena



He can smile

VINCENT EDWARDS was photographed SMILING (Dr. Casey would be shocked!) earlier this year at London Airport.

Before filming began on the current series of "Ben Casey," Edwards spent a month in England making "The Victors" — a war movie.

And there isn't a patient in sight; instead, he broods over battles — and Italian beauty Rosanna Schiaffino, his costar.

But, although the make-believe Italian mud and German lines in World War II sets at Shepperton Studios were far cries from his "hospital," Edwards found English fans much the same as their American counterparts.

Autograph-hunters huddled outside the studio gates and besieged Edwards' hotel.

The telephone in his suite didn't stop ringing — despite the instruction telephonists had not to relay any calls.

Fans found a loophole; they called his manager, who shared the suite, and then demanded to speak to Edwards.

Ben Casey, however, took his medicine — a £50,000 bill for services rendered to the filmmakers — like a man.

Ben Casey under the microscope

By VINCENT EDWARDS, as told to Henry Gris

● About every hour, it seems, some insistent newspaperman is buzzing round the "Ben Casey" sound-stage trying to get "just a minute's conversation with Mr. Edwards."

After a while it sort of plays on your nerves and before you know it, like now, you find yourself doing just that: talking.

And why not? If I weren't so darned busy I'd like to chat individually with each of the newspapermen and all my fans.

But this way I can talk with everybody at one whack. It's easier.

The only reason I'm doing it now is because at last I found a newspaper reporter who didn't start showing great pretence over the state of my health, love-life, or pocketbook.

Just one blunt question: "How is the new season's filming going?" I guess that's what broke me down. No backing and filling.

Quite happy

A lot of people are still talking about the rather involved contractual talks which were going on between myself and the people who hold the purse strings at Bing Crosby Productions just before the series started a second year.

I'd like to say that the whole thing has blown up out of all proportion. There was never any doubt in my mind that I'd be coming back.

Since then I've had what I laughingly call a "vacation," because I spent most of it making personal appearances and trying to keep up with all the requests for publicity activities which the network had lined up for me.

I did have a chance, however, for a brief visit with my mother in New York.

At this writing we're in the fourth "Ben Casey" segment for the 1962-63 season, and I couldn't be happier.

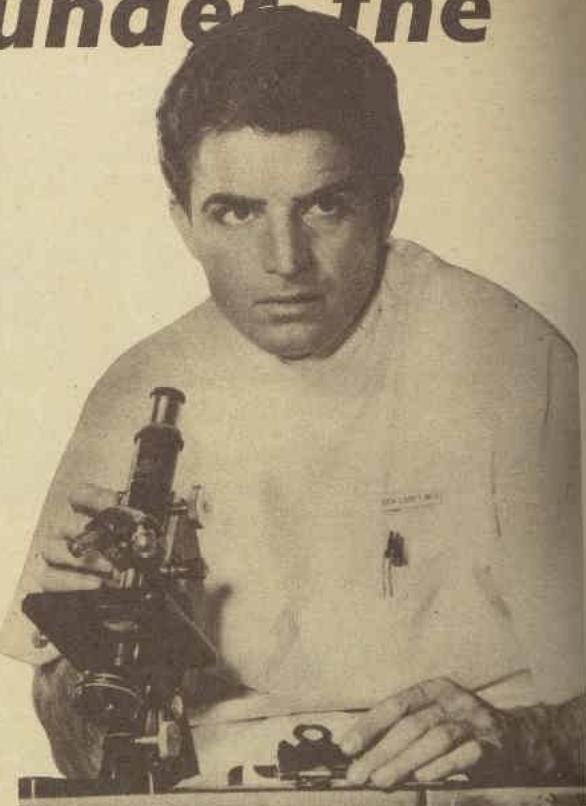
New home,

more pay

The stories are better than ever, I've got a new home off the Sunset Strip — and a hefty salary raise.

In the few spare moments granted me between scenes I try to answer all the unsual questions put to me by the fan magazines who, I realise, are just trying to make a living, even as you and I.

But I'm still having trouble adjusting to the fact that now that I am what is known as a star, people are interested in such trivia as the color of my living-room drapes, hobbies, favorite dishes, preferences in haberdashery, or the mythical



He has no "feud" with Richard ("Dr. Kildare") Chamberlain, says Vincent Edwards. "My impression of Dick," he writes, "is that he is a handsome, unassuming, nice guy."

"feud" with Dick Chamberlain of "Dr. Kildare."

You may not have personally asked for it, nor did the reporter who triggered this talk, but I might as well use this space to unload my earth-shattering confessions on these and other subjects.

I've got myself a spacious new home—the first one I could call my own — and it's being done up in Polynesian style. The predominant tone is chocolate-brown.

That "feud"

The place doesn't have a swimming-pool. Being hillside property, it can't accommodate the swimming area I'd need for this hulking frame of mine.

Decorating the place is my current hobby. When I'm settled, perhaps I'll find a cook who will prepare vegetables the way I like them and keep my red sports shirts in order.

As to that "feud"—I'd never met Dick Chamberlain until we were thrown together accidentally, backstage, at the Academy Award ceremonies last April.

The next time we crossed paths was at the "TV Guide" (that's the American TV magazine) awards telecast.

On both occasions we shook hands — in the Caucasian custom—and exchanged pleasantries of no import.

Matter of luck

I think any actor who gets an inflated opinion of himself when he achieves stardom should go to a head-shrinker—which is Hollywood jargon for psychiatrist.

If I hadn't been at the right place at the right time I could easily be scrounging for supporting roles here and there, instead of playing the starring role in a winning TV series—"Ben Casey."

Serious actor

My impression of Dick is that he's a handsome, unassuming, thoroughly nice guy. I doubt if he stays up late

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — October 24, 1962

TOMMY HANLON'S Thought for the Week



TOMMY HANLON

Momma once said: There's just one type of person I really don't care for too much. Maybe you have one in your neighborhood. You know the type I mean. Who because she has maybe had an unhappy life just can't stand to see anybody else happy; the type who finds fault with everybody and everything . . . who never has a kind word to say about anybody. Pets (too much trouble), children (too noisy), happy married couples (too happy—they're trying to hide something and just appear to be happy). You know the type—I'm not happy so I'll try to make everyone unhappy also. They always start a conversation, "Did you hear about?" Oh, well, I guess it takes all kinds.

Momma's moral: When certain women are in a train of thought, someone is bound to get run down.

SCHOOL FOR TV TUMBLING

It's as easy as falling down stairs

By CELIA HENDERSON, in London

- Would you like to learn how to fall down stairs laughing all the way—or how to knock a man out without touching him—or how to take a running dive through a closed window?

WELL, all right, there may not be a lot of scope for these capers in ordinary social life; but for an actor they are often an essential part of his job—and one that gets even more essential in the television age.

Film stars can have stunt men to stand in for them as the cowboys and Indians fight it out.

But in television it's every man for himself, and, through blood and thunder or knock-about farce, the actor has to be kept whole and in good condition because he will be needed again later.

So former actor and stunt man Peter Diamond, who has been arranging fights, duels, and other civil disturbances on stage and screen for the past 12 years, decided to set up a school where actors could learn to fight and fall about without doing any damage to themselves or anyone else.

Fight, fall

The Actors' Stunt School, which has just opened in a basement in Bayswater, London, is the only one of its kind in the country, and already the pupils are rolling in.

They will start rolling down stairs, too, after a session or two, because Peter is taking up

where the drama schools leave off.

Most drama schools teach fencing and the simpler stage falls, so that you can collapse when shot or faint without bruising yourself or knocking the furniture around.

But when Peter Diamond has finished with you you can jump from a 20ft. wall, roll down the stairs of a lighthouse, dive through windows, and fight with rapiers, swords, battleaxes, knives, or coshes—all without a scratch.

Admittedly you have to be reasonably fit and agile to begin with, and often pupils have to start with exercises to limber up.

But after that the basic principle of falling about is simply learning to relax the muscles completely.

Rugby players learn this the hard way as they fling each other around the field—but actors also have to learn to fall in the right direction, finish up in the right place, and only break the appointed piece of furniture.

With the furniture, they have other trade tricks to help them. When a man crashes back into a chair and it falls to pieces under him it's because the chair has already been sawn through in various places, to

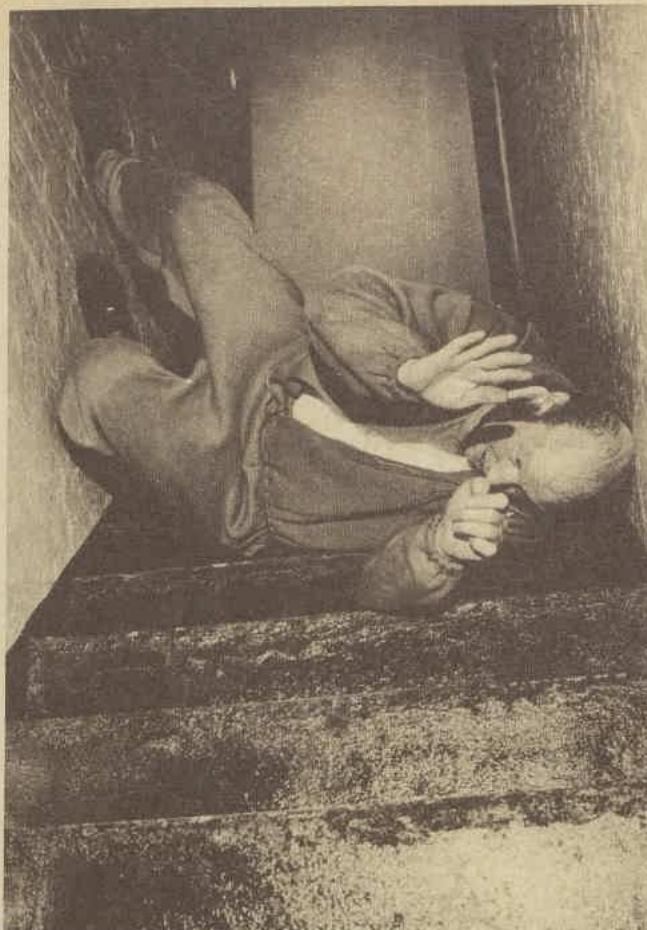
make sure it *will* break, and without impaling him on any sharp spikes.

There is help, too, in diving through closed windows. The "glass" is made of spun sugar and the crash and tinkle come from the sound-effects department. Also the slats framing the windows are of soft balsa wood, which breaks easily and without splintering as you hurtle through.

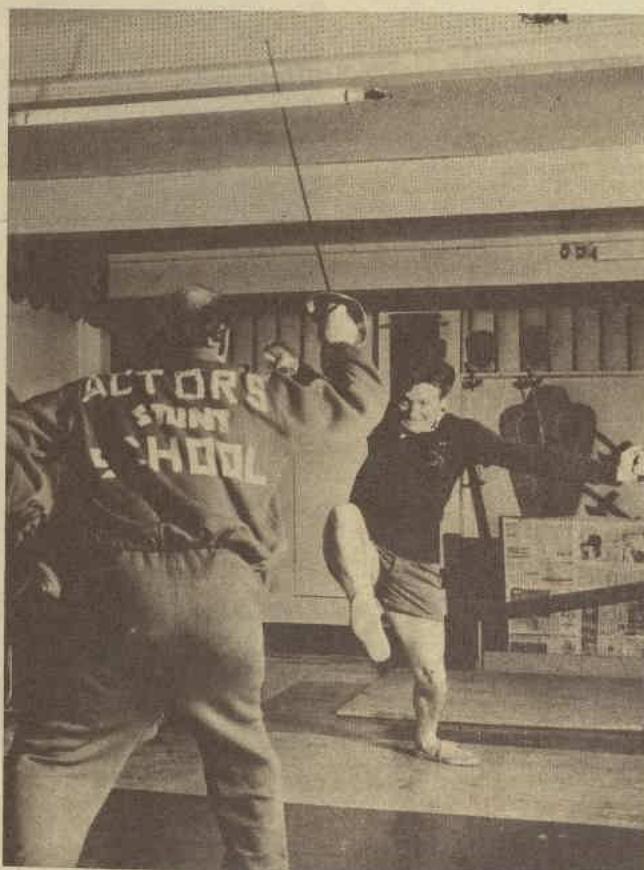
In the Diamond school the frames are lined with newspaper instead of sugar, because the resistance is about the same and the important thing is to "crash" down on the other side without injury.

Peter Diamond is only 33, but he starts the school with plenty of confidence. He knows how much it is needed because he had to teach himself all that he is now passing on to others.

At present he is running the school single-handed for only four days a week—but judging by the mail he has already had from actors it looks as if the school will soon have to spread itself to fit in all the people wanting to fling themselves off walls and down staircases and fight their way to fame without a scratch.



Falling down stairs is easy—if you know how. With only the protection of rubber pads on knees and elbows, Stunt School director Peter Diamond shows how to roll from top to bottom all day without a bruise.



Fencing can never be faked convincingly, and actors have to learn the basic techniques of the art. The knowledge is also useful in sword-fighting.



Diving through a "window," the hands are thrust out at shoulder level to break the fall. Here, as in a TV studio, there is a thick rubber mat for the window-diving actor to land on.

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Page 3

JIMMY LOVES PEOPLE

THREE are more people peeling vegetables during my show than any other," said Jimmy Hannan, fresh-faced young compere of the popular daytime quiz "Say When."

Jimmy knows because he has met thousands of his viewers. At least once a week, he and the show's hostess (Valerie May) appear personally at one of the "Say When" sponsor's chain stores.

"We just talk to the people—that's how I know about the vegetables," Jimmy explained. And was obviously sincere when he added, "I've got the nicest audience in Australia."

"I'm a terrific TV fan. When we go interstate, we meet some of the really big-name stars for the first time. And I get tongue-tied and overcome with it all when I'm talking to them. You know, they're *somebody*."

So is Jimmy. He is also one of the most unassuming "somebodies" on Australian TV.

The "Say When" quiz has been a roaring success since it began about seven months ago.

"We've given away more than £30,000," said Jimmy, "and we have enough applications from contestants to last the next 30 years."

But, he added, don't stop writing in!

The show's producers are considering a new format. "We want to have more contestants, and a viewers' contest so everyone can share the loot."

From the loot angle, Jimmy himself is doing very nicely indeed. (His income has been estimated at something like £200 a week. And he is just 24 years old.)

Apart from "Say When," he's also appearing in the current series of A.B.C.-TV's "Lorrae Desmond Show."

Jimmy has also sung "Melissa," in which he has a special interest, on "Say When."

He sang it to his now five-month-old daughter ("she dribbled at the camera") Melissa. She has scored two appearances on the show so far.

In fact, the whole Hannan family has appeared: the others are Jimmy's pretty wife, Joanne, and two-year-old Mark.

The Hannans live in the Sydney suburb of Vaucluse. And, while work doesn't leave Jimmy much time for outside interests "he's mad on sport."

"I take my mother-in-law (Mrs. M. Goode) to the fights and the cricket and the football—she's the other sporting member of the family."

—Dawn James



JIMMY HANNAN

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

October 24, 1962

Teenagers' WEEKLY

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly
Not to be sold separately



**5 YOUNG AUSTRALIANS
STAR IN FILM - page 2**

contrast between the rich red carpet of the stars and the

LETTERS

Craving for food before exams

WITH the Intermediate examinations coming soon, I have a desperate problem. Whenever I prepare for a long study session I get a wild craving for food.

It's probably just psychological, as in my subconscious mind it's likely that I am telling myself, "I don't want to study," and the craving for food is just an excuse to stop studying.

Nevertheless, this fact does not help much, and as I'm on a slimming diet the problem is serious. Can any reader suggest a cure for it?—*Vicki Cole, Gray's Point, N.S.W.*

Club problem

I AM on the committee of our church youth club, and over the past few months the attendance at meetings and socials has fallen off.

Do other members of youth clubs find this, too? If so, could they tell us of the methods they used to build up their membership again?

Could they also tell us of their most successful evenings, to help us and other youth clubs draw up a better and brighter programme? — *Peter Chalk, Burnie, Tas.*

Selfish?

MY father has a chance of a promotion which is very important to him—if we move to the country for a few years.

I have refused to leave the city and give up all my friends and all the parties, sports cars, and surfing.

Do readers think I am being selfish, standing in his way to a higher position because I am not old enough to live alone in the city?—*M.C., St. Ives, N.S.W.*

Good idea

WE all admire a school-friend's way of ensuring no gaps in her Christmas-card list. She keeps a pile of large white envelopes ready all year. When-

Next week

• Margaret Smith, just out of her teens and Australia's leading tennis player, is our cover girl next week. In an exclusive interview she gives some invaluable hints on how to play—and how to become a champion. Also, Carolyn Earle tells you how you can have lovely hair right through the summer while swimming and sunbathing to your heart's content.

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Letters must bear the signature and address of the writer, and when choosing letters for publication we give preference to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send all correspondence to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

ever she meets somebody she wants to remember in December she addresses an envelope there and then. Later, all she does is find cards to fit—"Schoolfriends," *Broken Hill, N.S.W.*

Bard's monopoly

WHY is it compulsory to do so many Shakespearian plays at school? At my school we do about six or seven of his plays, and because of this we do not have time to study many other authors.

Would it not be better if we did fewer Shakespearian plays and more plays by other writers, thus having a larger knowledge of playwrights when we leave school?—*Judy Sackville, Caulfield, Vic.*

No interest

AS the leader of a political youth group I am greatly concerned at the lack of interest in politics shown by teenagers.

Every effort has been made to provide an interest-packed programme, varying from film evenings to lectures, and socially from barbecues to semi-formal supper dances—but to no avail.

Young people are quite willing to pay a subscription and officially become members, but there, it seems, their interest ends.

Since many of your correspondents have advocated that teenagers be allowed to vote, the poor results achieved by our group (and I believe this problem is widespread and not confined to groups within our particular party) may be an indication as to why the voting age remains at 21.—*Political Observer, Rockhampton, Qld.*

Own anthem

WHEN the yacht Gretel won a heat in the America's Cup, the Australians in the crowd sang "Waltzing Matilda," not "God Save the Queen." People of any other nation would have sung their national anthem.

This is yet another illustration of the fact that Australia needs her own anthem of which we can be proud. — *Sarda, E. Brighton, Vic.*

Be individual

I AM becoming more indignant every day as I read in books and magazines that if you want to catch a man you should "wear pink", or "think as he does", or "take up his interests."

Let's go on strike, girls, and refuse to do things we don't want to do, just for the doubtful pleasure of being seen out on a date.

After all, we are individuals, too, with just as much right to think and do as we please.—*V. Marshall, Milson's Point, Sydney.*

Pay too high

ENTERTAINERS are the highest paid people in the world, but this is wrong. There are many people in not-so-glamorous occupations who deserve the money more, such as doctors, nurses, scientists, and teachers, who dedicate their lives for others and for the good of the world. — *Vicki Everett, Punchbowl, N.S.W.*

Age to wed

NO person, male or female, should be allowed to marry before the age of 21. Real happiness is based on a mature understanding of one another's feelings, and how can we hope to have this maturity without the experience that only age can bring?—*S. Harris, Ryde, N.S.W.*

BEATNIK



"I know how you feel. I've been alone many times."

Trial run

AT some time during the year all students who are sitting for external exams should have the chance of doing trial tests under the conditions set out for final exams.—*Margaret Kokhoom, Morwell, Vic.*

Name badges

MANY clubs for aged people arrange that all members wear clearly lettered badges stating their full names.

We teenagers should do the same and save many moments of embarrassment through not hearing a name correctly.

Everybody should own one of these invaluable conversation

aids, and a party or dance invitation could state, "Please wear name tags." The shy teenage wallflower would soon become extinct. — *Lynne Herrington, Gladesville, N.S.W.*

Uniform fashion

ISN'T it ironical! For 10 years I've worn to school every day a navy tunic and white blouse and navy-blue pullover or blazer.

Now I've left school, and what is all the fashion? Navy-blue trimmed with white. It looks so smart and pretty, and so suitable for business wear, that I find myself weakening.

It's enough to give a girl the blues! — *D. Moore, East Balmain, N.S.W.*

Young stars in new film

• OUR COVER this week is of five Tasmanian schoolchildren who star in "They Found A Cave," an Australian children's film made on location near Hobart.

IN this scene from the film they are, from left—*at back, Mike Woodford and Pete Conrad, and in front, Christopher Horner, Anne Davies, and Michael Nation.*

The film has so impressed overseas agents that world distribution has been arranged, and Australian audiences will see it within the next few months.

The film, produced by Charles E. Wolizer, is based on a book by Nan Chauncy, whose property in Tasmania was used for the outdoor scenes. Three of Mrs. Chauncy's books have won Australian Children's Book of the Year awards.

Adult stars in the film are also Australians—Beryl McKinn, Mervyn Wiss, and Barbara Manning.

The story tells of four English orphans—Cherry, Nigel, Brick, and Nippy—who come to Tasmania to live with their aunt on her farm.

They make friends with Tas, the farm boy, and have weeks of good times before their aunt leaves them in the care of the Pinners, her foreman and his wife.

The Pinners mistreat the children, who seek refuge in a secret cave.

On a secret trip to town Nigel uncovers a plot by the Pinners to abandon the farm and swindle Aunt Jandie.

Great adventures follow as the children plan and succeed to foil the Pinners and so save the farm for their aunt.

The five young players were chosen from 500 pupils from Tasmanian schools who auditioned for the parts.

Anne Davies, 15, who plays Cherry, is in second year at Hobart High School and is studying ballet under Judith Kerr and Misha Stevensky, hoping to complete her training in Russia.

Christopher Horner, 16, plays the Australian boy, Tas. He is a keen trumpet player and is studying for his Intermediate at Hobart High

School. Although he enjoyed making the film he says he will not be an actor, but aims at studying agriculture.

Michael Nation, 16, a third-year pupil at Hobart High, plays Nigel. A keen sportsman, he excels at hockey and badminton. He hopes to study languages at university and make acting his career.

Peter Conrad, 14, plays Brick. In his second year at high school, he takes an active part in school plays and has produced some. Peter wants to be a writer and already has written many short stories.

Michael Woodford, 9, plays Nippy, and is the youngest member of the cast. He attends Lenah Valley State School.

Three tutors were specially employed to teach the children during the seven months of filming. Final interior shots were done in Sydney.

The musical score was written by Peter Sculthorpe and recorded by Larry Adler while he was in Australia.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — October 24, 1962

By KERRY YATES

• This summer thousands of Australian teenagers will be going surfboard-riding. With the sport growing enormously in popularity, special sections of most beaches are now reserved for board-riders, and the riders have developed a language all their own.

So if you're a sandie who dreams of riding an elephant gun out the back, waiting to beach a boomer without going down the mine, you'd better study this . . .



SURF - RIDERS' DICTIONARY

ANGLE: Direction a surfboard travels across a wave, for example, left angle.

BAGGIES: Baggy pants worn over swimsuits when riding a surfboard.

BEACH BUM: A boy who doesn't work or go to school, just hangs around the beach all day and surfs.

BEACH A WAVE: To ride the same wave all the way to the beach.

BIG SETS: Groups of extra big waves, breaking and rolling in one after the other.

BIG W: Dramatic fall off a surfboard.

BLASTER: A big wave.

BLEACHIE: Surboard-rider who bleaches his hair.

BOARD SHORTS: Pants worn for riding surfboards.

BOARD WAGGON: Car used for transporting surfboards from beach to beach.

BOATIES: Members of a surf club boat crew.

BODGIES: Lumps on knees and feet caused by constant surfboard-riding.

BODY SHOOTING: Riding a wave without a board.

BOMBIE: Short for bombara, where waves break over a reef of rocks just below the surface.

BOOMER: Big wave.

"BOWER" BOYS: Name given to expert riders at Fairy Bower, a surfing spot about one mile off Manly Beach, Sydney, famous for its big and sometimes dangerous surf.

CORNER: Changing direction while riding a wave. For example, left corner is to turn to the left.

CUT: Another method of turning across a wave. To right cut is to move sharply to the right when riding a wave.

DEEP-SEA FIN: Special type of surfboard fin, made from fibreglass or balsa, with a solid square shape.

DING: Split or hole in a surfboard.

DOWN THE MINE: When nose of board goes under the surface and heads for the bottom, throwing the rider.

DUMP: A big wave which breaks suddenly and steeply, with most of the water hitting the bottom hard. Can be very dangerous.

ELEPHANT GUN: A type of surfboard, long, tapered, and heavy, used in big surfs. Used to shoot the big ones, hence the name.

EL SPONTANEO: Method of trick riding—right at the front of the board, feet apart and crouching over.

FLICK-OFF: Method of getting off a wave as it nears the shore. Moving to the back of the board, the rider flicks the board backwards over the wave.

GAS: Anything which is very good.

GIDGET: A girl surfboard-rider.

GOOFY FOOT: A very good rider who reverses the usual way of standing by putting right foot in front of left.

GRAB THE RAIL: To grab the side of the board to avoid losing it on a wave.

GREENIE: A big wave before it breaks into white foam.

GREMLIN: A mythical figure who tips up boards, or a young surfrider with bleached hair.

HANGING TEN: A trick method of riding with toes tucked over the front of the surfboard.

HAWAIIAN PULL-OUT: Grabbing nose of board and pulling it through a wave.

HEAD DIP: Trick riding—putting head in and out of a wave while riding it.

HEAVY: A big wave.

HO-DAD: Anyone who annoys board-riders while they surf.

HUEY: The surfboard-riders' god of the waves. They often call, "Come on, Huey, send the waves up," as they wait for a big one beyond the line of breakers.

HUMP: A wave.

KAHUNA: Similar to "Huey"—the god of the Californian and Hawaiian board-riders.

KING: The best rider at any beach.

LAYBACK: A supreme test of skill in trick riding. The rider lies flat on his back, with feet facing the way board is going.

LEPRECHAUN: Surfboard-rider under 13 years old.

LOCAL: Usually a good rider who lives and surfs most of the time at a particular beach.

MALIBU: Type of surfboard made from foam, balsa, or fibreglass and under 10ft. long.

MUNCHIE: Any type of food.

NOAH: Shark, from rhyming slang "Noah's Ark."

NOSE-RIDING: Standing right at front of the board while riding a wave.

OKINOUIE: Type of board similar to the malibu.

OKS: Bermuda shorts worn for surf-boarding.

OUTSIDE or OUT THE BACK: A long way out at sea, beyond the first line of breakers.

PIRATE: A board-rider who crashes into other riders and makes a nuisance of himself.

PLANK: Any type of surfboard.

PIG: Type of surfboard with back and front ends shaped to a point.

PITT STREET SHOOT: A wave with four or more riders on it at the same time.

POLY: Type of board made of foam and fibreglass.

POPE: The best rider of a group of locals or, more usually, the best of a number of neighboring groups. Better than a "king."

QUASIMODO: Trick riding, with body bent nearly double, with one hand stretched out in front and the other behind.

RUBBISHED: To be thrown off wave and dumped on shore.

SANDIES: People who sit on the beach and don't usually surf; and learners.

SHORE DUMP: A wave which breaks heavily on the sand.

SLIDE: Moving smoothly on a wave from the crest to the trough.

SLICE: To travel across a wave with sharp cut to the right or left.

STRINGER: Strip of hardwood set into a foam board to strengthen it.

SURFIE: A fond term for a good and keen surfer.

SURF KING: A good rider in an area, sometimes conceited.

SURF SAFARI: A trip around different beaches to find a good surf.

TANDEM: Two people riding on one surfboard.

TEARDROP: Type of surfboard with wide back and pointed front.

TIKI: Lucky charm worn by some riders.

TOES-ON-NOSE: Trick riding, standing at front of board with toes curled over the edge.

TOURIST: A board-rider who travels from his usual beach to another for the day. Sometimes refers to a beginner who becomes a pest to other riders.

TUBE: The area of a dumping wave between the breaking crest and the trough.

UTOPIA: Makaha Beach in Hawaii, considered by board-riders as the best surfing spot in the world.

WALL: A steep wave.

WAX: Paraffin wax, rubbed on a board to prevent slipping.

WHITE WATER: Area of surf where the waves are breaking.

WIDOWS: Girls left sitting on the beach all day while their boy-friends ride their surfboards.

WIPEOUT: A dramatic fall off a board when a rider is trying to catch a wave.

WIPEOUT WAGGON: Car used for transporting boards and riders from beach to beach.

ZIP TWEEDS: Long shorts worn for board-riding.

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Teenagers' Weekly — Page 3

contrast between the rich red carpet of the stairs and the off-white of the wall

MISS TEENAGER MODELS PRIZE



CHIFFON evening gown (by Sharene) which Pam chose for dancing. With a softly gathered skirt, it has a smart back cowl neckline.

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● Eighteen-year-old beauty Pam Cairns, of Geelong, has just had a whirlwind world trip in a wardrobe of Australian-made clothes, which she received as prizes after being named Victoria's Miss Teenager for 1962. Travelling by air all the way, Pam chose two three-piece summer suits for long flights, several short evening frocks for nights out in the world capitals, smart cotton frocks for sightseeing, and a one-piece bathing-suit. In London she modelled before English buyers the first collection of a Melbourne firm which has recently opened a branch in Regent Street. Tall and slim, Pam won the competition, organised each year to assist the Royal Women's Hospital, as Miss Garment Industry, from 500 entrants.



SWIMSUIT to wow them on the beaches of Waikiki is trimmed on bodice with insert of lace ruffles and a pretty bow. (By Ada of California.)



SHORT silk shantung evening frock (left) has bodice and skirt delicately embroidered with clusters of crystal dewdrops. (By Hartnell of Melbourne.)

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Supple

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or as individual mats on a timber or stone floor. It is par-

WARDROBE

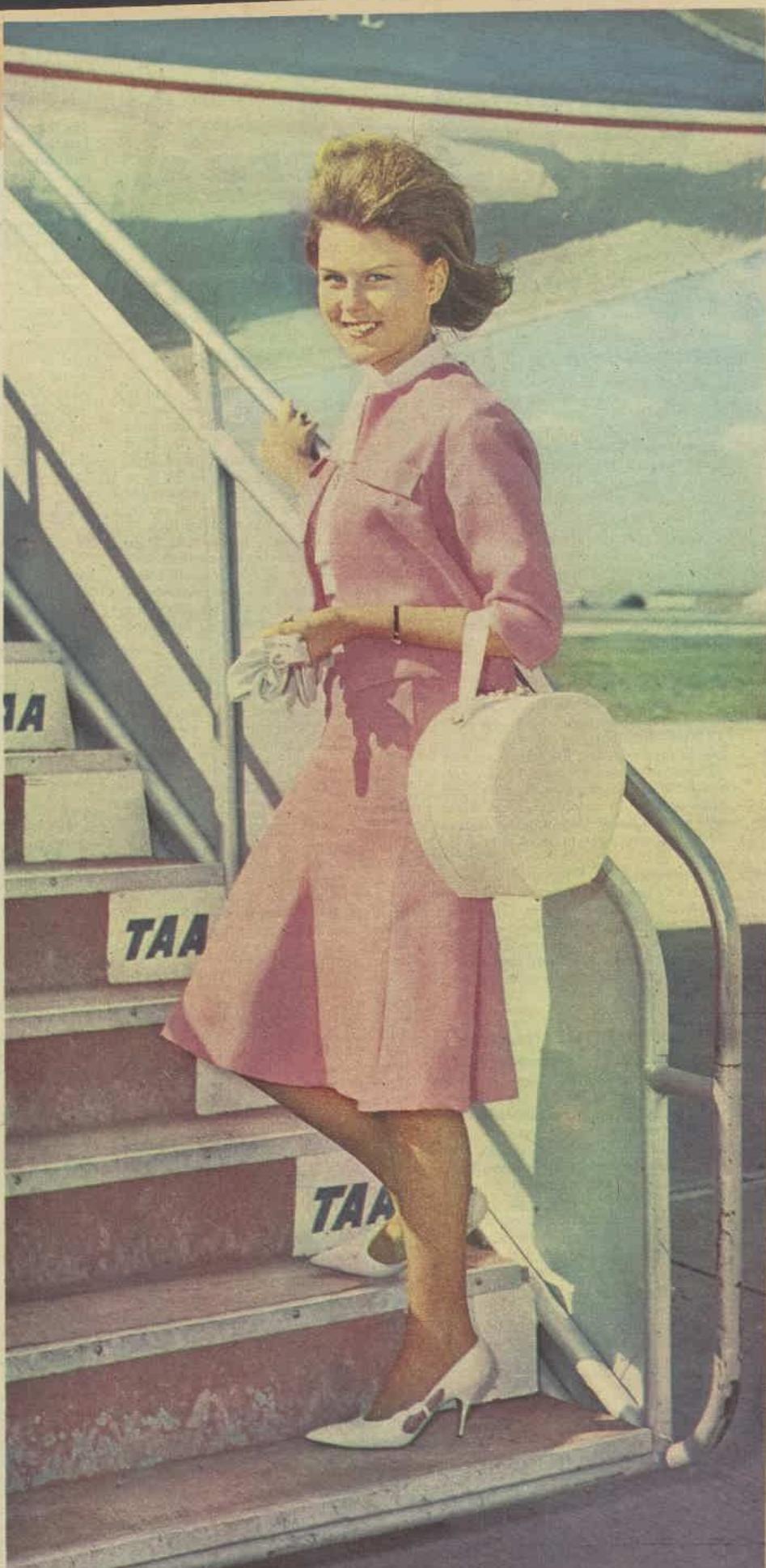


VERSATILE cotton-print frock (by Linda Patricia) which Pam felt would be ideal for sightseeing, and with a change of accessories could carry her through the day to an informal dinner.



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1962
Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — October 24, 1962



SUIT of rayon and silk (by Ricki Reed), with a Chanel jacket and twist skirt, worn over sleeveless cotton blouse trimmed at the neck with a loose tie. Pam chose this for long flights and wore it as she boarded the plane in Melbourne for the first leg of her trip.
Pictures by staff photographer Jim Ellard.

Teenagers' Weekly — Page 5

contrast between the rich red carpet of the stairs and the

Don't say soap — say Neutrogena

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Stay-at-homes

"WE are two 17-year-old girls who are in love with two pop singers. We have been in love with them for two years and can't concentrate on anyone else. Many boys have asked us out, but we always refuse and stay home listening to our records instead. Please don't tell us to forget them."

"Two Dreamers," N.S.W.

What's your problem? If you want to stay home with your own private hit parade, that is your affair. But you are missing out on a lot of fun, I'm sure. And who knows—one of the boys who have asked you out may have the makings of a teenage idol, too.

Phone pests

"WE are two girls aged 20 and 22 and there are two young boys aged 17 living in our street who think they are in love with us. They keep ringing us up at work and at home. We are getting rather annoyed about it as we have done nothing to encourage them. How can we tell them they are too young, as we do not want to hurt their feelings?"

"Muri and Flo," Vic.

This is one time when hurt feelings might do some good. Next time they phone tell them to act their age and stop bothering you, otherwise you'll tell their parents. The mere mention of their parents should make them hang up quick smart.

Dates or drinking?

"I AM 16 and have been going steady with a wonderful boy for two years. Recently he became very moody and has developed alcoholic tendencies, evading me so he can have a few drinks with his friends. I still like him very much, but lately my parents have complained of his inebriated conduct. Do you think I should talk to him about this, and if he doesn't control his habits, should I cut off all acquaintance with him?"

"Edie," Vic.

By all means have a serious talk with him and if he doesn't stop drinking to excess give him the push—straight out the back door. No girl can afford to be involved with a boy who drinks too much, especially not a 16-year-old.

Silly students

"WE are three very attractive, intelligent girls who are university students. We are madly in love with one of our lecturers who is extremely charming. He has taken us all out separately and we have just found out that he is married. How can we secure his lasting affection without his wife minding?"

"Students," N.S.W.

You can't be serious. No intelligent girls could be so stupid. But if you are as silly as you sound I'm sure the lecturer's wife would find you more laughable than alarming.

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Postman's knock

"ABOUT a month ago we had a visit from a high school and I got a big crush on a certain boy from the school. He told me that he liked me and I told him that I liked him, too. When he left to go home he gave me his photo and we exchanged addresses and he asked me to write. Mum says that he has to write first. I wrote to a boy once before and when he answered he couldn't remember who I was, so Mum says the boys will think I'm chasing them. Do you think she is right and do you think it's okay for me to write to him first as he asked me to?"

"Crazy One," S.A.

Your mother's absolutely right, of course. The boy must write first and then you can answer. You're chasing him, but you must never let him know it. Sit tight and watch for the postman.

Career first

"I AM almost 17 and sitting for the Leaving Certificate. I am in love with a 25-year-old man who has asked me to marry him at the beginning of next year. He insists that I give up any training for a career and just be his wife. I want to have a career behind me and I don't know what to do."

"Rusty," N.S.W.

You're very wise to want to have some sort of a career and you may regret marrying straight out of school. Tell him that you're not sure of what you want to do yet and that you'd rather wait until you complete some training course.

Beauty
in brief

SMOOTH LEGS A 'MUST'

• Long brown legs in tiny shorts look wonderful—but only if smooth as satin.

THERE are several good ways of dealing with superfluous hairs on the legs and arms; let's run through the pros and cons.

Bleaching is a method that comes readily to mind and here you must use your common sense. A lightish growth can be bleached with a solution of 4 drops of ammonia to 2 tablespoons of 10 vol. peroxide.

Thick, dark hairs over the limbs need removing and you'll do this with wax, chemical depilatory, or a razor, whichever works best.

Wax remover, which is melted,

Vexing "ex"

"MY boy-friend and I are having trouble with his ex-girl-friend. She has been writing letters to him practically every day saying that she still loves him and wants him back, as well as saying nasty things about me that are making me really wild. My boy-friend told her to leave us alone and to stop making trouble, as he loves me very much and doesn't want to lose me. Could you please tell me what I should do?"

"Ex-Trouble," N.S.W.

Thank your lucky stars—that's what you should do. Your boy-friend obviously likes you very much and is bothered by the situation, so here's a wonderful opportunity for you to show what a beaut girl you are. Don't get mad about this girl, feel sorry for her, instead. Remember that you could be in her shoes one day, so act the way you'd like to be treated if that day ever comes.

Forget him

"I AM 18 and have become engaged to a boy of 21 after going steady for four years. During that time we have had constant quarrels, and in the past year he has hit me three times, leaving me very nervous and frightened. My girl-friends tell me that I should break my engagement, as this might continue through our married life."

"Worried," N.S.W.

Break off your engagement and forget him. Any boy who would strike a girl in anger is not worth knowing, and if you're always quarrelling, you're obviously not happy together.

Two-timer

"I HAVE been going out with a boy off and on for two years, but recently he got engaged to a girl in another town. He has continued taking me out, and I wonder if I should break it off with him or continue going out with him in the hope of getting him back."

M.S., Vic.

Never trust a two-timer. Tell him that you can't go out with him because he's engaged to somebody else. If he really cares about you, he may break his engagement and get engaged to you instead—but somehow I doubt that this boy will.

applied in strips to the skin, and yanked off when it hardens, has the advantage that it lasts for anything from four to six weeks.

Depilatory creams, which weaken the hair so that it washes off at skin level, are quick and easy to use; results last about a week.

Shaving is a clean and quick way to keep legs and underarms smooth and neat; use plenty of lather and work slowly for good, lasting results.

Electric razors for girls are popular because they require no lather and, being easy to handle, reduce the risk of nicks and cuts.

For leg fuzz or downy hair on the arms, abrasives may be preferable. Wearing away the hair with an abrasive disc or mitt, or keeping down hair regrowth by firm daily scrubbing with pumice stone, is a slow but reliable way of effecting a clean sweep of the skin.

—Carolyn Earle

A word from Debbie



HOW about a painting party to brighten the next rainy weekend?

Phone four or five of your girl-friends. Ask them to put on a pair of old jeans, plait their hair (or tie it out of the way in a scarf), and come over to your house . . . for a "redecorating - the - bedroom" party.

But don't forget to say it'll be progressive—meaning, of course, that one after the other everyone's bedroom can have a face-lift.

Discuss color schemes. If each of the girls can bring some paint from her father's supply, this is a great help.

Set up a record-player (throw a piece of protecting plastic over the top) and have some cool drinks and cookies ready for revival-time.

The painting preparation is the most important and tedious part of the job.

Wash down all woodwork with sugar-soap and warm water. While that's drying, wash down the furniture the same way (and use plenty of elbow-grease!).

If your bedroom walls are papered, they'll have to be stripped. Soak the walls with warm water—using a sponge—and then scrape the paper off. Fill any holes or cracks in the wall with putty.

There, now you're set! Spread newspapers liberally all over the floor to catch any stray drops of paint. And have a rag soaked in turpentine ready in case of accidents.

With four or five of you working, the room should be finished in a few hours. (Please remember to wash the paintbrushes in turpentine when you're through.) And

Remember, don't rush or you'll be in a mess; Take time; then your painting will be a success!

Party problem

"A COUPLE of years ago I invited a boy I like very much to a Christmas party and he refused because he had to work. Our office is having another party this year and I'd like to ask him again, or do you think I'd look as if I were chasing him? Perhaps he made the excuse that he was working because he really didn't want to go—but he is rather shy and doesn't ever seem to take girls out at all."

"Chaser," N.S.W.

Ask him to the party. If he accepts, that's just fine. If he refuses, don't worry about it. Ask some other boy if you can or see if one of the girls in the office could ask someone else for you.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

LISTEN HERE with Ainslie Baker

Local boy makes hit with Italian fans

• Newest pin-up boy of Sydney's big Italian community is Jerry J. Wilder, the Sydney lad who recently appeared at the Stadium with popular Italian singer Claudio Villa.

JERRY was put on the programme after the editor of a local Italian newspaper had been bombarded by fan letters.

He's quite a linguist, and on his current Leedon release, "Teresa Bella," which he wrote himself, lets fly with a couple of Italian phrases. To add to his popularity, though he's of Maltese extraction, he looks Italian.

When Jerry started singing on TV shows he had a weight problem, so he took a job at the city markets humping potatoes to get into better shape. More recently he had a factory job, but has now given it up to concentrate on singing.

When his family came to Australia 12 years ago, they settled in Adelaide. Jerry left home three years ago to seek his fortune, but has just been back to Adelaide for a visit—doing TV, live shows, and seeing his family.

LATEST singer to have turned himself into a dance promoter is Jay Justin, who's made a start in Sydney's outer suburbs, and recently did a four-town lightning tour of southern N.S.W. with The Steeds.

Jay's last TV appearances were on "Bandstand" and "Sing, Sing, Sing." He will have a new record out soon, and leaves on November 5 with an outfit headed by Lucky Starr

for a N.S.W. and Queensland tour that will keep them away a month. Lee Sellers, Dig Richards and Johnny Devlin are going along, too.

WHITE is still the top color with the singing group, so when Col Joye got himself a new station wagon recently, it was a white one. He should be somewhere in Queensland with it at the moment, on a two-week tour along with Judy Stone and the De Kroo Brothers.

Local talent: The Dee Jays are out with a pretty little instrumental that made a big hit in Denmark—"Toy Balloons." The side that I feel will grow on me with a bit more playing is the flip, "Off Shore." The tempo's unusual, and it's got something about it that's interesting. (Festival 45).

JUST over two years ago, "Yes Indeed I Do," produced by Johnny O'Keefe, was a hit for Lonnie Lee. Earlier this year "Keep A-Walkin'," also produced by Johnny, helped make young Paul Wayne much better known than he had been.

Now both numbers, this time sung by Johnny in his own style, are out on a Leedon single. The numbers were cut before Johnny's recent breakdown in health, and he sure makes them go.

Pops: Last week I mentioned a new all-girl group. This time it's America's new male top-of-

the-chart vocal quartet, The Four Seasons. "Sherry" (Festival 45) is the number that swept them to success overnight. It's full of high falsetto notes, deep bass rumbles, trick effects, and a joyful approach. They can sing straight, too, and sound very good on the serious flip, "I've Cried Before."

WHILE it's too rich for a full-time musical diet, there's nothing like a little bit of full-bodied Italian romance once in a while.

A throbbing Mediterranean-style orchestra backs accordionist Charles Magnante in a selection of favorite Italian tunes on an Ampar LP, "Roman Spectacular." "Come Back to Sorrento" and "Ferry-boat Serenade" set the sentimental mood.

DETERMINED not to rely forever only on the twang of his guitar, Duane Eddy's making new experiments with every disc. On a recent LP he played with a polished string section, and in his new single, "Guitar Man," he introduces a girls' chorus. The flip, "Stretchin' Out," is all Duane and powerful beat.

NEW YORK-BORN Brian Hyland could pass for the genuine Nashville article when he invades Country and Western territory with an A.B.C.-Paramount single, "Warmed Over Kisses." But he is only trying to show how versatile he is. You'd never think he was only 18 on the dramatic flip, "Walk a Lonely Mile."

SOMEHOW Jimmy Clanton's never quite hit the "Go Jimmy Go" form of a couple of years ago, but he is back on the U.S. charts again, and in a good high spot, with "Venus in Blue Jeans." Jimmy unfolds the story of this teenage goddess to a relaxed cha cha beat. The flip, "Highway Bound," is a bit of a loss. (Festival 45).

Classical: If you ever struggled with piano lessons, you're almost certain at one time or another to have had a bash at Schumann's "Happy Farmer," Schubert's "Marche Militaire," and maybe even Chopin's "Grande Valse Brillante."

No matter how painful your memories, these works make very pleasant classical-pop listening as arranged and conducted by Morton Gould on an R.C.A. LP entitled "Piano Favorites Played by the Orchestra."



ITALIAN singer Claudio Villa (left) and Jerry J. Wilder.

ALL WORK AND NO PLAYBOYS!

• It's apparently a woman's world when you are in Saputelli, as well as when you're in love.

SAPUTELLI is the name of a town in central Italy which is run completely by women, for the simple reason that there are no men left there.

The males have all migrated to Australia, Venezuela, and Switzerland because of lack of work in Saputelli.

Every public office and private job, accordingly, is held by a woman.

I suppose the lasses give feminine twists to their jobs. The local legal world would obviously revolve, for instance, around a Court of Petticoat Sessions.

In turn, presided over by a mag, mag, magistrate. And picture a milk-woman doing her rounds. In a moo-moo?

I'm sure the manner in which Civic Mothers, instead of Fathers, run the local council would be interesting, too.

The way women tint their hair regularly, you could be sure that the Old Grey Mayoress ain't what she used to be—the meeting before!

I suppose the local doctor doesn't have to put up a brass plate—just put her hair, cut short, out the window.

This is the cheapest way to hang out a shingle. The motto of the post office would be, naturally, "The female must get through."

And imagine the antics of a female Town Crier. "Hear ye, hear ye," she would start her reports, "I'm not a woman to talk, you understand, but . . ."

Probably, too, the town's parking police are women. Nicknamed, of course, "Brownette Bombers"?

I wonder what it would be like to be the only man in Saputelli?

You'd probably get a bit weary of it—day after day, after dame.

It could be fun, though. What a girl-chaser's delight the town must be.

He could, for a change, pinch a police officer. (Even the arrest would do you good—in the cells there might be no holds barred.)

A bloke could even select a date from a gang of road-diggers.

Which is really taking your pick.

—Robin Adair

Teenagers' Weekly — Page 7

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — October 24, 1962

contrast between the rich red carpet of the stairs and the off-white of the living room is soon likely to become effective

Don't say soap—say Neutrogena

ARCHITECTURE through the Ages

By Morton Herman

15. HIGH RENAISSANCE.

Church had too many architects

THE greatest church in the world was designed by some of the world's greatest architects, and yet they did not work competently together.

The first Basilica of St. Peter was an early Christian Church built over the Saint's tomb in Rome. In 1506 it was decided to rebuild the older work, replacing it with the most ambitious church man has ever attempted.

The architect Donato Bramante began the new building with a plan formed as a Greek cross, to be surmounted by a great dome. However, he died soon after work started and Raphael, the painter and architect, altered it to give it a new plan.

Yet another architect, San Gallo, altered it once again, but he did at least revert to the Greek cross plan.

In 1547 the painter-sculptor-architect Michelangelo took over the work, changed the design again, and then raised the tremendous dome which reaches so high into the air that the cross at the apex is 452 feet above the ground.

Inside, the Basilica is 450 feet across the transepts and is more than 600 feet long. The four great stone piers, which carry the dome, are so large that a block of flats could be erected inside each of them.

Unfortunately, much of the effect of the vast size, when seen from the outside, was destroyed when an architect named Maderna added the present front as a screen across Michelangelo's work.

Although this screen has only four rows of windows in its height, 15 floors of a modern office building would fit in the same space.

By looking carefully at the photograph of the Basilica at right you will notice the tiny size of the people near the base of the wall and realise just how vast this building is. The statues along the top of the parapet are themselves 25 feet high and are therefore gigantic.

The great square, or piazza, in front of the Basilica is 650 feet across and was laid out and surrounded with massive colonnades by another painter-sculptor-architect, Lorenzo Bernini. He also designed and carved the two



ST. PETER'S BASILICA, Rome—a grand concept spoiled by too many architects. From "Italy," by Martin Hurliman (Thames and Hudson).

fountains which are such a feature of this great, open, urban space.

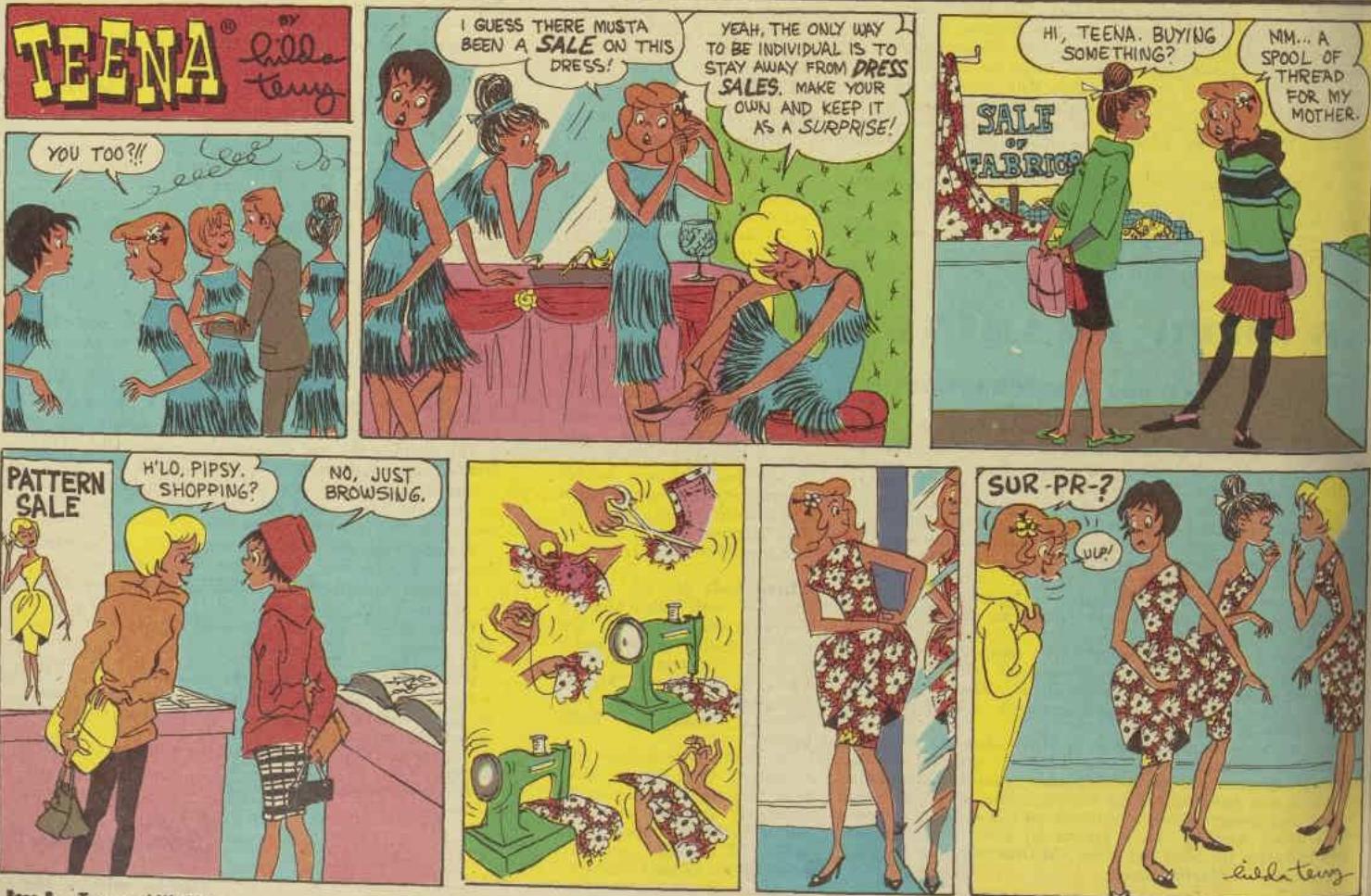
Despite its tremendous size, the whole group of the Basilica and its surroundings is disappointing. The concept is grand—indeed, one of the grandest man has ever attempted—but it suffers from the intervention of too many designers with differing ideas.

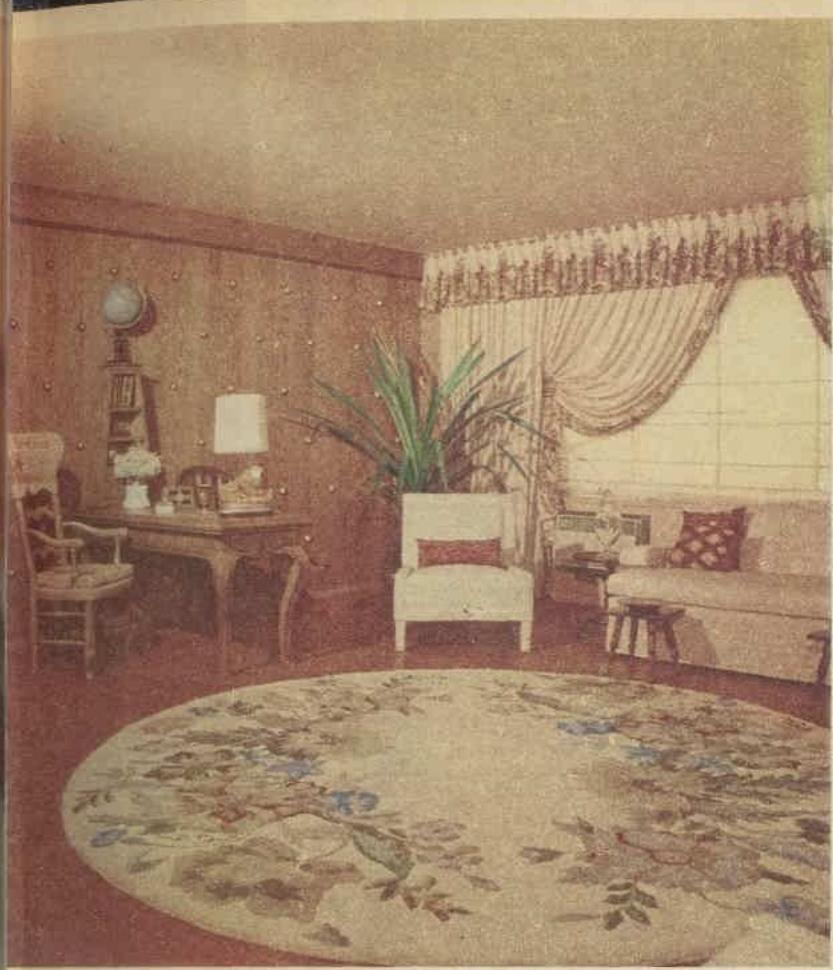
Many a medieval cathedral took hundreds of years to build, yet generation after generation of church builders sought to implement the original idea. With St. Peter's, Rome,

unfortunately each artist sought to model the building according to his own taste, ignoring or destroying the work of his predecessors.

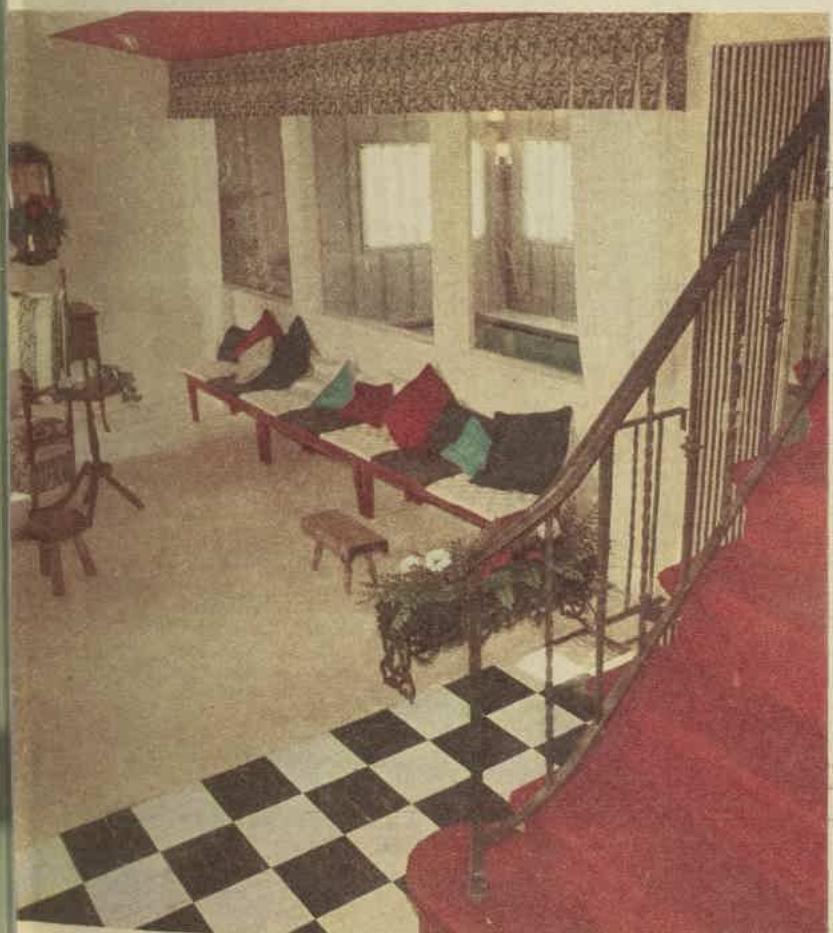
However, Michelangelo was able to a large degree to impress his genius upon the building. In the interiors, especially, the grandeur of his touch can be seen, and the coloring and decoration of the inside of the dome are magnificent.

NEXT WEEK:
French Renaissance





INDIAN RUG, hand-made with a floral pattern, is beautifully set off by the contrasting texture of the herringbone tile cork floor in this living-room. Cork is a good insulator and quiet to walk on. This floor combination goes well with the elm timber wall, highlighted with brass studs.



EXTREME texture contrast between "hard" black and white vinyl tiles and "soft" carpets, coupled with the color contrast between the rich red carpet of the stairs and the off-white of the living-room, is seen here to be most effective in separating tiled hallway area from the living-room.



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CARPETS

● All wall-to-wall carpets require expert laying if you want them to appear at their best and give good service. For underlays, which are essential, use cowhair underfelt or a plastic foam mounted on gauze.

CORDS, FELT

THE least expensive soft fabric floor coverings are cord carpets, made of hair or wool, and felt. With proper care they look well and last a long time.

One brand of cord carpet is 40in. wide. Made of hair vulcanised to a rubber base, it is tough and hard-wearing.

It comes in about 16 colors, mostly fairly dark, and all with a slightly mottled effect. This carpet is budget-priced and has a neat tailored appearance.

Because cord carpets have an obvious weave in lines, they are effective when used as tiles set with the grain going alternate ways. This creates a basket-weave pattern.

Also, if part of the carpet is badly damaged the tiles affected can be replaced.

Another brand of cord carpet is made of woven wool with a loop pile. It is available in two widths—27in. and 40in.—and in a standard color range. It gives a tweed effect.

Felt is made 6ft. wide and comes in a range of plain and marbled colors, tone-on-tones, and florals.

All the general rules of laying, maintenance, and cleaning of carpets apply to felt.

AXMINSTER

AXMINSTER is a woven carpet made of wool, and the pile is inclined to be long and loose.

In the usual 27in. width there are many different qualities ranging from £2 a yard to £12/10/- or more.

There is a large variety of plain colors and no bar to the number of colors used in the one design. One is known to have 75.

Many types of designs are available. There are contemporary designs—small spot types in sophisticated colorings and abstracts and lightening-type designs.

There are endless florals—small patterns tightly packed or loosely scattered—with natural-looking flowers, like the Australian wildflowers, or stylised flower designs.

There are conservative stipples which give an almost plain effect without being so difficult to maintain as the plain carpets.

The tone-on-tone carpet is not so restricting to the rest of the decorative scheme as the floral one. They often have a leafy design in two or more tones.

Chenille Axminster is the top-quality Axminster. It is sometimes referred to as "Westminster Quality," as it is used in Westminster Abbey. It has a thick and lustrous appearance.

Widths and Sizes. As well as the usual width of 27in., Axminster carpet is available in broadloom widths of 6ft., 7ft. 6in., 9ft., 10ft. 6in., and the popular 12ft.

It is also sold in "squares"—9ft. by 7ft. 6in., 10ft. 6in. by 9ft., 12ft. by 9ft., 13ft. 6in. by 10ft. 6in., and 15ft. by 12ft.

WILTON

WILTON carpet is mostly shorter and finer in pile than Axminster. It is limited in color range but extremely versatile in texture and type.

Plain pile is called velvet pile, and this is varied with twisted, curved, looped, embossed, and sculptured pile, high and low weaves, and combinations of them all.



SANDSTONE PAVING in entrance hall makes perfect setting for indoor fish pond and rock garden. For information on paving with sandstone, see page 39.

These combinations are many and the contrasts in textures which result can be very interesting and beautiful.

Carpets which rely on two or more textures for their interest are usually in one color, the different texture creating the illusion of lighter and darker tones.

Sometimes the pattern is a fine sculptured outline where the lines actually have no pile, it is tough and hard-wearing.

In some carpets the design and the background are both velvet pile and the outline is in twist pile. There are some very lovely designs using velvet pile with shaded effects in twist pile and sculptured grounds.

Loop pile and cut pile combined create interesting textures. Often the design is traced in twist pile, as in one range where the lines of twist pile give the appearance of cracked cement.

Twist pile is very good for hiding foot scuff marks.

Wilton is often made with a worsted yarn in a short pile. This creates a very fine carpet with a soft chenille appearance.

Mostly the carpets of this type are made in all-over multicolored designs, frequently classical in theme.

Lock Weave Wilton. This is a medium-priced carpet which gives adequate wear where there is moderate traffic. It is 100 per cent. high-quality woolen yarn, the tufts being locked through the back. It is most suitable for use on stairs, as the tufts cannot come out.

Ruffletuft. This carpet is made with small spots of pile of varying length, giving an all-over rough-textured appearance. It is a monotone carpet which does not show foot marks. Ruffletuft carpet has a range of about 11 soft colors.

German Wilton squares. These lovely carpets are much sought after for their beautiful silky sheen and for their long-wearing qualities. They are mostly in tawny colors.

BUILT-IN UNDERLAY

THERE is a pile carpet now available with its own built-in sponge-rubber underlay.

Pile, backing, and underlay are fused together, the sponge rubber penetrating the backing and so sticking to the pile. This enables the carpet to be cut to any shape or size with no possibility of the edges fraying.

The strips of carpet are not sewn together but joined by tape strips. The tape has adhesive on both sides and when supplied has paper strips covering the adhesive. If you want to stick the carpet to the floor you remove the masking from both sides of the tape, but if not you remove the masking from only one side.

This carpet is ideal where you want wall-to-wall carpeting which can be removed quickly and easily for dancing.

It is available in five qualities, the least of which is more than adequate for normal domestic purposes.

Patching this carpet is easy—you simply cut out the worn part and tape in a new piece.

CHINESE

CHINESE carpets are of two main types—Tai Ping and Tientsin.

Tai Ping carpets are very beautiful and belong to the tufted carpet family.

Most carpets are made in one operation, the back and the pile being made together. In tufted carpets the pile is knotted on to a previously made backing.

The back of Tai Ping carpets is treated with a rubberised solution.

Tai Ping carpets are made in Hong Kong. They are thick and luxurious and the designs are many and can be made to order.

The traditionally Chinese floral designs and those slightly Westernised are in soft, delicate colors.

The very Chinese type with a sculptured key design and border in monotone are very restrained and an excellent ground for antique or modern furniture.

A Chinese good-luck character in black on a white ground is very smart and arresting, and could be the basis of a stunning decoration scheme.

Tai Ping carpets are nearly all sculptured.

There are no standard sizes for these carpets. They are made in all shapes, sizes, and colors.

Tientsin carpets are authentically Chinese in every way—design, material, and workmanship. The Chinese value these very highly and control their export very strictly.

These carpets are truly wonderful and will outlast many generations.

They are made with coarse wool, as soft wool would flatten and pad down. They are all deep-piled, and the better the carpet the longer and tighter the pile.

They are available washed or unwashed. The washed are more expensive, and have a lustrous, silk-like sheen.

The various names of Tientsin carpets—such as "Peking"—denote the design of the carpet, the design and coloring being traditionally that of the place of origin.

The initial outlay is rather great, but they are the height of luxury to walk on—even in the less expensive qualities.

PERSIAN

AUSTRALIANS have been slow to recognise the ageless beauty and versatility of Persian rugs and carpets, yet they are among the few articles of household furnishings which become more valuable as time goes on.

Colors and designs are traditional, but vary between villages.

The rugs are made from locally produced material—mostly lambs' wool, but goats' hair and camel hair are also used.

The warps of the rugs are wool, cotton, or linen, and this determines the fineness of the rug—or the number of knots per square inch. If wool is used for the warp the rug will not be as fine as those which use cotton or linen, but this does not mean that one rug is better or more valuable than another.

Persian rugs produced today are very beautiful, but they haven't got the quality of rugs made in earlier times.

The pure traditional designs are slightly modified or adapted to suit Western taste, and chemical dyes which lack the subtlety

and lustre of the vegetable colors are being used.

Persian rugs are extremely versatile. The more stylised types of designs—such as Kirman, Abadan, Kashgai, and Kazack—are equally at home with good modern furniture and with most old or antique pieces.

The Tabriz, Hamadan, Yazd, or Kirman are softer in line and more romantic, and are therefore generally more at home with gentler and more gracious furniture.

The lovely natural colors of polished timber floors offset the rugs to perfection, just as the rugs offset the polished woods used in good furniture.

All Persian rugs go together beautifully, and two or three different rugs in the same room add interest and help to break up the area into small, interesting, intimate groupings of furniture.

INDIAN

THERE are many grades of Indian rugs and carpets, with prices ranging from £2/10/- to £40 a square yard.

They are made from mill-spun wool or hand-spun wool, but this does not affect the quality so much as the appearance—the hand-spun having a rougher texture. Most of those available use mill-spun wool.

Embossed floral and floral Indian rugs are available, but the most popular rugs are those of plain color.

Off-white carpets are surprisingly serviceable. They are most attractive and allow extreme latitude for the rest of the decorating scheme.

The most popular colors among Indian rugs are muted, but there are some quite brilliant ones available that are very lovely.

Indian rugs are very good-looking and long-wearing.

Druggets are another floor covering made in India. They are reversible, as they have no pile and are the same both sides. They are inexpensive, even the best of them, and there are many qualities.

They are available in plain colors—there is a very good-looking natural-colored one—and in geometrical designs.

Nundah rugs also come from India. These are not woven—the wool with which they are made is pounded until it feels into a fringed mat.

They are natural fleece color—an off-white—and the designs are embroidered.

They are washable in lukewarm water.

SCATTER RUGS

THERE is an almost endless variety of scatter rugs. The makers of Wilton and Axminster carpets make many rugs in various sizes. They are in plain colors or in patterns, and can be used alone.

These rugs are also available in the same colors and patterns as body carpets or carpet

CONTINUED overleaf

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 24, 1962

Page 43



The moment...

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Page 44

FLOOR COVERINGS *continued*

squares, and can be used on top in places of extreme wear and places where the carpet is liable to damage.

Other rugs come in many colors, patterns, types, and textures.

There are several ranges of cotton rugs, mostly made in Australia, with rubberised backs. Some have cut pile, some loop pile, there are sculptured ones, and many feature combinations. They are in many different colors and sizes up to 9ft. 6in.

SKIN RUGS

SKIN RUGS, usually left in the natural shape of the animal, are becoming more popular and varied.

Almost any skin of sufficient size is suitable for use as a floor rug.

The "natural" quality of skin rugs can be very stunning if given the right settings, and you can get some lovely color and texture combinations with polished timber floors or plain carpets.

Skins can be mounted on felt, but the improvement in modern tanning makes this unnecessary.

Among imported skin rugs available are Abyssinian monkey skins in black and white cleverly cut to form a sleek long-haired rug.

Mongolian wolf skins come in lovely color combinations from creamy ones to dark brown.

The most popular Australia skin rugs are kangaroo and sheep.

Kangaroo skins have recently taken on a new look and a new feel. They are soft and gentle to the touch, and their lovely blond colors, smart whites and lustrous blacks, are pleasing to the eye.

They are available in combinations of natural and artificial colors.

The store where you buy these rugs will return them to the manufacturer for cleaning when necessary.

Sheep skins are always popular, and can be had in their natural form or in various shapes. You can buy either 2in. or 3in. wool, and the color range is almost unlimited.

Like the kangaroo skins, they can be returned to the manufacturer for cleaning.

Lamb skins can also be used as a wall-to-wall covering. They are cut in squares and sewn together.

Usually the wool of skins used in this way is clipped to 1in. long, but it can be left at any desired length.

In price and performance, wall-to-wall lamb skin compares with a good-quality carpet. Any normal carpet underlay can be used.

Skin rugs of all sorts can be maintained as carpet. They can be vacuumed, swept, or spotted, and can be shampooed by an expert when necessary.

MATTING

THE most popular types of matting are sisal, Chinese seagrass, and nylon.

There is a fair variety available in sisal matting. It is not expensive, and some is quite sophisticated and handsome in appearance.

Chinese seagrass matting is made in squares and is very attractive. The squares are joined together and it is sold by the yard, either 6ft. or 9ft. wide.

There is also a brick design available in the same matting. The one-foot squares are made up of brick-shaped blocks of matting.

Both are available in natural seagrass color, and occasionally in other colors.

A plastic-and-nylon matting available from Sweden is absolutely fadeless, washable, and non-slip. It comes in stripes, checks, plain colors, and in "weaver." The color range is mostly bright, including white and black.

CARPET MAINTENANCE

- Correct and regular maintenance will preserve the life and appearance of your rugs and carpets.

SAND and grit are the biggest dangers to all carpets. If you allow them to work down into the pile, their sharp edges will cut the fibre and ruin the carpet quickly.

This will cause much more visible wear than the heaviest traffic.

Vacuuming your entire carpet once a week and entrances and traffic areas when necessary would afford your carpet maximum protection.

Before you vacuum, sweep round the edges of wall-to-wall carpets to collect the hard-to-get dust.

A straw broom is also good for setting straight the fringes on your rugs. Care should be taken when using the vacuum cleaner close to the ends of your rug, as vacuum cleaners have an insatiable appetite for fringes. Because they are decorative and increase the apparent size of your rugs, it is a pity to spoil them.

All rugs small enough to handle should be turned over and vacuumed on the back each week and occasionally taken outside and shaken.

Most experts advise against using a vacuum on Persian, Indian, and Chinese rugs for the first six months, so for this period shake them outside frequently.

Spots and Stains. The more quickly you attack spots and stains on your carpets the more chance you will have of removing them. Ask the manufacturer or a chemist for the best methods of removing the more common stains, and keep the recommended cleaners on hand.

Sprouting. After your carpet has been laid you may notice loose ends of yarn protruding. Do not pull these out, but clip them off level with the surface.

Fluffing. A certain amount of short fibre-ends, or lint, is left in the pile of a new carpet. When these work to the surface it is called fluffing. This does not injure the carpet. Simply remove the excess fibres by vacuuming.

Shading. You may notice the color of your carpet appears to be variegated in irregular spots. This is caused by the pile lying at different angles. Shading is reduced by regular vacuuming or changing traffic lanes.

Depressions. Furniture legs will cause depressions in your carpet if allowed to stay too long in one position. To remove them, cover the area with a damp cloth, steam with a warm iron, then brush the pile briskly.

Stair Step Edges. Stair carpets should be laid with a little extra length which is pushed under the carpet, top and bottom, so that at cleaning-time the carpet can be moved up or down so that a different part of the carpet is moved to the edge of the steps.

Moths and Carpet Beetle. Moth-proofing is advised for all of your rugs and carpets which include wool.

The best way is to have your carpets professionally mothproofed before laying or as soon after as possible. Also, whenever your rugs are sent out to be cleaned, have them mothproofed, too.

If carpeting has not been moth-proofed and has been infested with moths or carpet beetles, this condition can be arrested and the carpet safeguarded from further damage, but the treatment is more costly than when the carpet is new.

Soiled carpets should be cleaned before mothproofing.

A (man) reader's story

A PLEA FOR DAD

• Much has been written (by women) about Mother's trials and tribulations, and feminine eyebrows will undoubtedly shoot up to the hairline at this plea for Dad.

HOWEVER, I'm going to suggest that what husbands and Dads of this world need is a giant packet of that not-to-be-bought commodity—wifely understanding.

Seldom does one read of Dad's many and varied responsibilities and all that he has to contend with, for Dad does not vent his grievances.

Nor does he air the pimpls of his workaday world nor broadcast the stabs he gets in the back.

Have you ever paused to get a true-blue picture of Dad the bread-winner, the man who goes to work in all weathers for at least five days weekly for an average of 50 odd years, with noise and hustle his constant companions and competition for advancement ever barking at his heels?

Have you ever stopped to think what makes Dad tick? How he keeps on ticking? And WHY?

Have you ever paused to ponder on the nagging fear he invariably keeps to himself of becoming a victim (like his pal Joe) of a long and crippling illness, of losing his job, of the resultant catastrophe to his family?

And of the lesser fear of being unable to fulfil the expectations of his wife and children for this, that, and the other; of not being able to afford under present circumstances the higher education craved by Junior, of what extra work he can undertake to pay for fees?

Have you ever stopped to consider the after-work strain on him as the father of imitative children; the example of good manners, of good citizenship, and good sportsmanship he must invariably set; the encyclopedic knowledge he must have at his finger-tips?

A den of his own

Have you ever faced the important fact that, after a gruelling session at work, Dad's brain might well be a merrily-go-round of confused thoughts and that he may not want to take part in the chit-chat at the dinner table or wipe the dishes; that he may not want to watch TV or hear its hubbub; or listen to the maddening click of knitting needles or be inundated by questions?

Have you ever stopped to think that he may sometimes crave to be

alone, to escape from the family circle, the crowded lounge-room, the femininity of the master bedroom, to have a little privacy?

Have you ever stopped to consider what a room of his own would mean to him and to his mental well-being; to have his own retreat, furnished according to his own taste with his sports trophies all around him, his knick-knacks within easy reach; a place where he could speak his thoughts aloud without fear of censorship; throw himself on a divan without first having to remove his shoes, and stay all night if he so wanted without any interference?

Have you ever before realised that, though Dad is the Master of the House, he is usually the only one in the family without even a corner he can call his own; without a sou he can call his own; without even a thought he can call his own?

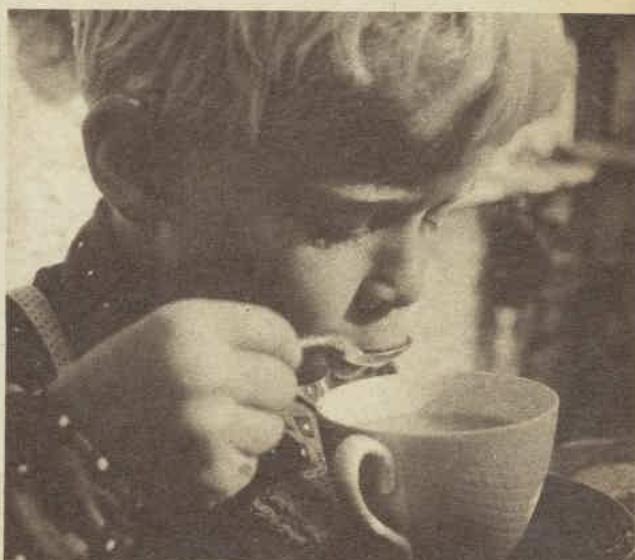
I know, because I, too, could have become another "Bill" (the husband in "Middle-age Blues" in the September 19 issue) had it not been for the sympathetic understanding and foresight of my wise little woman. — Signed "Bill."



1. A STEADY HAND is needed to spoon sugar into a cup of tea. It takes practice and muscle control not to spill any—and a careful boy.

LOTS TO LEARN

• There are two main steps in teaching a little child civilised table manners. First he has to know in his mind not to spill things. Secondly, he must learn to co-ordinate hand and eye so that he doesn't spill them.



2. SPOONS are easier to drink out of than cups—at first. It takes less confidence to pick up a spoon and less is spilled if things go wrong.



3. TAKING his courage—and his cup—in both hands at first, he manages without spilling. Finally he can lift the cup with one hand.

It's no fun to be a fatty

• If your child is showing decided tendencies of becoming a "fatty" later on in life, NOW is the time to do something about developing good eating habits.

I SPEAK from personal experience. I went through my teenage years—the years which should be enjoyed to the hilt—with a dreadful complex because I was overweight.

I refused to let myself be seen in a swimming costume or even shorts and consequently I had very little exercise, which made matters even worse.

I was unhappy, envious of my slimmer friends, so I ate even more. My parents were business people and had little opportunity to check my compulsive eating or to notice what I did with my pocket-money—most of which went on cakes.

This question of being overweight is a sad one.

But it's a problem that can be overcome if it is faced realistically.

If in your family background there is a tendency to stoutness, the chances are that your children will have the same tendency—the girls mainly.

Help your child to avoid the agonies of being known as "Tubby" or other uncomplimentary names by helping to develop good eating habits now—whatever age he or she may be.

If a child has been accustomed to eating cakes and biscuits regularly after school and between meals,

it's a bit difficult to suddenly cut them out and substitute fruit.

The best answer, of course, is not to get her into the habit in the first place.

If since infancy children are accustomed only to having fruit and milk between meals, they probably won't ever hanker for more than an occasional cake or biscuit.

By MIRIAM DAVIS

The same applies to gassy soft drinks, which have a high calorie content.

If, however, your child is in her teens and is already overweight, don't please just regard it as puppy fat which she'll lose in time without any effort.

You'll probably find that at fifteen or so she will decide to put herself on some sort of "starvation" diet, which is just as bad as overeating.

The word "diet" to a ravenous growing child is often like a red rag to a bull, so it should never be used. It will only make a sensitive child more so.

You'll also have to be very tactful and not start the diet too suddenly.

Here are a few hints for reducing the starch intake so that it is hardly noticed:

• Instead of sandwiches for school lunches give bread rolls—and before buttering take out most of the doughy centre of each roll (no more than two).

• Make certain that you don't inadvertently serve too much butter or table margarine by cutting off approximately one ounce each morning and letting it soften to easy spreading consistency.

Any butter she eats during the day should come from this source. Butter her breakfast toast with it yourself, using the old excuse that you had to butter it while it was hot.

• Don't put temptation in her way by having lots of cakes and soft drinks around the house. A cracker or two with cheese or tomato and a glass of fresh orange juice is just as appetising.

It may put you to a little more trouble, but it's worth it in the long run.

Don't worry if the rest of the family complain about the lack of sweet things. It won't do them any harm, either, and as long as you substitute something reasonably tempting you'll find there'll be no complaints after a while.

• Slowly reduce the portions of high-calorie food

you serve during mealtimes—just a little less potato, not quite so much ice-cream.

• Substitute a saccharin sweetening pellet for sugar every now and again. If you use one of the better brands no one will even comment—as long as you don't announce it.

After you notice signs of improvement you could casually mention what a lovely figure she's getting.

By this time, too, her tummy will not be wanting so much food, and she'll probably be quite happy with three nutritious meals a day.

Above all, keep her occupied. A child who has plenty to do doesn't have time to think too much about food.

Encourage her to have hobbies; help her with schoolwork problems.

Be careful, however, to watch the "danger periods" when she is likely to want to get back to her old eating habits—if she is upset and apprehensive about an examination, perhaps.

These are the times you have to be around to see that all the good work has not been for nothing.

It might seem like tough sledding for a while, but your child will repay you a thousandfold by becoming a happy, active, uncomplicated person instead of a sensitive, unhappy "fatty."

LADY PELACO IN 'CUPONI'



(Left) Broad-striped sun-top: 29/11. Adorable jacket: 39/11. (Above) The magnificent 'Cuponi' shirt: 39/11.

'CUPONI' MAKES YOU CUTER! It's a new fabric — a heavenly light cotton mixed with slub 'Cuponi' in hot colours, cool colours, magnificently patterned. Divinely put together in these and many other joyful shapes.

GAILY YOURS,

Lady Pelaco
LOVELIEST BY DESIGN

AT HOME with Margaret Sydney



SHOULD YOU BATHE on problem days?

Many doctors advise it. Bathing at suitable water temperatures is perfectly all right; you'll feel cooler, cleaner, fresher, more comfortable.

And when you do bathe—swim or shower—it's nicer with Tampax. For Tampax is worn internally, and when properly inserted it cannot absorb water from the outside.

In all ways Tampax is nicer. The dainty applicator means you need never touch the Tampax itself. **NO PINS, NO FADES, NO ODOUR.** Nothing can show—no one can know. Girls who use Tampax say they're hardly aware of difference in the days of the month.

Feel cool even on hottest days. Wouldn't you be more comfortable with Tampax?

Your choice of Regular and Super absorbencies available at all chemists and stores.



Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women

If you'd like a sample (in plain wrapping) just send name, address and 7d. in stamps to The Nurse, Dept. A, World Agencies Pty. Ltd., Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney.



IS YOUR BABY WORTH 4/10

Yes, that's all it costs for a
month's supply of Curlybet. Read
Mrs. E. Mitchell's glowing tribute

Glenda's photo enclosed shows
her curly hair as the result of
Curlybet. I want to express my
thanks for Curlybet. Glenda owes
her beautiful hair to Curlybet!

To you, scalp irritations, to
protect your baby's hair growth and
to give your baby a head of curly
hair, will love. Start using
Curlybet TO-DAY!

Master Baby's hair now curly.

Curlybet

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

— October 24, 1962

● The Public Service Chief in New South Wales announced recently that all forms and letters used by the Public Service must be revised to make them simple, readily understandable, and pleasant in tone.

IT'S just as easy for a form to ask 'Married or single?' as it is to ask 'What is your conjugal status?' he said.

If he can really force the Public Service to cut out the jargon and ask what they want to know in a simple and straightforward way, he'll have the heartfelt thanks of every citizen who fills out forms!

Yesterday Hugh had a letter that I feel ought to be framed as an awful warning to everyone who ever has to put pen to paper.

It was from a lawyer who had had to write to a colleague of his in another State to get the small piece of information Hugh wanted. He wrote . . .

"Dear Sir,

"We desire to advise that the desired facts from Mr. Blank have today come to hand and we should be appreciative of your reference to the undersigned by telephone to arrange an appointment as mutually convenient to consider such facts."

Cripes!

What seems so awful is that this letter comes from a man who must have spent several years studying at an advanced standard to qualify for his profession.

And all he was trying to say was: "Dear Sir, We now have the information you want. Will you please telephone for an appointment so that we can discuss it?"

I don't suppose he actually dictated the letter himself—it's probably the firm's form letter.

But sometime, somewhere, somebody actually sat down and thought that out, and no doubt he thought it was a pretty neat and stylish bit of writing.

Lemons for the fruitologist

THIS is something I've got a bug about, I admit, and it gave Mike the chance to announce in front of friends the other day (with a look of complete innocence which fooled nobody), "Mum never uses anything but four-letter words."

But I won't, on principle, buy my vegetables from a greengrocer who calls himself a fruitologist, nor, except in dire need, will I have the car greased at a lubricitorium.

No beverages or collations are allowed in this house (they have to put up with drinks and meals).

And when time has done its worst to me I don't want to be known as a senior citizen and I don't want to be shown gowns especially styled for the fuller figure.

There was a quotation in our papers recently from a Nottingham magistrate who is a man after my own heart.

He said in a loud, clear voice in his court one day: "Let's get down to the Queen's English . . . What is a W.C. is a W.C. I'm completely confused by the wretched word 'toilet,' which was introduced by the B.B.C."

I think the B.B.C. might deny responsibility for the wretched word, but it's one I thought I'd been fighting a one-man battle against ever since the first of our children went to play-school and was taught to say it.

In my young days the schools had lavatories; now they have toilets; maybe in another 10 years they will get even more genteel and have "comfort stations," as the Americans say

The boy who wrote too many letters

SOME friends of ours have had red faces for the past fortnight.

They have a ten-year-old son who writes off for things—he's one of those kids who can't resist filling out coupons for free samples, free booklets, free chances to make a fortune by doing practically nothing.

In the past his private correspondence has involved them in long sessions with sellers of encyclopedias and air-conditioning plants, with firms that would provide him with a free bicycle if he found buyers for four others, and with correspondence schools that offered him the weirdest assortments of qualifications and wanted to pursue the matter when their letters weren't answered.

Last week he topped the lot. His father, coming home tired after a long, hard day at the office, found that a gleaming new sports car had pulled into his drive right behind his own car.

"Good evening, sir," the driver of the sports car said with a brilliant smile.

"We were so glad to get your inquiry about the new model, and I've brought her along so that you can test-drive her for yourself."

Argument followed, the father denying all knowledge of the business, the car salesman claiming that they'd had a letter from him making inquiries about the new model and capping his argument by pulling the letter out of his pocket.

Father, of course, immediately recognised his son's somewhat immature handwriting, and shouted for him, seething with fury.

Saving up for a sports car

I FELT that was a bit mean myself, but his father thinks it was a brilliant move and may stop the boy filling out coupons in future.

The poor, uncomfortable ten-year-old had to apologise to the salesman (who took it very well) and explain that all he'd expected in reply was some pamphlets.

After the salesman had gone, the ten-year-old was cross-questioned by his parents about how many other car firms he had written to. "Several," he said cagily. "I can't remember exactly."

So far, four lots of printed material have arrived addressed to him from car firms, and there's been one telephone call from another firm offering to make an appointment for him to test-drive their car.

The ten-year-old has given up writing letters because he can't afford stamps any more. He has started saving for the great day when he can buy a sports car—and, boy, are the competing firms going to have to work for their money then!

Don't risk infection
.. cover every hurt!



Wherever there's a minor injury, there's the danger of serious infection! So always play safe and cover every hurt, no matter how small. And you know the world's best protection is a BAND-AID Plastic Dressing—protectively wrapped to seal out germs and dirt . . . with multi-vents for faster healing . . . plus rounded ends and Super-Stick for neater, firmer sticking. Another famous product of Johnson & Johnson.

BAND-AID

TRADE MARK

STRIPS • PATCHES • SPOTS

Also available—BAND-AID Strips in Waterproof Cloth

PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON

STILL YOUNG at 50

Healthy kidneys, Nature's way of removing harmful acids and wastes from the blood, play a big part in assuring active life in middle age. For over 60 years Doan's Back and Kidney Pills have been a helpful, alleviating treatment where faulty elimination is a contributory factor in rheumatic conditions of the back, joints or limbs. Doan's also have been established as a diuretic and mild antiseptic for the kidneys and bladder to relieve irritation and frequency or simple infections. Get Doan's today!

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A SUBSCRIPTION TO
The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Names 1/2 Year 1 Year
Aust. £1/14/6 £3/9/-
N. Guinea £2/3/6 £4/7/-
New Zealand £2/5/6 £4/13/-
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THE IDEAL GIFT!



give tired hair new life... extra body...
with this luxurious instant rinse!

Sun! Wind! Perming! Bleaching! They all leave hair tired and listless. It needs refreshing and Napro gives it the nourishment to add body and a healthy sheen to every strand. Goodbye to dandruff, too. Sylkare leaves your hair easier-to-control... so sets and perms last longer. Sylkare looks after your hair... naturally.



Fragrant Pink Bubbles 2/11

Large Economy Size 7/8

Sylkare...by Napro

A garden planned for picking



RHODODENDRONS, azaleas, aquilegias, camellias, carnations, and daisies crowd this section of Mrs. Bunbury's garden.

Gardening Book — page 35

WHEN Mrs. Alice Bunbury began a garden of her own at North Balwyn, Victoria, she had a special need in mind: flowers and foliage for picking at any time of year. For Mrs. Bunbury is the author of "Floral Art for Pleasure," and a talented arranger.

As a result, though the garden is quite small, it glows with color at every season, and holds an astonishing variety of blooms.

Mrs. Bunbury planned it carefully to leave herself plenty of time for writing and arrangement. She concentrated largely on deciduous trees, shrubs, and perennials which largely look after themselves. Annuals are raised only in a few odd corners where quick seasonal color is needed.

For year-round results

- Basic rules for a heavily planted year-round garden like Mrs. Bunbury's are quite simple:

THE SOIL should be enriched and brought to a fine standard of cultivation before you start, for the heavy planting will use all the goodness you can give it.

GET RID of all the weeds you can at the beginning, for they'll be difficult to eradicate later.

BUILD beds above lawn-level for good drainage.

GROUP plants that like similar conditions for ease of cultivation. Do not mix acid-loving plants with those that need lime. Fortunately, most popular flowering shrubs are acid-lovers—for instance, azaleas, camellias, gardenias, magnolias.

TAKE ADVANTAGE of one plant's habits to help another. Shrubs like azaleas do well in the shade of deciduous trees and use their fallen leaves for food. Deep-rooting lillums in turn do well among the shallow-rooted azaleas, which protect their tender young shoots from the sun.

PLANT spring-flowering bulbs in clumps among summer perennials. The bulbs disguise the winter bareness of the perennials, and the perennials in their turn spread over the bare spaces when the bulbs die down or are lifted.

PLANT for foliage contrast—sword-like iris spikes look well with broad-leaved plants like acanthus and megasea. Silver-leaved plants accent the many shades of green.

USE shallow-rooted ground covers like pinks, aubrieta, verbena, and per-

winkle to discourage weeds, help keep the roots of shrubs cool in hot weather.

USE deciduous shrubs for autumn color; berries to brighten the garden on grey winter days.

PLANT in groups for color harmony—pinks and blues together, bright reds for accent, lots of white to set off the other colors.

USE plenty of variety in height, with tall plants toward the back of the beds; cushiony spreading types at front.

WHERE beds meet the lawn, lay a stone or concrete mowing strip so border plants can ramble out and soften hard lines without spoiling the grass.

USE occasional stepping-stones in the bed so you can get in to cut flowers without damaging other plants.

STUDY the aspect. Use shade-loving plants facing south, sun-lovers facing north.

DON'T be frightened to pick from flowering shrubs. It gives them the natural pruning they need.

The favorites

Flower-arrangement fans would like to grow most or all of these: Japonica, azaleas, magnolias, flowering fruits, irises, peonies, tulips, weigela, deutzia, cotoneaster, lillums, hellebores, roses in variety, winter jasmine, camellias, gordonia, Japanese maples, ivy, andromeda, moluccella, chrysanthemums, Spanish broom, and campanulas.

Gardening Book — page 36

The massed effect



"PINK PEARL" rhododendron, double marguerite daisies, and red-leaved canna give springtime beauty to Mrs. Bunbury's front pathway. The free-flowering old-fashioned pink called "Mrs. Sinkins" borders the path on left, forget-me-nots at right.

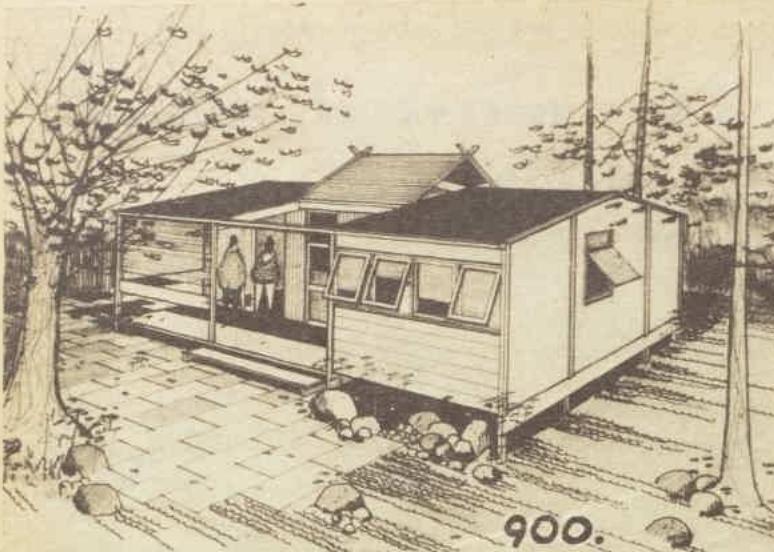
Gardening Book — page 37



THE PATIO (right) is sprinkled with clumps of tiny rock daisies. Below: This corner of Mrs. Bunbury's garden, backed by green foliage of larger trees and flowering deutzia and beloperone (shrimp plant), is massed with lobelia, pink rock daisies, and valerian, with verbena providing many gay splashes of pillar-box red.



Gardening Book — page 38



900.

PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows unusual exterior. Adjustable canvas awnings fold down to protect the verandah from the sun.

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Please make all cheques payable to "Women's Weekly Home Plans Service." Cut this out, fill in details, and mail in envelope addressed to our Centre in your State.

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Please send complete details of the services you offer. (I enclose 2/- to cover cost of handling and postage.)

Please send the series of booklets showing illustrated plans for 130 homes. (I enclose 15/- to cover complete cost.)

The Australian
**WOMEN'S
WEEKLY**

ARCHITECT-DIRECTED

Home Plans Service

• Our Home Plan this week is an unusual and very efficient design for a small holiday house.

A COMPACT 10.6 squares (built in timber), Plan No. 900 can be extended to form a much larger home.

A feature of this plan, which makes it an ideal house for small children, is the large verandah on one

side. In our illustration (see left) canvas awnings have been folded back to leave part of the verandah uncovered. If preferred, the verandah could be completely roofed over.

The spacious living-room, 24ft. by 12ft., and the kitchen both open on to the verandah, and the kitchen

has a combination work-bench and snack-bar dividing it from the living-room.

There is a separate dining-room for more formal entertaining which leads out on to a small paved patio.

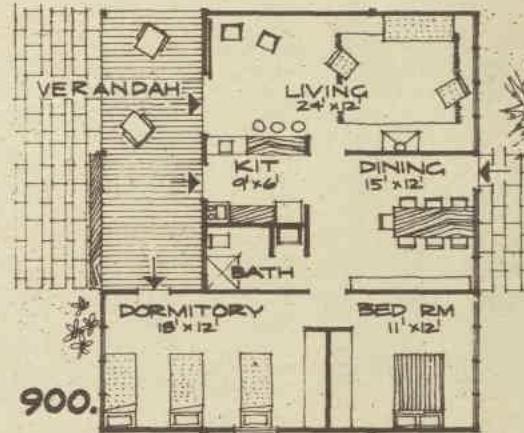
A dormitory, 18ft. by 12ft., is large enough for three single beds, and double bunks could be used for extra guests. Both the dormitory and the master bedroom have built-in wardrobes.

Easy to build

The exterior of Plan No. 900 is unusual but effective. In our illustration the canvas awnings have been moved back to give a hip-roof effect. If the verandah is completely covered the roof-line would be slightly pitched to conform with the rest of the roof construction.

Hopper windows give lots of light and air and are easy to clean.

The simple construction of this plan makes it possible for the home carpenter to build it himself. Your local Home Planning Centre can give approximate costs for the owner-builder, and for a contractor.



FLOOR PLAN. Note compact layout, with living-room, kitchen, and dormitory opening on to the verandah.

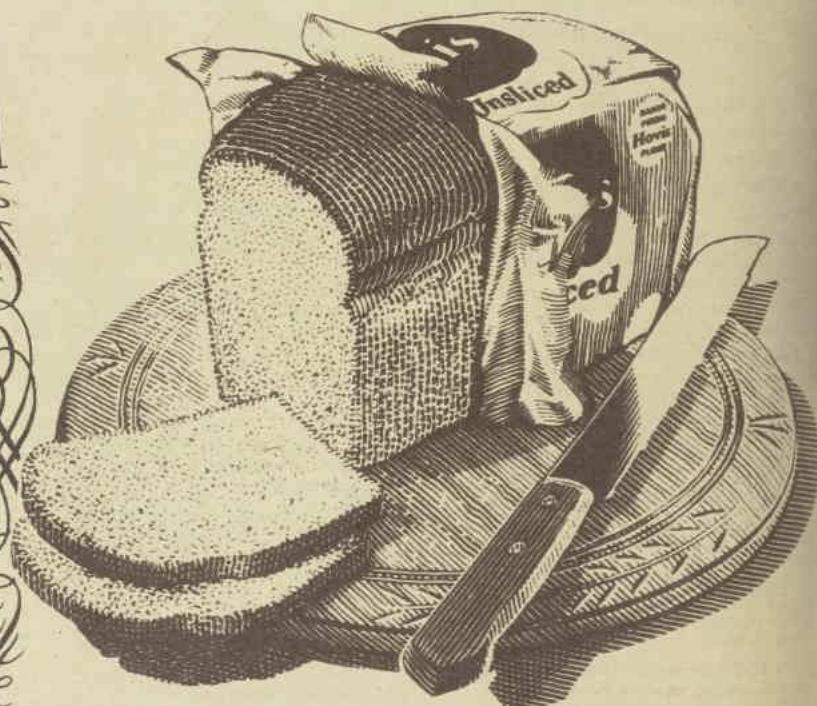
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Nutty, Distinctive...
because there's a full cup of
WHEAT GERM
in every loaf



HOW TO SERVE HOVIS: Cut it *thick* for toast . . . hot-buttered. Hovis is a tantalising taste sensation. Cut it *thin* . . . for delicious sandwiches and imaginative rolls. Discover for yourself the secret taste of Golden Hovis—it's a new experience in bread flavour!

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● Victorian sugar spoon.

I have a sugar spoon which I think is made of silver and is decorated with a dragon on the front of the handle. There are four square marks containing a crown, lion, letter T, and a woman's head, and a small shield with the letters W.G.J.L. on the back of the spoon. I would be grateful for any information you could give me.—Mrs. J. Shields, Darwin, N.T.

Your lovely Victorian sugar spoon (above) is English sterling silver. It was made at Sheffield about 1886. The makers' mark, W.G.J.L., is unrecorded.

★ ★ ★
My glass-domed clock stands 17in. high and is gilt finished. The



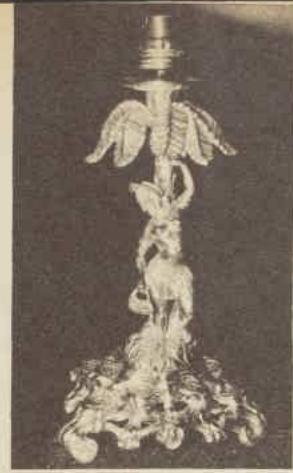
● French gilt clock.

base is black wood with M. Camille written underneath. The pendulum is stamped A. L. Brevette S.G.D.G. 3500. It is an 8-day clock in perfect working order. Could you tell me its age, please?—Mrs. F. Dawson, Moisman Park, W.A.

Your fine-quality French gilt clock (above) was made about 1865-75.

★ ★ ★
I have a rosewood mahogany cabinet, two small chairs to match, and a set of four chairs in a dark wood. Could you tell me their age, please?—Miss N. A. McDonald, Southport, Qld.

The cabinet, which is colonial rosewood, was made about 1895, and the small chairs about the same period. The other four chairs are English walnut made during the Victorian period, about 1865.



COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, gives his opinion on several readers' antiques.

My ornate silver candlestick stands about 9in. high and is in the form of a palm tree with a figure reaching up to pick the fruit. At some stage the candlestick was converted to electricity and a hole drilled through the base.—Mrs. G. Madden, Buderim, Qld.

Your candlestick (left) is not silver but English electroplate. It was made about 1870.

● Ornate candlestick.

Could you give me some information about the age and origin of my jug? It is white with a decoration of pale blue in the form of a Japanese-style building and garden. The decoration is very delicately designed. There are no markings on the jug that I can see.—Mrs. E. English, Bathurst, N.S.W.

Your attractive jug (right) is English Staffordshire and was made about 1830. The decoration is underglaze transfer printing.



● English Staffordshire jug.



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Just a few sheets of Alsynite on a framework of timber or metal is all it takes to convert an open or exposed area into one that can be used and enjoyed the whole year round.

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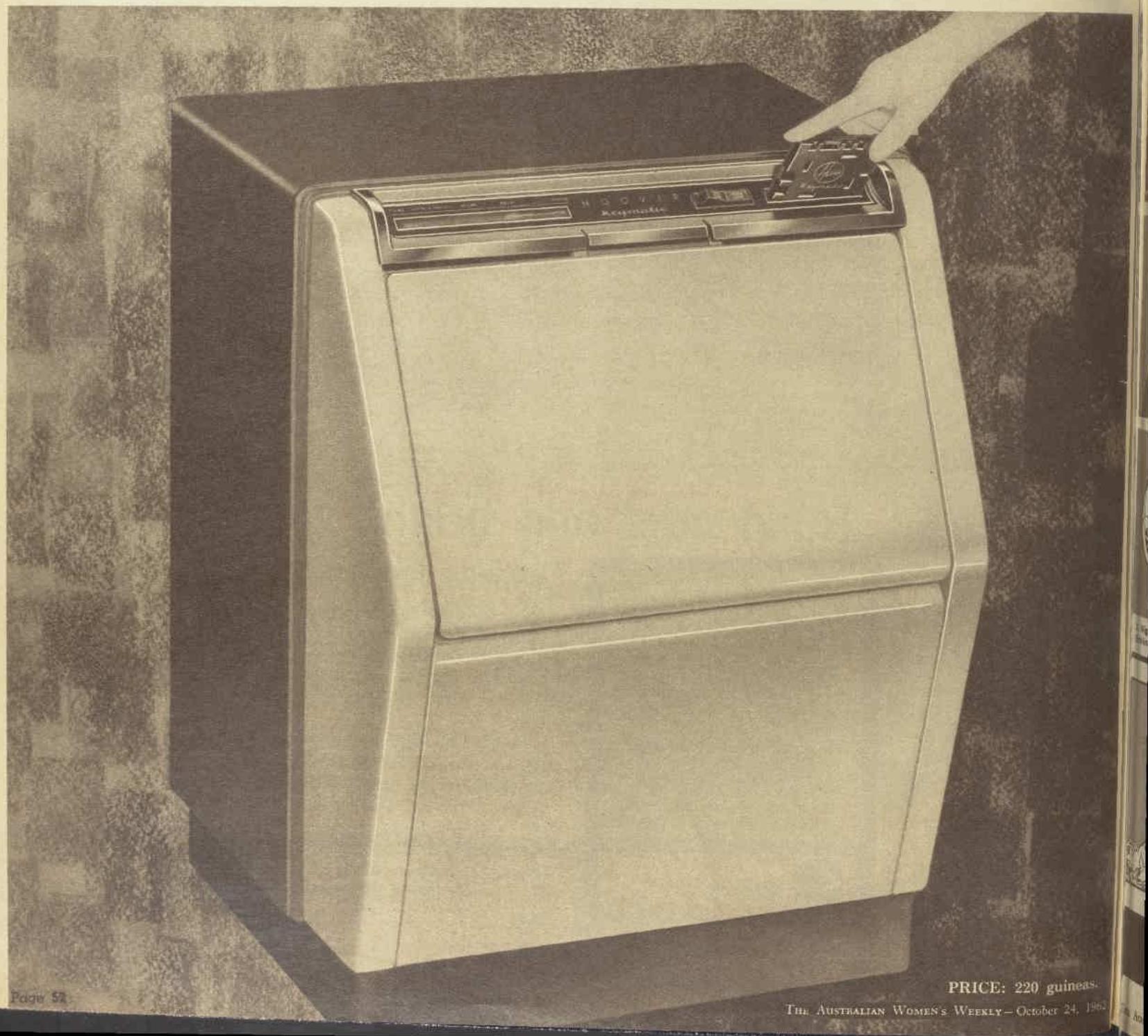
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*Hoover presents - the
automatic washing*

HOOVER

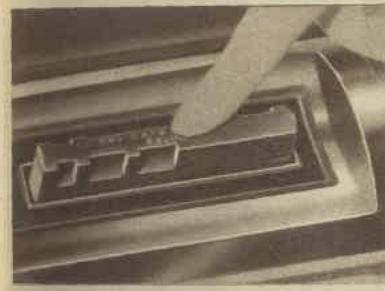
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simplest, most advanced
machine ever...

Keymatic

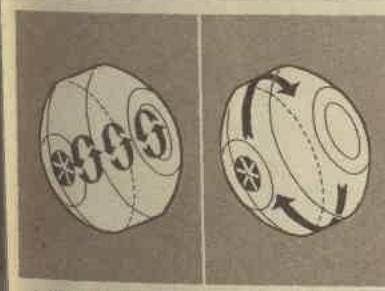
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There's a perfect
wash for any fabric
among the eight
Keymatic programmes



1. Vigorous Action,
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Keymatic has two
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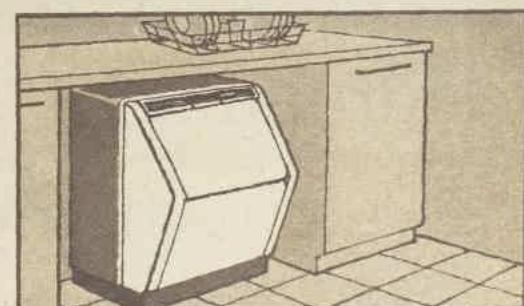
Keymatic has everything!

Keymatic has every feature you've always wanted in an automatic washer—simple to use, perfect washing results and... Compact design. Fits anywhere—kitchen, bathroom, under a bench. No special plumbing in or installation. Easily moved on its castors. Big capacity—up to 10 lb. of clothes. Easy to load—wash bowl is tilted up towards you. Open door makes handy shelf. Automatic heater control ensures exact washing temperature for each fabric. Suds saving. Keymatic saves the suds for the next washload and re-heats them to the correct temperature. See the wonderful new Hoover Keymatic demonstrated at your retailer's now.

The Keyplate is clearly marked with 8 separate washing programmes. Select the programme you want—click in the Keyplate—and the whole washing process is automatically controlled. Temperature at all stages, the correct washing action, rinsing and spin-drying times—the Keyplate does it all! No more guesswork, no fear of mistakes—just click in the Keyplate and your washday is over.

Every type of fabric gets perfect handling in its own individual washing programme. For example: heavily soiled clothes are vigorously washed and then specially rinsed and spin-dried. Delicate woollens are gently tumbled in luke-warm water and given three reduced temperature rinses to avoid shrinkage. Keymatic has 8 separate washing programmes—there's a perfect wash for every fabric! Just match the Keyplate to the fabric and Keymatic does the rest.

Not just two speeds, but two entirely different washing actions. For robust everyday washing Keymatic uses the famous Hoover "boiling-action" pulsator—proved in over 500,000 Australian homes. For gentler washing Keymatic has a new tilted tumble action. The special tilt of the washbowl keeps the clothes constantly immersed in the water—gently flexing as the tub slowly turns. This gentlest of all actions washes even the most delicate garments safely, thoroughly. Both actions are automatically controlled to suit the fabric!



KEYMATIC...the washer that thinks for itself

HK.1a/1b.WWFPG

Page 53



I dreamed I stopped them in their tracks
in my *maidenform** bra

Yes, really stopped them dead in my marvellous Maidenform "Sweet Music" bra. Spoke-stitched cups give full natural contours. Snug-fitting all-elastic underband gives extra comfort and the interlined undercups never let you down. Choose "Sweet Music" in cotton or nylon lace, SHORT or LONG. In sparkling white or glamorous black. From just 28/6.

(Slightly less in S.A.)

*maidenform**—AMERICA'S DREAM BRA—MADE IN AUSTRALIA BY *Berlei*

I did not speak their language, but their expressions and tone said the same thing in any language.

The dark-haired women in the open doorways of the small flat-roofed houses folded their arms and watched impassively.

I smiled tentatively at one. She replied with a dignified, unsmiling nod, then yelled to one of the men. From the swift way he turned his attention to a cork on his net, he was her husband.

There were children playing in the shade of the houses, trailing bare toes in the dust. They had wonderful brown eyes and eager faces.

A young man drifted from a wall and began following me. Then another. They looked about eighteen, grinned encouragingly when they saw me, laid over my shoulder, roared with laughter as I hurried on. And hurried themselves. I wanted to turn back. The thought of those eyes made me lose my nerve.

I was beyond the last house and the two shadows on the ground were catching up with mine when they were joined by another, and a longer, shadow.

I GLANCED back nervously. A tall man in an aged, shapeless shirt, faded cotton trousers, with a straw hat on the back of his head and the dust rising round his sandalled feet was only about a yard away.

I felt a little sick. Boys were bad enough; a grown man, worse. I fought down a sudden absurd panic. And then: "Forgive me intruding on your little saraband in the sun," drawled an English voice, "but have you any idea where you're going?"

I spun round, giddy with relief. "Back to Mrs. Sherwood's house."

"Then you're walking in the wrong direction." The tall man stopped by me. He was tanned as the fishermen; he looked as much part of the scene as they did. Only his very blue eyes showed he came from another island.

"I know," And I explained quickly. Then, because his expression was reminding me of the women, I clutched at small talk. "What is a saraband?"

"A slow Spanish dance to music in triple time." He looked at the disappearing youths, then me. "Of course, you're English."

"And you?"

"On my passport. An islander by adoption. Does your great-aunt know you are out?"

"No." I was not surprised he knew so much about me. Aunt Marcella had told me everyone knew everything about everyone else in that part of the island. "Why? I was only walking. Is that a crime?"

"Not a crime. Just offensive to local custom. Respectable young women out here don't walk alone. If one does — she is automatically an easy target."

"I didn't realise that."

"Then wouldn't it have been more intelligent and more polite to ask about local customs before trampling on them?"

Gratitude was wearing thin. "Possibly," I said.

"Probably." He lit a cigarette. "Like the chances of your getting sunstroke. Or is that something else you've not realised?"

"I never wear a hat, thanks. Nor," I looked hard at his cigarette, "do I smoke."

He grinned infuriatingly. "Be too bad if you did. Decent women can't smoke in the streets here."

The sun was bothering me a lot. "What can the poor things do?"

"Stay at home and make some of the best wives and mothers in the world. Got any money on you?" he demanded suddenly.

I stiffened. "I'm afraid not."

He read my mind and laughed. "I'll have to lend you some to buy a hat in the shop here. It'll be asking

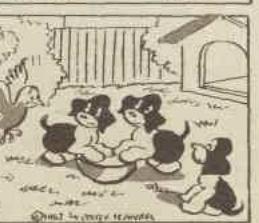
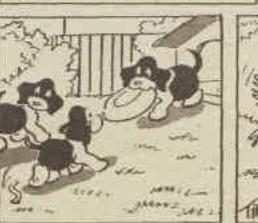
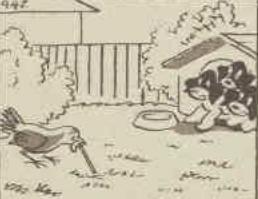
for trouble if you stay bare-headed much longer.

"That may not bother you. I'll certainly bother Mrs. Sherwood and the Sisters who'll come and help nurse you. They've more than enough work with their hospital and orphans as it is."

He jerked his head for me to follow him through the small crowd of interested villagers that had formed round us. "Come along," he said imperatively.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



I went, because of that crowd. "This is very kind of you," I said between my teeth.

"Just what I was thinking. Personally, my name's Ross. Everyone here calls me Paolo. You can settle for Paul."

I had no intention of settling for anything of the sort.

"You live in this village, Mr. Ross?" I asked coldly.

"In that last house." He turned into a small, narrow alley. "Here's the shop."

The shop backed on the bay and afternoon sun. The interior was dim and gloriously cool. Straw hats, corks for nets, cans of oil, giant

The ring was the envy of my girl-friends. I had been so thrilled with it. He made it seem ostentatious; a status symbol.

"My fiance is a very generous and hardworking man."

"Very praiseworthy," he drawled. "So you had better keep a close watch on his property."

"I thought these islanders were very honest?"

"They are." He watched me narrowly. "But most people are apt to get careless with possessions when they are on holiday."

I wanted to hurry back and away from him. Yet it was not just the sun that made

After he left, she gave me a gentle lecture on unseemly conduct. "We islanders are slow to change to modern ways."

"Don't you trust your women, Aunt Marcella?"

She smiled. "Our women,

yes. Our men — no. That was why I was so relieved to see you with Paolo Ross. A man I can trust to respect our customs as well as his own. That, of course, was why he had to take that little sum."

I did not understand and said so.

She was quite shocked. "You are betrothed to another man, dear. For him to give you a gift or anything but flowers would be a great insult."

I wondered how she would react if she had overheard his earlier remarks to me.

A

AT dinner in the cool, marble-floored dining-room with the mosquito wire invisible on the long windows, she announced he was coming to lunch next day. "He lunches with me on Wednesdays."

"He really is a friend of yours?"

"A good friend. He was very ill his first winter. The Sisters' little hospital was full, so I had him brought here. He has been very generous with his gratitude."

That explained why he had helped me. "Did he stay on because of his health?"

She shook her head and set her long earrings swinging. "He's very fit now. He enjoys the village life."

"Doesn't he work?"

"My dear child! What work could there be for a man of his education in the village?"

Paul arrived next day in a white suit, spotless shirt, sober tie. Only the hat he handed Carmelo was the same as yesterday.

He poured me a sherry. "I see you approve of my natty suiting. Your great-aunt is the one woman in the world for whom I'll wear it."

That made me wonder about the other women in his life. He was a dangerously attractive man.

"I didn't realise you knew her so well," I said.

"Does any human being know another really well?"

To page 65

YOU'LL FIND **KLEENEX** * TISSUES A BLESSING IN EVERY ROOM IN THE HOUSE



So convenient in the kitchen for all kinds of cleaning and draining of fatty foods



For family colds — so kind to sore noses



Delicate enough for even baby's tender skin



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So soft, so strong, so easy to use for every sort of cleaning from faces to frying pans — that's Kleenex! Cuts down on laundry from hankies to towels. You'll find Kleenex in the kitchen, the bedroom, the bathroom . . . tucked into the children's schoolbags, in your handbag or office desk.

EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY HAS A USE FOR

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 24, 1962

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Page 55

DREAM-LOOKING... DREAM-COOKING...



RELEASED! All-new Carmichael Electrics!

Exciting . . . different . . . beautiful beyond your dreams; clean, sparkling care-free cookers that look like a bride, cook like mother. Your all-new Carmichael asks but a touch of the controls for perfect cooking every time—cooking is fun again. Bigger ovens, bigger grillers, bigger features than ever before. Carmichael is the big news of the year in electric cooking. You must see them soon . . . you'll find a brilliant Carmichael that's right (and priced right) for your dream kitchen—automatics, customs, uprights, elevateds and built-ins, too. See Carmichael at your favourite Electrical Centre.

Look what **Carmichael* have built into your dream-looking dream ranges

- High speed "Corox" hotplates (even the 6" hotplate is 1,600 watt for extra quick heating) • Chrome dress rings on all hotplates—removable spillage pans • Dual controls (use half or all of boiler/griller element)
- Glide away "wide-a-scope" enclosed griller • Large dry fry griddle plate • Convenient eye level controls (illuminated on Model 313 above) • Huge thermostatically controlled oven with clear view look-in window, indicator light and oven floodlight • Built-in electric clock on automatic models • Handy Minute Minder • Wrap around cabinet, vitreous enamel finish—the easiest cookers you've ever cleaned.

***Carmichael** ELECTRIC RANGES **8** BRILLIANT MODELS



TO GENERATIONS OF GOOD COOKS, THE BEST-KNOWN NAME IN COOKING

Manufactured by EMAIL LIMITED (inc. W. T. Carmichael Pty. Ltd.), CARMICHAEL-PARKINSON DIVISION.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 24, 1962



- Look at this "wide-a-scope" grilling area with bonus space above for dry frying.
- Glide-out, non-tilt oven shelves safe and handy for rearranging oven meals.



Appliqued cot cover

• This delightful cot cover with its colorful figure of Humpty Dumpty will enhance the nursery and bring joy to the child who owns it.

TO obtain the attractive ready-to-work cot cover shown at right, send the coupons below with a postal note or cheque to "Cot Cover," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney. The price of the cover is £2/2/-.

The cot cover is made in drip-dry mercerised white cotton ready quilted on nylon padding and comes complete with the stamped applique patches that make the Humpty Dumpty figure, the cottons needed, and full directions for working it.

It measures 48in. by 35in., and it will fit a standard-sized cot of either 51in. by 25in. or 48in. by 35in.

The cover itself is printed with transfers that show exactly where to place the pieces that make the Humpty Dumpty figure. All you have to do is applique the pieces on with the cottons provided.

The cover is white with a screen-printed border in red. The delightful Humpty Dumpty figure has a yellow face, blue-and-white-striped trousers, blue vest, and a red-and-white-spotted bow-tie.

Because the material is mercerised cotton and the padding nylon, the cover is quick drying and most practical for nursery use. It can be washed over and over again and will stand up to years of hard wear.

Applique work means applying patches of material of a different color on a monotone background. It is very easy and quick to do and makes a most effective and attractive piece of handwork.

The white cover with its design of the well-loved nursery-rhyme figure of Humpty Dumpty will show applique work at its best and most artistic.

The white background of the cot cover and the gay cotton appliqued patches will set off any nursery color scheme.

In a nursery for two children, duplicate Humpty Dumpty covers on each cot would create a delightful effect and tie in the furnishing scheme of the whole room most effectively.

Make one or more for your nursery or as a very acceptable Christmas gift.

ORDER FORM

To: "Cot Cover," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please send me the Cot Cover.

I enclose cheque/postal notes to the value of £.....

Each cover with cottons is £2/2/-.

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If undelivered, please return to Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney

Inspired by our romantic TROPICAL Golden Circle Sundaes

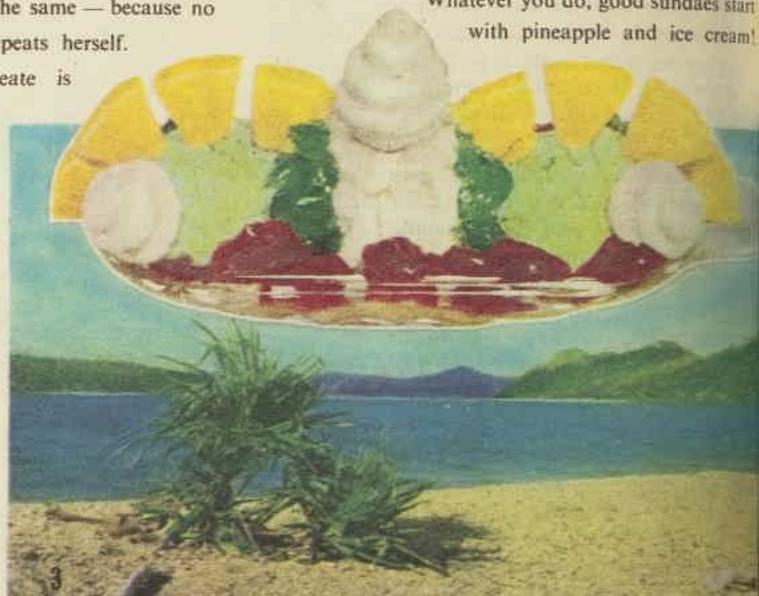


Island Romance

here are 8 ideas for the dessert that offers most scope for your own originality and artistic ability. No two Sundaes are ever the same — because no true artist ever quite repeats herself.

Each one you create is

an 'original' — and an enticingly gay and colourful way to serve vitamin-rich tropical pineapple. Whatever you do, good sundaes start with pineapple and ice cream!



Day Dreamer

View from Daydream Island, Great Barrier Reef, North Queensland



2

Sun Worshippers

1 Fill sundae dish close to rim with crushed pineapple. Place scoop vanilla ice cream in centre, surround with broken rainbow cake. Dust scoop with crushed nuts and decorate with palm tree of angelica strips on toothpick. To serve 6: One 15 oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE CRUSHED PINEAPPLE, 1 tray ice cream, garnishings.

Buchan's Point, Cook Highway, North Queensland

2 Fill parfait glass with alternate layers crushed pineapple, chopped marshmallows mixed with red jelly, and chocolate ice cream — finishing with jelly and pineapple. Top with swirl of cream and a cherry. To serve 6: One 15 oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE CRUSHED PINEAPPLE, 1 tray ice cream flavoured chocolate, one 1 pint red jelly. Garnishings.



4

3 Place 2 small scoops lime ice cream either side large scoop vanilla on crushed pineapple. Surround scoop with red and green jelly, decorate with pineapple pieces and button merengues. To serve 6: One 15 oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE CRUSHED PINEAPPLE, 2 trays ice cream — 1 vanilla, 1 lime, 2 one-pint jellies — 1 red, 1 green. Button merengues: 2 egg whites and half cup sugar make approx. 24. Garnishings.

4 Place scoop vanilla ice cream on pineapple pieces. Surround with red jelly. Dust ice cream with finely-chopped nuts then quickly press pieces of pineapple on ice cream to make pineapple 'skin'. Make to with angelica stripe. To serve 6: One 15 oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE PINEAPPLE PIECES (cut half-thickness for pineapple 'skin'), 1 tray ice cream, one 1 pint red jelly. Garnishings.

Smuggler's Surprise

Main Beach at South Molle Island, Great Barrier Reef, North Queensland

ISLANDS!



Moon Time

A view of Brampton Island,
Great Barrier Reef, North Queensland



Sea Jewels

A view of Royal Seaforth Island from Lindeman Island,
Great Barrier Reef, North Queensland

5 In parfait glass place alternate layers crushed pineapple, orange jelly and vanilla ice cream. Top with ice cream scoop 'crowned' with pineapple pieces, place cherry in centre and lace sides with angelica strips. To serve 6: One 15 oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE CRUSHED PINEAPPLE, 2 trays ice cream - vanilla, one pint orange jelly, garnishings.

6 Surround scoop of chocolate ice cream with mixture of chopped marshmallows, pineapple pieces, chopped orange jelly. Top with scoop of orange ice cream. Place 'fan' of wafer, top with swirl of cream, cherries, dusting of chipped toffee. To serve 6: One 15 oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE PINEAPPLE PIECES, two trays ice cream (one flavoured orange, one chocolate), one pint orange jelly.

Whispering Shells

View from Lindeman Island,
Great Barrier Reef, North Queensland

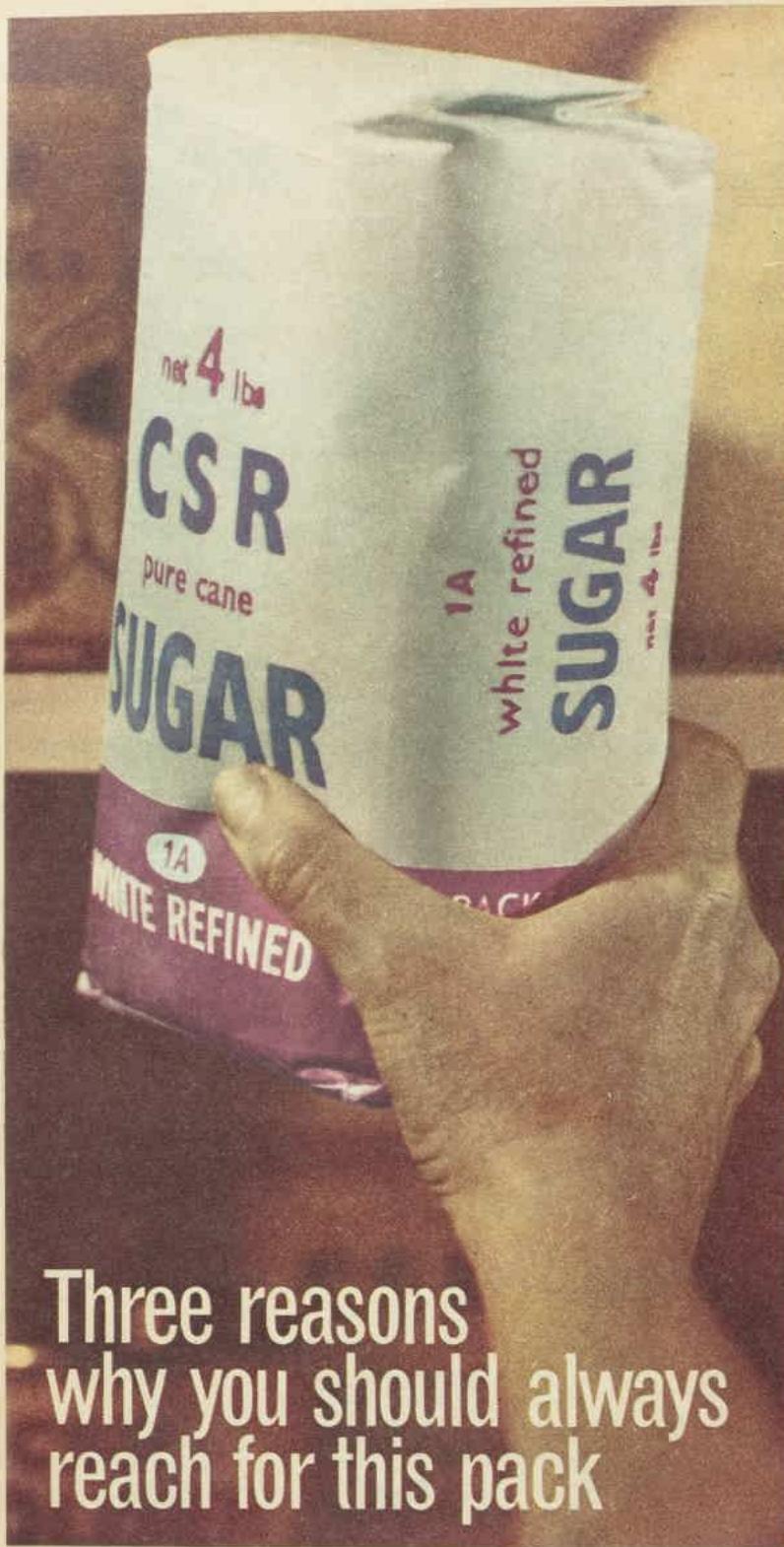


Little Islander

View on Green Island,
Great Barrier Reef, North Queensland

7 Spoon crushed pineapple into a shallow dish. Place large scoop strawberry ice cream in centre, surround with button meringue 'shells', dust over with green shredded coconut and place 'seagull' jube on top. To serve 6: One 15 oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE CRUSHED PINEAPPLE, 1 tray ice cream flavoured strawberry. Meringues: 2 egg whites, half cup sugar make approx. 24. Garnishings.

8 On mixture of broken macaroon and crushed pineapple place scoop of strawberry ice cream with currant eyes and cherry mouth. Make hat from chocolate biscuit with button meringue or cream swirl crown. Decorate shoulders with fudge buttons. To serve 6: One 15 oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE CRUSHED PINEAPPLE, six macaroons, one tray ice cream flavoured strawberry, one pint red jelly. Garnishings.



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CSR sugar in the new hygienic pack



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Louisiana Cookery

• Louisiana cookery is world-famous, and two things have helped to make its fame -- the abundance of inexpensive seafood and the general and expert use of herbs and other seasonings.

LOUISIANA'S Southern belles are gentle, gracious, and charming, as well as being rated among the best cooks in the world.

Instant meals, turned out of quick-frozen packets and loved by time- and labor-saving American housewives, haven't yet invaded this State in America's Deep South, where hours are still spent concocting dishes for families who would never be so insulting as to count their calories.

Hospitality is still a prized Southern virtue--just as it was in the lavish plantation days before the American Civil War--and guests are still as frequent and numerous as before.

However, the lavish and time-consuming recipes handed down from grandmothers and great-grandmothers, who nonchalantly whipped the whites of 20 eggs for a supper cake, have been adapted to the budgets of today.

Louisiana housewives still excel in preparing dishes of seafood, which is plentiful and cheap, and in the use of many types of seasonings.

Onions, garlic, bayleaves, celery, red, green, black, and cayenne peppers, parsley, thyme, shallots, basil, cloves, nutmeg, and allspice are combined in many ways.

They appear not only in the Creole dishes of New Orleans and the plantation cookery handed down from pre-Civil War South Louisiana, but in the recipes of the Red River Valley area in North Louisiana. Here the housewife has a wide heritage from which to draw--with French, Spanish, Irish, German, English, Scandinavian, and Italian influences adding to the kitchen customs.

Creole cooking is at its best round New Orleans, and it is the seasoning that makes it so distinctive.

The herbs are mixed in a roux, the basis of many Creole dishes, made by the careful browning of flour in melted butter or lard. With patient simmering the ingredients blend in a composite seasoning with a delicate flavor.

Creole cooking is at its glorious best in the preparation of seafood.

DISHES which feature herbs, spices, and other extras are typical of Louisiana-style cooking. Pictures by Barry Cullen.





JAMBALAYA LAFITTE
Lafitte is named after the 19th-century pirate whose exploits round the Gulf of Mexico brought him fame and fortune. Recipe below.

JAMBALAYA LAFITTE
 (Named after the 19th century pirate Jean Paul Lafitte.)

One tablespoon shortening, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 slice ham, diced (or use cooked chicken), 1lb. highly seasoned sausage, 1lb. shrimps cleaned and cooked (or use prawns), 1½ cups canned tomatoes, ½ cup chopped onion, ½ cup green onion tops, chopped, minced parsley and garlic to taste, 1 red pepper, salt and pepper to taste, 1 cup rice (long-grained if possible), 1½ cups water, 18 oysters.

Melt shortening in iron pan. Blend in flour and brown slightly. Add ham and brown. Mix in sausage, shrimps, and tomatoes. Cover and cook 20 minutes. Stir in remaining ingredients except oysters. Cook covered about 20 minutes or until rice is tender. Add oysters. Simmer until edges curl. Serves 8 to 12.

ASPARAGUS AND MUSHROOM CASSEROLE

Two cans green asparagus, 5 hard-boiled eggs (sliced), 1 small can peas, 2 cans whole button mushrooms, 2 tablespoons butter (slightly melted), juice of ½ lemon, ½ teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon sugar mixed together, toasted breadcrumbs, paprika, 2 tablespoons melted butter.

Grease casserole with butter. Drain asparagus, peas, and mushrooms. Slice eggs. Put layer of asparagus in bottom of casserole, then layer of sliced eggs, then layer of peas, then mushrooms. Sprinkle with 2 tablespoons melted butter, lemon juice, and mixture of salt and sugar. Repeat layers. Shake toasted breadcrumbs through sifter to cover top of casserole. Sprinkle with paprika, pour 2 tablespoons melted butter over all. Bake in 375-degree oven 15 minutes. Serves 8.

SHRIMPS A LA CREOLE

Four pounds shrimps (prawns), 4 green peppers, 1 tin Italian tomato paste, 1 bunch shallots or 1 large onion, ½ small clove garlic (sliced), ½ cup salad oil, 3 heaped tablespoons flour, salt and pepper to taste.

These quantities can be halved for a family-style dish.

Boil shelled shrimps (prawns) 5 minutes and drain. (Or use cooked prawns.) Use iron skillet (frying-pan). Make roux with the oil and flour. Brown well, add onions, brown slightly, put in shrimps, salt and pepper, stir round in roux and onions until each shrimp is coated with roux and none of the onions and roux stick to pan. At this point add tomato paste and chopped peppers. Stir round 15 minutes on moderate flame. After all the tomato paste is sticking to the shrimps pour 1 cup hot water in bottom of frying-pan, turn flame low. Cook 15 minutes more, then stir well and slowly add 3 or 4 cups of hot water. Cook over moderate flame 1 hour. If this method is used the rich brown gravy will cling to the shrimp, but if an ordinary stewing method is used the shrimps appear gravyless. Serve with hot rice. Serves 8.

SOUTHERN FRIED CHICKEN

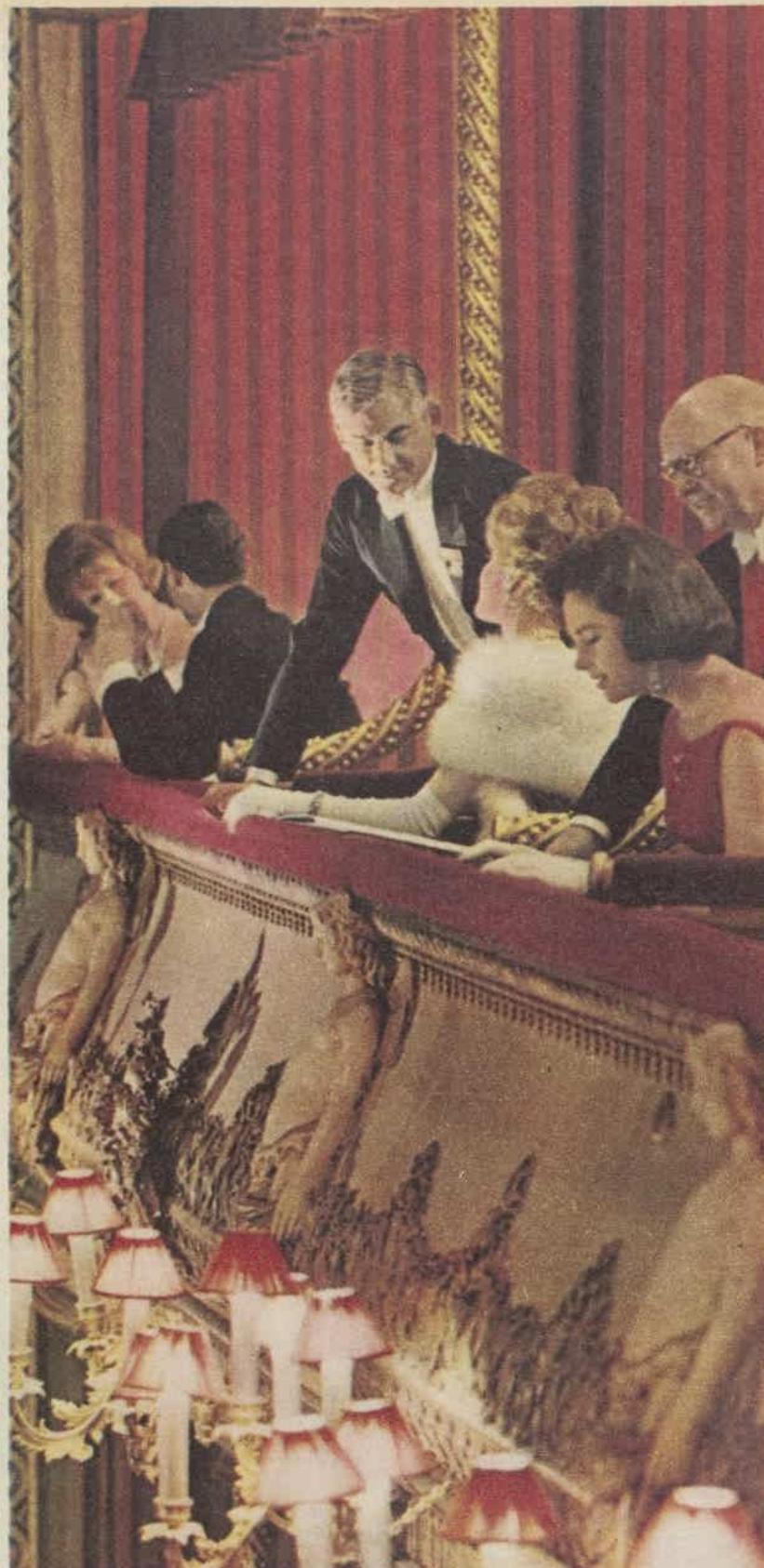
Two eggs, juice of 2 lemons, 1 cup flour, 2 cups milk, chicken pieces as required, extra seasoned flour, oil for frying.

Beat eggs, mix in lemon juice, flour, and milk to make batter. Salt and pepper the chicken pieces, dip pieces into batter, then into extra seasoned flour. Fry chicken pieces to a golden brown in at least 1½in. oil.

Serve with the following rice dish:

Southern Rice: Six or 8 chicken livers and gizzards, ½lb. minced meat, 2 large onions, 3 sticks celery, 3 or 4 cloves garlic, 1 green pepper, cayenne pepper, Worcestershire sauce, 2 cups rice.

Mince coarsely livers and gizzards with onions, celery, garlic, and green pepper. Sear all ingredients in bacon fat. Add a little water. Cook slowly. Season with salt, pepper, cayenne, and Worcestershire sauce. Cook 2 cups rice in usual way, mix with other ingredients, taste for seasoning, and simmer 15 minutes. Serves 8.



Encore for Our Man!

Our Man's evening is perfect. Between the Acts at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, his delight knows no bounds. The performance is brilliant; the orchestra superb. And among the many splendours of the auditorium his Sanderson wallpaper has never looked better.

In more ways than one, Sanderson papers and fabrics have a very special way with them. Their beauty is timeless; their quality supreme; their colours and designs as gay or

as subtle as you wish to have them. Quietly or *fortissimo*, they are always perfectly in tune—with your ideas and their own surroundings.

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OUR LETTERBOX FOR COOKS

● Here is a new service of interest to all housewives who meet with difficulties in their cooking and food preparation.

OUR Leila Howard Test Kitchen receives many letters from readers asking advice about cooking problems, kitchen equipment, unfamiliar ingredients in recipes.

Because the answers to these queries may help other readers, we will publish these letters and

our answers from time to time. Address your queries to Letterbox for Cooks, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Flan-tins

Here is a query about flan-tins from a Western Australian reader.

"My problem is a new recipe stating 'line a flan-tin with pastry.'

Not possessing such a tin, I searched for one in three stores and was offered three entirely different types. What I wish to know is: What size and shape is a flan-tin?"

A flan is an open shallow pastry-case for sweet or savory tarts. A flan-tin, in which the pastry-case is cooked, is similar in shape to a sandwich-tin, straight-sided but slightly shallower, and is obtainable in 6in. to 10in. sizes. The best type of flan-tin has a removable base so the side section can be easily slipped off for transferring the flan to plate and slicing.

A flan-ring is the circular side-piece which can be placed on a biscuit tray, thus forming a flan to bake the pastry-case.

Unfortunately, Australian kitchenware manufacturers make only the one-piece sloping-sided tins which do not allow the pastry slices to be cut and removed easily. Large stores rely on occasional arrivals of imported ware. Smaller stores would possibly be unable to obtain them.

A basic shortcrust or biscuit pastry which uses 4 to 6oz. flour would be sufficient for the 6in. or 7in. flan-tin; 6 to 8oz. would be



required for an 8in. or 9in. tin; and 10oz. for the 10in. size.

Pavlovas

A New South Wales reader asks: "What is the correct oven position and temperature for cooking pavlovas and meringue cakes? Everyone I make 'weeps' and after the cooking time is still very soft."

The correct amount of sugar (2oz. to each egg-white) is most important — otherwise the meringues are likely to be crystalline or collapse. After the whites are stiffly beaten, add the sugar gradually, making sure each tablespoon is well dissolved before adding the next.

For a three-to-four-egg pavlova a teaspoon of vinegar or $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of tartar will help to give substance and 1 dessert-spoon cornflour keeps the centre soft and marshmallow-like.

Meringues should be cooked at a very slow temperature in the coolest part of the oven for a long time—at least 1 to 1½ hours, depending on size. Then, if possible, leave meringue in oven with the door open. This prevents a sudden change of temperature, which may cause contraction and cracking.

Baking-soda

A Victorian reader asks:

"An American recipe book I have uses baking-soda and double-action baking-powder. Could you please tell me what these are?"

Baking-soda is bicarbonate of soda which is used as a raising agent in conjunction with acid phosphate or cream of tartar to darken such mixtures as fruit, chocolate, or honey cakes, etc. Double-action baking-powder promotes aeration when liquid is added and again on being subjected to heat.

If using Australian baking-powder, the same measurement gives a satisfactory result.

PRIZE RECIPE

THIS week's prize of £5 is awarded to Mrs. B. Foley, Wynnum Rd., Murarrie, Brisbane, for a delicious creamy rice sweet.

All spoon measurements are level.

APRICOT RICE CUSTARD

Half cup rice, 2 cups milk, 1 cup boiling water, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, 2 egg-yolks, canned or stewed apricot halves, hot caramel sauce (see below), 2 egg-whites, extra 2 tablespoons sugar.

Hot Caramel Sauce: 1 cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons milk.

Make sauce first. Place all sauce ingredients in saucepan, stir until boiling. Cook steadily 6 minutes. Keep warm by standing in saucepan of hot water until ready to use.

Wash rice well, cook in boiling salted water until water is absorbed. Add milk and sugar, cook gently until rice is soft, stirring occasionally. Add beaten egg-yolks, stir until thickened. Turn into greased individual dishes. Arrange apricot halves on top of rice, pour over hot caramel sauce. Make meringue by beating egg-whites stiffly, add extra sugar gradually. Spread or pipe over tops of sweets, lightly brown under griller (or in oven) just before serving.

Available in 2 oz. and 4 oz jars; 6 oz. and 8 oz. re-usable glasses; and 16 oz. and 32 oz. family size jars.



MADE BY KRAFT

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Happy vitality is what we all want in life . . . and Vegemite is the wonderful food source of vitality. Delicious on toast, in sandwiches and as a soup or gravy flavouring!

Here is the really pleasant way to make sure you get the fresh supply of Vitamin B you need every day. Vegemite is a pure, concentrated yeast extract, and yeast is nature's richest source of precious "B" group vitamins. Vegemite gives you Vitamin B1 for healthy nerves, B2 for firm body tissue, and Niacin for good digestion. Keep up your good health and vitality . . . keep up your Vegemite daily.

Spreads just right—tastes so bright

—keep up your **VEGEMITE**

READERS' HOUSEHOLD HINTS

- One guinea goes to each of the readers who sent in these household hints that save time and money.

TOUCH up chip marks or small scratches on the refrigerator with chalk (white or colored), then dab over with transparent nail lacquer. It can be wiped over when dry and will look well for weeks.—Mrs. R. Greed, 57 Gladstone St., Maryborough, Vic.

★ ★ ★
Rubber gloves are easy to remove after washing-up if you run the cold-water tap over the gloves on your hands for a few moments.—Mrs. S. Wilcox, 542 Sandgate Rd., Clayfield, Qld.

★ ★ ★
An easy way to repair frayed shirt cuffs is to cut across inside cuff about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. from edge. Remove $\frac{1}{2}$ in. of stiffened lining and frayed part, then turn under the outside edge and handstitch to inside. This keeps the folded-edge appearance while shortening cuff only a little more than the $\frac{1}{2}$ in.—Mrs. M. Barnett, 42 Oldham Crescent, Hilton Park, W.A.

★ ★ ★
To mend a torn garment invisibly, coat the tear thickly all round with egg-white. Lay a piece of matching material over tear on reverse side and press it firmly until egg-white makes it stick. Then press with fairly hot iron. This patch will stand washing and will not come off.—Mrs. M. D. Amos, c/o 130 Collins St., Hobart.

★ ★ ★
Pour eucalyptus oil over obstinate screws, nuts, and bolts, let stand a few minutes and you will find they turn quite easily.—Mrs. V. M. Jones, 7 Dell St., Blacktown, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★
Egg-yolks should set dead centre if they are to be sliced, so it is important to keep them completely covered with water while cooking. Keep eggs moving about with the aid of a spoon for the first two or three minutes.—Mrs. E. Alsop, 15 Rogers St., Goodwood Park, S.A.

★ ★ ★
Keep brown sugar from going hard by placing it in an airtight tin or jar with a couple of slices of apple skin.—Mrs. P. G. Burrell, Balkuiling, W.A.

★ ★ ★
If you do not have a back-stitcher on your sewing-machine and are hemming sheets, tea towels, and other linen, start and finish hems with a very small stitch—an inch each end is enough. The stitch will not come undone.—Mrs. B. Henley, Dunmore Terrace, Auchenflower, Qld.

★ ★ ★
Prevent the bottom crust of tarts from becoming soggy by painting with raw egg before filling and baking. The heat of the oven will harden the egg and prevent mixture from soaking into pastry.—Mrs. N. A. Rumbel, R.M.B., 120, Clarence Town, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★
Fill plastic bottles with water and leave them in the freezer the night before going on a picnic. Pack them between food in the picnic hamper and they will keep the food cool and fresh. When the ice melts, the water is still cold and can be used with cordial for drinks.—Mrs. C. Hammans, 35 Woodford St., One Mile Estate, Ipswich Qld.

★ ★ ★
Save aluminium foil soup packets for picnic or barbecue cooking. Each packet will hold two sausages and can be placed directly on the fire.—Mrs. R. Heath, 65 Broadmeadow Rd., Broadmeadow, Newcastle, N.S.W.

Brain cakes are greatly improved by a light sprinkling of cinnamon before being dipped in egg and breadcrumbs.—Mrs. M. Walker, 55 Melbourne St., Aberdare, Cessnock, N.S.W.

When next you stew apples, try adding a teaspoon of marmalade while the apples are still hot. It gives them a much-improved flavor.—Mrs. S. B. Edwards, 14 Rolfe St., Liverpool 6, England.

★ ★ ★
For extra flavor, add a small quantity of chopped chives when making mint sauce from freshly picked mint.—Mrs. L. Chappelow, Flat 2, 136 Crinan St., Hurstville Park, N.S.W.

EMBROIDERY TRANSFER



BRIDESMAID motif is from our Embroidery Transfer No. 222. Order from Needlework Dept., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price 2/-.

New from PUFFIN



Mint Julep... delicious candy mint cake from the southern states of America!

Now—for the first time—you can get true South'n-style flavour right into your baking when you make this delicious candy mint treat for your family. But more! Puffin Mint Julep Cake has real butter-cake richness and flavour because you blend in the goodness of fresh milk.

"The milk you add to the fine ingredients in Puffin Mint Julep Cake makes the difference," says Betty King, noted Home Economist. "You'll find this luscious new cake rises high to give a superbly light, moist texture. Bake your family a Puffin Mint Julep Cake today!"



Puffin
MINT JULEP

ALSO TRY PUFFIN ORANGE, LEMON COCONUT, VANILLA, CHOCOLATE, FUDGE MARBLE, AMERICAN BEAUTY AND CHERRY CAKES

Dress Sense

By BETTY KEEP

HERE is part of her letter, with my reply:

"I am anxious for your advice about some drip-dry fabric I have bought for summer. Do you think a sleeveless top and skirt would be smart and suitable? I will need a pattern for the style in S.S.W. fitting."

Very new and wonderfully cool for summer is the easy-fit two-piece

with sleeveless jacket illustrated below right. I hope you will like it sufficiently well to copy it. Details of how to order the pattern are under the illustration.

"Is the dress with a belt still being worn?"

Yes, the belted look has returned to fashion. The newest silhouette in this category has a belt at hip-level and the bodice bloused. The line was first reintroduced in Paris at the Dior spring collection.

"Is it necessary to take a formal evening frock on a northern cruise?"

Not really. You will change for dinner into a pretty, short-skirted cotton or silk dress. During the cruise there is sure to be some type of gala evening and for such an occasion it is pleasant to have something a little more formal to wear. A short-skirted party dress would be the perfect choice.

"Should a belt be worn with a dress made with a straight bodice that ends at the hips and then has a pleated skirt?"

Yes, but to be right in current fashion the belt should be worn at hip-level, where the bodice joins the skirt.

"What can I do to stop a straight, rather tight-fitting skirt from 'seating'?"

A lining will help retain the shape of a skirt and keep it from sagging.

"Please help me with my figure problem, which is a very short waist and over-large bust. The type of bra and girdle I wear leaves me with a roll of flesh."

Try wearing a long-line bra. It is good for a short waist and it will also give the necessary support to the large-bosomed figure.

"Does it look old-fashioned to wear a one-piece swimsuit? I haven't a very good figure and always feel a one-piece is best for me. Also could you advise me about colors?"

It certainly does not look old-fashioned. The one-piece is currently popular. Furthermore, numbers of the season's swimsuits are made in light-textured stretch fabrics, which stretch to fit and flatter the figure. Backs are deep and low for suntanning. Colors are brilliant and often mixed. They include orange, yellow, pink, and blue. White, too, is worn.

"What would be a suitable trim on a straight sheath made in a fine-weight lemon fabric? The frock is for summer daywear."

Lace or self ruffles are a sure sign of summer, and I suggest this trim for your lemon sheer.



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He raised his glass. "You've had no ill effects from yesterday?"

"None. Thank you."

He just looked at me and smiled.

"Is that funny?" I demanded.

"That depends on your sense of humor. It's just occurred to me that it's as well we aren't meeting for the first time today."

"Why?"

"You already know the worst. That should save us both a lot of wasted energy."

"I'm afraid I don't follow you."

"Just as well, my dear, since I've no inclination to lead you anywhere." He bowed like a Latin, walked over to Aunt Marcella, and devoted himself to her for the remainder of his visit.

Alone in my room later, I worked myself into a fury of indignation. Who did that idle layabout think he was? Heaven's gift to all women? I needed no warning from him!

Did I? Jeered a nasty little voice in my mind.

I refused to listen, wrote a long letter to Pete to get myself back to normal. Although his photograph was on the dressing-table it took effort to visualise him.

Aunt Marcella introduced me to dozens of her friends. They all had grandsons or great-nephews who bowed low over my hand and murmured sweet nothings about my being an English rose with the ease with which average Englishmen discuss the weather.

They invited Aunt Marcella to bring me to elegant formal parties that made me feel as if I had stepped fifty years back in time. They were uniformly polite, charming, and I never remembered their names or faces, or was annoyed by the convention that prevented any of them taking me out alone.

The only person I remembered was Paul Ross.

I lectured myself on Mediterranean madness, disloyalty to Pete. It was a fine lecture. It was a pity it did not stop me feeling I would not be able to breathe properly until I saw him again.

There seemed little chance of that. The next Wednesday Aunt Marcella told me she had had a letter from him regretting his inability to keep their usual engagement, as he had promised the village priest to escort two of the Sisters to the ancient city in the centre of the island.

"The first time he has missed his Wednesday lunch with me." Aunt Marcella looked more thoughtful than disappointed. "I must not be selfish, as the Sisters need him."

DID they have to need him today? Or did he choose to be needed because he resented my presence at the lunch table? I could not ask Aunt that, so I asked instead about the old city.

"An entrancing place, but one can only drive half the way there in the car. The remaining road is too steep and narrow for anything bigger than a donkey."

She suddenly beamed with inspiration. "I must ask Paolo to take you around a little. As he is an Englishman it will be correct for you to go with him alone.

"With the other young men I would have to chaperon you as I do to parties."

"I don't need to sight-see. I'm having a wonderful time."

She did not argue and I thought I had won. Two days later she informed me her good friend Paolo was calling for me after lunch.

I resisted the urge to put on my favorite tan cotton dress. My hand shook so badly when I was getting ready that I had to re-do my lips.

He was waiting for me in the hall. As we were alone he did not bother with a pretence of politeness.

"Haven't you got anything with sleeves? You won't be let into a cathedral like that." He looked at my legs. "And you'll need stockings."

"What about a yashmak?" I suggested coldly.

"With your legs and that tight skirt no one'll get as far as your face, my dear."

"I don't want to go out with you. Let's call it off."

"Can't be done. Your great-aunt has asked me to escort you and that's what I'm going to do."

I flushed. He leaned against the wall, folded his arms. "I've lived too long in the sun to be afraid of

Continuing . . . SARABAND IN THE SUN

from page 55

the light. And I'm too old at thirty-five to feel flattered by your attitude. Freud would have a word for it. I prefer to put it down to the well-known English notion that no Continental holiday is complete without a love affair. But as there are things worth seeing here, I'll show them to you for your aunt's sake. Go and change now."

I was too speechless with rage to do anything but obey. The tan was my only dress with sleeves. I felt as if I was putting on a sack. From his expression when I rejoined him, that was how I looked.

He had hired one of the few local cars. The young driver had a gay smile. "You call me Giuseppe, no? You wish I step on the gas?"

"The soil looks worked out."

"It is. And rain is as scarce as

other work, but this is where the islanders belong. They're never really happy anywhere else. Which goes for me, too." I felt his eyes watching me. "You'd better remember that, Aline."

"You are the most conceited man I have ever had the misfortune to meet."

He was unmoved. "Just honest, my dear. Another local habit I've caught."

The interior of the great cathedral was cool and blue as the depths of the sea after the glaring white afternoon outside.

He led me to a side cloister. "Come and meet my most locally famous predecessor," he said.

The stone effigy of the Crusader was very, very old, and the word "Henricus" was just visible on the worn inscription.

Paul murmured, "They still call him Henry the Englishman. He stopped off here on the way home, stayed twenty years until he died."

I expected that afternoon to be agony. It was wonderful, fascinating agony. Paul made the past come alive, and once he discovered I shared his interest he sheathed the sword of his patent hostility toward me—temporarily.

It was drawn out as we drove back. "Will you dare to tell your fiance how you've spent this day?"

I flushed with self-reproach. I had forgotten Pete for hours. "Of course!"

"Very admirable."

To page 66



"I'd like one of your little pillows' young lady!"

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If he had not said that I would never have mentioned him to Pete. In defiance, I wrote home that night. Pete's answer arrived a few days later. "That beachcombing character could be useful, sweetie. Keep track of him."

That suddenly made me want to weep with shame.

Paul, at my great-aunt's request, took me on other sightseeing outings. Each was more wonderful and more agonising than the last.

By the end of my second week I was so desperate that I suggested cutting short my holiday. "I'm getting worried about my job, Aunt Marcella."

Great-Aunt Marcella was in one of her vague moods. "You must do what you believe right, dear. But how I shall miss you. It has given me so much pleasure to have a young face about the house. Still, I am not going to be selfish."

After that, I had to stay.

Her other friends were intrigued by Paul's taking me around. "Such an odd man! Why does he have to dress like a fisherman when not visiting dear Marcella? Did you know he refuses to have anything to do with anyone else apart from the fisherfolk and peasants? He doesn't even trouble to answer invitations. How do you get on with him?"

I said, "Quite well, thank you," for my aunt's sake. I could not answer any of the other questions about him. He never discussed himself. When I tried to get Aunt Marcella to talk about him, she promptly turned vague and changed the subject.

My last week was vanishing fast. I hated the clock and myself.

Aunt Marcella's friends said they envied my return to civilisation. "You modern English girls lead such free, exciting lives."

Paul didn't speak when

Aunt Marcella said this at lunch on my last Wednesday. His quick grin showed the value he set on my freedom and excitement.

I would have loved to tell him how little it now meant to me; how being on the island had taught me I was only free to choose which office in which to work, only free to fall in love with the wrong man.

My aunt did not notice our silence. "Such a pity Aline has so little time left. I did hope she would be able to see the old city."

from page 65

city sat like a white crown on the crest of a hill. Paul broke his silence to say the only road ran up the other side of the hill. "We'd have to do an extra fifty miles to get round it."

I stopped for a moment's breath. "Who lives there now?"

"A good many locals who regard anything beyond this valley as a foreign country. Nuns. Priests. It's a good spot for peace. It started as a fort, grew into a city, flourished

Our donkey boy removed his charges, their hoofs clinking on the paving as they disappeared.

Paul said, "We'll rest until it cools a little, then look round."

"Is there a hotel?"

"One. Come on."

The hotel had a terrace lined with citrus trees and covered with a matting awning. It was quiet and cool. I collapsed gratefully in a long chair and sipped the fresh lime juice the owners' wife had brought us.

terribly sorry. If I'd known—I'd never have come up here. Did Aunt Marcella know?"

He nodded. "I'll get that glass."

I was deeply shocked for him and by my aunt. I could not conceive how she could have been so cruel. Then I remembered her age. Perhaps she had just forgotten.

He was back sooner than I expected. "Now we'll talk about you. When are you going to marry your young man?"

"I'm not sure. Can we skip it?"

"If you wish, Immortal to me." He reached for a citrus leaf, handed it to me. "Crush that in your hands, then smell it. Something else every good tourist should do."

He stretched out his long legs, fixed his hat over his face. "A couple of months from now in the cold damp of an English summer, most probably the one thing you'll remember about this island is the scent of the citrus."

We did not talk again for a long time and then only about abstract things like the books we had read and the plays I had seen.

It was a safe subject. I told him about my admiration for Robert Worth. He offered to let me have one of the earlier novels I had never read. "I'll bring it up tomorrow."

I clung to that when he said goodbye that night. So it was not quite goodbye yet.

It was. Aunt Marcella brought me a late breakfast in bed next morning, the promised book, and his good wishes for my return flight.

"Paolo has gone out in one of the fishing boats. He'll be gone two or three days."

I felt as if all the breath had been knocked out of me. "It was kind of him to remember this book. If I send it back to you, will you let him have it?"

"I don't think you need bother, dear. Most authors keep one copy of their own works. Oh!" Her hands flew to her face. "What have I let my foolish old tongue

To page 68



"A long trek in this heat, Mrs. Sherwood."

It was the first open objection I had heard him make to her.

"But so worthwhile. Couldn't you spare a day?"

He hesitated, then gave in. "I'll call for you at eight tomorrow morning, Aline. Got any rope-soled canvas shoes? You'll need 'em."

Paul was punctual and silent next morning. Giuseppe drove us for the first two hours. A donkey boy was waiting in the village where the road ended. I rode until the path grew too steep. Paul walked by me, still silent, leaving his donkey to potter amicably behind.

It was very hot. The old

for a few hundred years, began to die when the internal-combustion engine was born.

"It's not dead yet. The buildings and people take a lot of killing out here. It's only the flowers, youth, and love that bloom too fast and die young."

The unhappiness in his face kept me silent.

When we reached the city the paving-stones burned through my rope soles. The houses were built in Arab style, with grim, windowless walls facing the deserted streets.

Aunt Marcella had called it a beautiful place. It seemed to be more ominous than beauty ought to be.

"If this lime isn't the nectar of the gods, it ought to be."

He tilted his hat farther over his eyes. "My wife said that when she was here."

The glass slipped from my hand on to the paved terrace and the spilled lime juice began to dry at once in the sun.

"I didn't know you were married," I said.

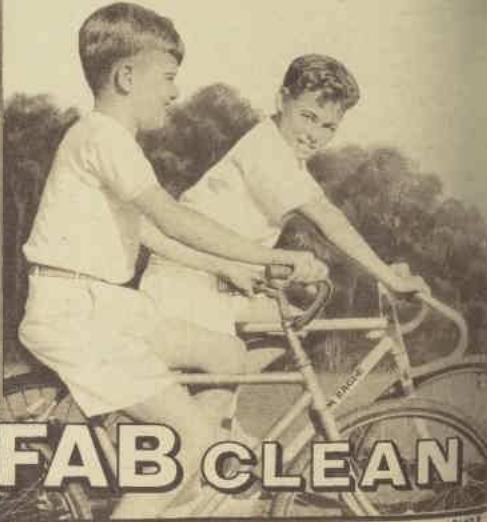
"I'm not. My wife's dead. She was killed in a car crash in England. Six years ago. We came here on our honeymoon." He stood up, picked up the glass. "I'll get you another."

I knew he had to be alone, but could not let him go just like that. "Paul, I'm so

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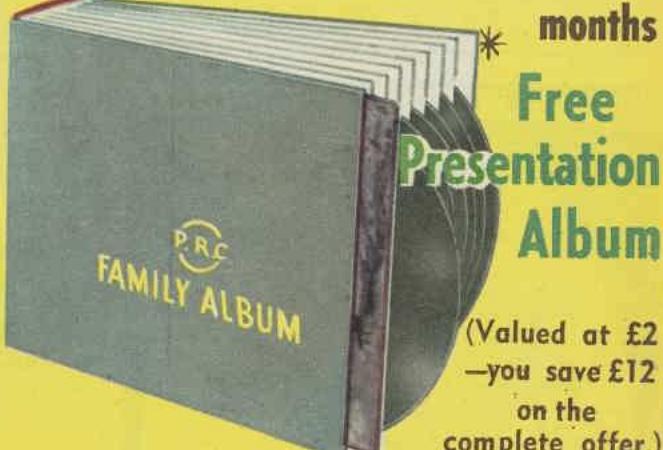
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Page 67

Do I make him out a bad man, my great-uncle—a forger, a lecher? He was not. When I knew him—long after—he was my favorite relative; thin, with a thin nose and streaks of white in his hair; rich, so important in an uncle; and full of unorthodox and suspect advice on how a 17-year-old should expend his time. There was a moment I was collecting first editions—what postures one assumes—and he gave me copy number 204 of Eliot's "Waste Land." I have it yet.

Paris was a problem. My great-uncle still had some money—be sure that however precipitous his exit from Rome, he took every cent he had with him—but the opportunities were different. Paris was a city of light. Bright light, sunlight. A copied Giorgione looked much more doubtful in Paris than it had in Rome—or probably even Pittsburgh. My great-uncle had to adjust. The question was, how?

At this moment a perhaps lucky thing happened. A rich young man named Edward Milton arrived in Paris with an introduction from my grandmother. I think she meant him no harm; I know she didn't, they remained lifelong friends, and besides, he was not interested in old masters.

No. Edward Milton was one of that peculiar band of Americans who liked modern art. I will not try to explain him, I will only envy him; he picked up, in just a few months, and for just a few dollars, enough examples of the School of Paris to keep

his descendants in comfort for a hundred years.

Anyway, my great-uncle quickly attached himself to Edward Milton. They made the rounds of the modern galleries together, and my uncle saw things he had never seen before. Braque, Matisse, Gauguin, Duffy; his eyes were opened. It was a new world.

But I am afraid I must say it was not a pleasant world for my uncle. He thought, on the whole, that these new painters were dreadful. Cubism, Fauvism: they were a denial of everything he loved and felt—and could sell.

Except, and here is the lucky thing, for one man—Renoir. Here was a respectable painter. His pictures were beautiful, they were understandable, they brought quite decent prices, and they looked as if, just possibly, they might be copied. My uncle began to look carefully at Renoir.

One thing I am afraid I have not made clear. My great-uncle wished, wholeheartedly, to be a painter in his own right. Forgery was not his ambition, it was his way of living, just as nowadays young painters turn out endless pseudo Utrillos of Paris streets and then with their stomachs satisfied return to their own abstractions.

All those years of struggle in Rome had had but one purpose: to teach him how to become a serious painter.

Well, Renoir was not as easy as he had looked at first. There was a certain difficulty in marrying those pinks and blues until they produced the effect desired.

Continuing . . . MY GREAT-UNCLE

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But my great-uncle worked and worked, and just about the time his Roman money ran out, he produced something saleable—a vase of peonies. He was delighted. For he knew that if he could once get the knack of Renoir, he would have easy sailing; he would not need old canvases or old frames or time for baking and ageing; the same canvases and paint that were used by Renoir could be used by him.

And there was another thing that was apparent to my great-uncle: Renoir was nothing if not banal—a

ous gesture. (You must have read of it—it appears in almost any book on Renoir.) He was shown the picture, he saw what it was, but instead of immediately denouncing it he began to ask questions about the artist.

He was told all that was known—the truth—that my great-uncle was a penniless American painting in Paris.

What got into the old man? I can do nothing but speculate. He was then

Could Renoir in some strange way have been flattered? Did he already suspect that his painting was a dead end, that he had founded no school, attracted no followers? Was he beginning to understand that Cezanne—that other painter—was having the most profound effect on European art of anyone since Giotto? And that he . . .?

Or was he merely having a joke on his zealous dealer, and the police? Or was he perhaps just kind? Who knows?

In any case he took the

they were painted with

Renoir transformed that coffee-pot and those lemons—or rather that lemon, for he painted one of them out—into a masterpiece.

And then—oh, I hope his laughter was as loud as I can hear it—he returned the picture to the agent of the Surete and told him to return it to my great-uncle. He said, and quite truthfully, that it was indeed a Renoir.

When, with a grudging apology from the police, my great-uncle's property was returned to him, he was not more relieved than he was amazed. Well, think.

Thunderstruck. He put the painting on an easel and stared at it for an hour. Possibly no artist has ever been taught such a lesson.

At last he did the only thing it was possible for him to do. He picked up a brush and in the lower right-hand corner he signed his own name.

It was his final act of painting. He never again touched a canvas after that moment. Quite soon he returned to America, and in a few months went to Detroit, where he got into the advertising business. It was in that that he made his money.

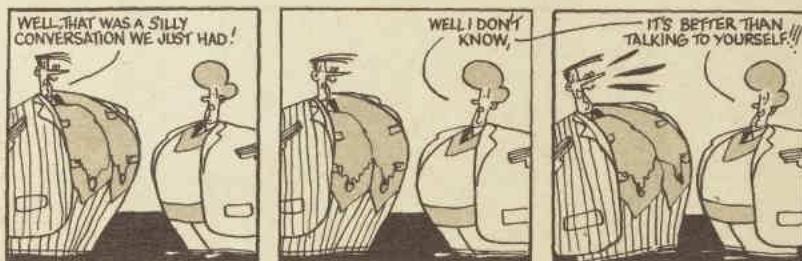
When my great-uncle died he left the painting to me. I used to have it in my living-room, but it was too much of a strain on my art-loving friends to appreciate a Renoir signed by my great-uncle. Now I have it in my bedroom where every morning when I wake up I can see it.

THE END

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



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vase of flowers, some oranges on a table, a girl with her foot in the water, a little patch of garden, these were his subjects. Anyone could think of them.

There was only one factor that my great-uncle did not think of: dealers. In Rome, Piero della Francesca had no dealer, nor had Titian or Guardi or Bellini, but in Paris Renoir had a dealer, a jealous one.

But for a while things went well. My great-uncle

seventy-one, secure, a master—perhaps he didn't care? That doesn't seem likely, artists are generally jealous of their work—I saw a letter from Matisse when he was eighty denouncing in violent language a forgery of his work.

picture, laid out his brushes, and began to paint over it.

The subject was usual enough: a coffee-pot, a cup and saucer, some folds of cloth, two lemons, and a knife. But the thing to remember about Renoir is this: if his subjects were banal,

Continuing . . .

SARABAND IN THE SUN

from page 66

say! I promised never to tell anyone."

I was utterly incredulous—for a very little while. Then the truth seemed as inevitable as my loving him from that first afternoon. "It doesn't matter my knowing now. I won't tell, or be seeing him again."

There was something I had to say, so I said it.

He was not hurt or puzzled. Only amused. "Darling, so what? A love affair is part of a good holiday."

"I didn't have a love affair, Pete."

He was not listening. "Who's the man? It wouldn't be by any splendid chance be that crazy Ross?"

"Why would that be splendid?"

He looked very pleased with himself. "I've been doing some checking up, sweetie. That name rang a bell. Did you discover who he really is?"

I nodded dumbly.

"My angel, use your head! That chap never gives interviews or even answers letters. It would have been superb luck if you could have persuaded him to let me fix someone to do an interview with him. See what I mean?"

"Yes." I saw exactly what he meant, what he was, and always had been. I did not blame him for that. Pete had never pretended anything mattered more than the job. Any pretence had been mine.

When I realised that, I at last began to feel a little better about what had happened.

I had a great deal to do. It was a couple of weeks before I wrote a long letter to Aunt Marcella telling her about my new job, telling her Pete and I were finished.

Her reply by airmail was disappointingly short.

It was pouring with rain that evening. I walked back to my flat from the Underground thinking of the scent of that citrus leaf.

A dark figure moved out of my doorway. "So you still take walks in spite of the elements, Aline."

I spun round, speechless.

Paul had the collar of his raincoat turned up; a soaking felt hat with the brim down all round; and he jerked the brim up from his eyes with his thumb in the way I remembered so well.

"I want to talk to you. Can we get out of this rain?"

I heard my voice say, "Of course. Come on up."

My flat was on the fourth floor. He said no more until I unlocked the door and we were in my hall.

"Your great-aunt lost her spectacles. She asked me to read her your letter." He put his hand on my shoulder. "Apart from the bit about your ex-fiance, there was not much in it I did not know already. I hope you don't mind my reading what you wrote her?"

"No. No."

"Or the way I've behaved to you? Pretending I did not know what was obvious from the first moment I saw you that afternoon in the village—that you belonged to me. And I to you."

Happiness had me by the throat. "On the island one man doesn't steal another's woman behind his back. Honor matters. I saw it mattered to you, too. I had to let you find out for yourself whether I was just a holiday infatuation or—your man. Your letter gave me the answer to that and so much else. I had wasted enough time. So I came to take you back with me where you belong."

And then he kissed me.

A long time later he raised his head. "Did you know your great-aunt owns three pairs of spectacles and can read perfectly without?"

(Copyright)

AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting October 17

ARIES

MAR. 21 - APR. 19
* Lucky number this week, 2.
* Gambling colors, green, tan.
Lucky days, Fri., Tuesday.

TAURUS

APR. 21 - MAY 19
* Lucky number this week, 7.
Gambling colors, tricolors.
Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.

GEMINI

MAY 21 - JUNE 19
* Lucky number this week, 7.
Gambling colors, tricolors.
Lucky days, Wed., Monday.

CANCER

JUNE 21 - JULY 19
* Lucky number this week, 7.
Gambling colors, tricolors.
Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.

LEO

JULY 23 - AUG. 22
* Lucky number this week, 2.
Gambling colors, mauve.
Lucky days, Thur., Monday.

VIRGO

AUG. 23 - SEPT. 22
* Lucky number this week, 3.
Gambling colors, tricolors.
Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.

LIBRA

SEPT. 24 - OCT. 22
* Lucky number this week, 1.
Gambling colors, orange, blue.
Lucky days, Fri., Monday.

SCORPIO

OCT. 24 - NOV. 22
* Lucky number this week, 5.
Gambling colors, grey, mauve.
Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.

SAGITTARIUS

NOV. 23 - DEC. 20
* Lucky number this week, 4.
Gambling colors, red, checks.
Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.

CAPRICORN

DEC. 21 - JAN. 19
* Lucky number this week, 1.
Gambling colors, pink, orange.
Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

AQUARIUS

JAN. 20 - FEB. 18
* Lucky number this week, 3.
Gambling colors, mauve, grey.
Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.

PISCES

FEB. 19 - MAR. 19
* Lucky number this week, 3.
Gambling colors, mauve, green.
Lucky days, Thur., Friday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

Continuing . . . THE GOLDEN RENDEZVOUS

from page 26

Susan came in. She said, abnormally calm: "It suits you very well. Jacket's a bit tight, though."

"It's a damn' sight better than parading about the upper deck in the middle of the night wearing a white uniform. Where's this black dress you spoke of?"

"Here." She pulled it out from the bottom blanket.

"Thanks." I caught the hem of the dress between my hands, glanced at her, saw the nod, and ripped, a dollar a stitch, I tore out a rough square, folded it in a triangle and tied it round my face, just below the level of my eyes. Another few rips, another square and I had a knotted cloth covering head and forehead until only my eyes showed. The pale glimmer of my hands I could always conceal.

"Tear off a piece for me while you're at it. I'm coming with you." She gestured at her clothes, the navy-blue sweater and slacks. "It wasn't hard to guess what you wanted Daddy's suit for. You don't think I changed into those for nothing?"

"I don't suppose so." I tore off another piece of cloth. "Here you are. I hobbled back to the sick-bay, Susan following.

"Where's Miss Beresford going?" Marston demanded sharply. "Why is she wearing that hood?"

"She's coming with me," I said. "So she says."

"Going with you? She'll get herself killed."

"It's likely enough," I agreed. "But, as the bosun says, what's a couple of days early? I need another pair of eyes, somebody who can move quickly and lightly to reconnoitre, above all a lookout. Let's have one of your torches, Doctor."

He sighed and turned away. MacDonald beckoned me.

"Sorry I can't be with you, sir, but this is the next best thing." He pressed a sea-

man's knife into my hand, wide-hinged blade on one side, shackle-locking marline-spike on the other: the marline came to a needle point. I hefted the knife, saw Susan staring at it, her green eyes wide.

"You—you would use that thing?"

"Stay behind if you like. The torch, Dr. Marston."

I pocketed the flash, kept the knife in my hand, and passed through the surgery door. I didn't let it swing behind me, I knew Susan would be there.

THE sentry, sitting wedged into a corner of the passage, was asleep. His automatic carbine was across his knees. It was an awful temptation, but I let it go.

A sleeping sentry would call for a few curses and kicks; but a sleeping sentry without his gun would start an all-out search of the ship.

It took me two minutes to climb up two companionways to the level of "A" deck. Nice wide flat companionways, but it took me two minutes. My left leg was very stiff, very weak, and didn't respond at all to auto-suggestion when I kept telling myself it was getting less painful by the minute; besides, the Campari was pitching so violently now that it would have been a full-time job for a fit person to climb upwards without being flung off.

We were heading roughly 20 degrees east of north, and the wind blowing from dead ahead. That meant the hurricane was roughly to the east of us, with a little soothsaying, still keeping pace with us, travelling roughly north-west, a more northerly course than was usual; and the Campari and the hurricane were on more of a collision course than ever. If Carreras kept

on his present course at his present speed, everybody's troubles, his as well as ours, would soon be over.

At the top of the second companionway I stood still for a few moments to steady myself, took Susan's arm for support, then lurched aft in the direction of the drawing-room, twenty feet away. I'd hardly started when I stopped. Something was wrong.

Even in my fuzzy state it didn't take long to find out what was wrong. On a normal night at sea, the Campari was like an illuminated Christmas tree: tonight, every deck light was off. Another example of Carreras taking no chances. But it suited me well enough. We staggered on, making no attempt to be silent. With the shriek of the wind and the thunderous drumming of the torrential rain no one could have heard us a couple of feet away.

The smashed windows of the drawing-room had been roughly boarded up. I pressed my face close to the boards and peered through one of the cracks.

One minute there and I'd seen all I wanted to see, and it didn't help me at all. The passengers were all herded together at one end of the room. A more miserably seasick collection of millionaires I had never seen in my life. In one corner I saw some stewards, cooks, and engineer officers, including McIlroy, with Cummings beside him: seaman's branch apart, it looked as if every off-duty man was imprisoned there with the passengers. Carreras was economising on his guards; I could see only two of them, hard-faced, unshaven characters with a tommy-gun apiece.

Two minutes later we were outside the wireless office. No one had challenged us, the decks were entirely deserted.

The wireless office was in darkness. I pressed one ear to the metal of the door,

closed a hand over the other ear to shut out the storm, and listened as hard as I could. Nothing. I placed a gentle hand on the knob, turned and pushed. The door didn't budge a fraction of an inch. I eased my hand off the doorknob.

"What's the matter?" Susan asked. "Is—"

That was as far as she got before my hand closed over her mouth, not gently. We were fifteen feet away from that door before I took my hand away.

"That door is locked by a padlock," I said. "From the outside. We put a new one there yesterday morning. It's no longer there. Somebody has shut the catch on the inside. I've no right to do this. But I must. I'm desperate. I want you to be a stalking horse — help get that character out of there."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Good girl." I squeezed her arm. "Knock at the door. Pull that hood off and show yourself at the window. He'll

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Continuing . . . THE GOLDEN RENDEZVOUS

from page 69

almost certainly switch on a light or flash a torch, and when he sees it's a girl — well, he'll be astonished, but not scared. He'll want to investigate."

"And then you—you—with only a clasp-knife." The tremor in the voice was unmistakable. "You're very sure of yourself."

"I'm not sure at all. But if we don't make a move until we're certain of success we might as well jump over the side now."

"What are you going to do? Once you get inside?"

"Send an SOS on the distress frequency. Warn every vessel within listening range that the Campari has been seized by force and is intending to intercept a bullion-carrying vessel at such and such a spot. Within a few hours everyone in North America will know the situation. That'll get action, all right."

She was silent for a moment, then went on so softly that I could hardly hear her above the storm: "You said everybody would know the set-up within a few hours. The two radio operators Carreras has planted on the Ticonderoga will know immediately. They will immediately radio the news back to the Campani, to Carreras."

"After I'm finished in the wireless office no one will ever be able to send or receive on that set again."

"All right. So you'll smash it up. That itself would be enough to let Carreras know what you've done. Everybody will know, you say. That means that the generalissimo and his government will know also: and then all the stations on

the island will do nothing but keep up a non-stop broadcast of the news. Carreras is bound to hear it on another receiver."

I said nothing. Her mind was working about ten times as quickly and clearly as mine.

She went on: "So, as soon as Carreras picks up the news of your SOS, he gets rid of all the witnesses — permanently — sheers off, tranships to this other vessel that's waiting, and that's that."

My mind felt dull and heavy and tired, my body even more so. I tried to tell myself it was just the drug Marston had pumped into me,

but it wasn't that, the sense of defeat is the most powerful opiate of all. I said, hardly knowing what I was saying: "It all seemed such a good idea when MacDonald and I worked it out, Susan."

"I'm sorry." She caught my right hand in both of hers and held it tight. "I'm truly sorry, Johnny."

"Where did you get this Johnny business from?" I mumbled.

"I like it. What's good enough for Captain Bullen — your hands are like ice!" she exclaimed softly. "And you're shivering." Gentle fingers pushed up under my hood. "And your forehead is burning. Come on back down to the sick-bay, Johnny. Please."

"Don't nag at me, woman." I

pushed myself wearily off the ventilator. "Come on."

"Where are you going?" She was quickly beside me, her arm in mine, and I was glad to hang on.

"Cerdan. Our mysterious friend Mr. Cerdan. Do you realise that we know practically nothing about Mr. Cerdan—except that he seems to be the one who lies back and lets others do all the work? Carreras and Cerdan — they seem to be the king-pins, and maybe Carreras isn't the boss after all. But if I could shove either of those men into the drawing-room ahead of me and threaten the two guards with his death if they didn't drop their guns, I rather think they would. With two machine-guns and all the men in there to help I could do a lot on a night like this. I'm not crazy, Susan, just desperate, like I said."

"You can hardly stand."

"That's why you're here. To hold me up. Carreras is out of the question. He'll be on the bridge and that'll be the most heavily guarded place on the ship, because it's the most important place. Come on. We're too exposed here."

A minute later we were down on "A" deck, crouched against a bulkhead. I said, "Finesse will get us nowhere. I'm going into the central passageway, straight into Cerdan's cabin. I'll stick my hand in my pocket, pretend I have a gun. Stay at the entrance to the passageway, warn me if anyone comes."

"He's not in," she said. We were standing at the starboard end of the accommodation, just outside Cerdan's sleeping cabin. "He's not at home. There's no light on."

"The curtains will be drawn," I said impatiently. "The ship's fully darkened, I'll bet Carreras hasn't even got the navigation lights on. We shrank against the bulkhead as a lightning flash reached down from the darkened clouds, seemed almost to dance on the tip of the Campari's mast. "I won't be long."

"Wait!" She held me with both hands. "The curtains aren't drawn. That flash—I could see everything inside the cabin."

"You could see—" For some reason I'd lowered my voice almost to a whisper. "Anyone inside?"

"I couldn't see all the inside. It was just for a second."

I STRAIGHTENED, pressed my face hard against the window, and stared inside. The darkness in the cabin was absolute—absolute, that is, until another forked finger of lightning lit up the entire upperworks of the Campari once more. Momentarily, I saw my own hooded face and staring eyes reflected back at me in the glass, then exclaimed involuntarily: for I had seen something else again.

"What is it?" Susan demanded huskily. "What's wrong?"

"This is wrong." I fished out Marston's torch, hooded it with my hand and shone it downwards through the glass.

The bed was up against the bulkhead, almost exactly beneath the window. Cerdan was lying on the bed, clothed and awake, his eyes staring up as if hypnotised by the beam of the torch. Wide eyes, staring eyes. His white hair was not just where his white hair had been; it had slipped back, revealing his own hair beneath.

Black hair, jet black hair, with a startling streak of iron-grey almost exactly in the middle. Where had I seen somebody with hair like that? When had I ever heard of somebody with hair like that? All of a sudden, I knew it was "when" not "where"; I knew the answer. I switched off the light.

"Cerdan!" There was shock and disbelief and utter lack of comprehension in Susan's voice. "Cerdan! Bound hand and foot and tied to his bed so that he can't move an inch. Oh, Johnny, what does it all mean?"

"I know what it all means." No question now but that I knew what it all meant, and I wished to heaven I didn't. I'd only thought I'd been afraid before, the time I had only been guessing. But the time for guessing was past. I knew the truth now and the truth was worse than I had ever dreamed. I fought

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down the rising panic and said steadily through dry lips: "Have you ever robbed a grave, Susan? I'm not mad. But I'm not joking. And I hope to heaven that grave's not empty." I caught her arm to lead her away, and as I did the lightning flashed again and her eyes were wild and full of fear. I wondered what mine looked like to her.

What with the darkness, my bad leg, the intermittent lightning, the wild rearing, wave-top staggering and plunging of the Campari and the need to use the greatest caution all the way, it took us a good fifteen minutes to reach number four hold, far back on the after-deck. And when we got there, pulled back the tarpaulin, loosened a couple of battens, and peered down into the near-Stygian depths of the hold, I wasn't at all sure that I was glad that we had come.

Along with several tools, I'd fished an electric lantern from the bosun's store on the way there, and though it didn't give off much of a light it gave off enough to let me see that the floor of the hold was a shambles. I'd secured for sea after leaving Carraci, but I hadn't secured for a near-hurricane, for the excellent reason that whenever the weather was bad the Campari had invariably run in the other direction.

But now Carreras had taken us in the wrong direction and he either hadn't bothered or forgotten to secure for the worsening weather conditions. Forget-

Not the least frightening

Continuing . . . THE GOLDEN RENDEZVOUS

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ten, almost certainly: for number four hold presented a threat, to say the least, to the lives of everybody aboard, Carreras and his men included. At least a dozen heavy crates, the weight of one or two of which could be measured in tons, had broken loose and were sliding and lurching across the floor of the hold with every creak-screwing pitch of the Campari, alternately crashing into the secured cargo aft or the bulkhead forward.

JUST let the motion of the Campari change from pitching to rolling, especially as we neared the centre of the hurricane, and the massive deadweights of those sliding crates would begin to assault the sides of the ship. Buckled plates, torn rivets, and a leak that couldn't be repaired would be only a matter of time.

To make matters worse, Carreras' men hadn't bothered to remove the broken splintered sides of the wooden crates in which they and the guns had been slung aboard: they, too, were sliding about the floor with every movement of the ship, being continually smashed and becoming progressively smaller in size as they were crushed between the sliding crates and bulkheads, pillars, and fixed cargo.

Not the least frightening

part of it all was the din, the almost continuous metallic screech as iron-banded cases slid over steel decks, a scream that invariably ended, predictably yet always unexpectedly, in a jarring crash that shook the entire hold as the crates brought up against something solid. And every sound in that echoing, reverberating, emptily cavernous hold was magnified ten times.

I gave the electric lantern to Susan, after shining it on a vertical steel ladder tapering down into the depths of the hold.

"Down you go," I said. "For heaven's sake, hang on to that ladder. There's a baffle about three feet high at the bottom of it. Get behind it. You should be safe there."

I watched her climb slowly down, manoeuvred two of the battens back into place over my head—no easy job with one hand—and left them like that. Maybe they would be jarred loose, they might even fall down into the hold. It was a chance I had to take, they could only be secured from above. And the covering tarpaulin could also only be secured from above. There was nothing I could do about that, either.

I went down the hatch slowly, awkwardly, painfully, and joined Susan on the floor behind the baffle. At this level the noise was redoubled, the sigh of those head-high behemoths of crates charging across the hold more terrifying than ever. Susan said: "The coffins. Where are they?" All I had told her was that I wanted to examine some coffins: I couldn't bring myself to tell her what we might find in them.

"They're boxed. In wooden crates. On the other side of the hold."

"The other side!" She twisted her head, lined up the lantern and looked at the sliding wreckage and crates screeching and tearing their way across the floor. "The other side! We would—we would be killed before we got half-way there."

"Like enough, but I don't see anything else for it. Hold on a minute, will you?"

"You! With your leg! You can't even hobble. Oh, no!" Before I could stop her she was over the baffle and half running, half staggering across the hold, tripping and stumbling as the ship lurched and her feet caught on broken planks of wood, but always managing to regain balance, to stop suddenly or dodge numbly as a crate slid her way. She was agile, I had to admit, and quick on her feet: but she was exhausted with sea-sickness, with bracing herself for the past hours against the constant violent lurching of the Campari. She'd never make it.

But make it she did, and I could see her on the other side flashing her torch around. My admiration for her spirit was equalled only by my exasperation at her actions. What was she going to do with those boxed coffins when she found them: carry them back across the floor, one under each arm?

But they weren't there, for after she had looked everywhere she shook her head. And then she was coming back and I was shouting out a warning, but the warning stuck in my throat and was only a whisper and she wouldn't have heard it anyway. A plunging, careening crate, propelled by a sudden

vicious lurch as the Campari plunged headlong into an exceptional trough, caught her back and shoulder and pitched her to the floor, pushing her along before its massive weight as if it were imbued with an almost human—or inhuman—quality of evil and malignance and determined to crush the life out of her against the forward bulkhead. And then, in the last second before she would have died, the Campari straightened, the crate screeched to a halt less than a yard from the bulkhead and Susan was lying there between the crate and bulkhead, very still. I must have been at least fifteen feet away from her, but I have no recollection of covering the distance from the baffle to where she lay and then back again, but I must have done, for suddenly we were there in the place of safety and she was clinging to me as if I were the last hope left in the world.

"Susan!" My voice was hoarse, a voice belonging to someone else altogether. "Susan, are you hurt?"

She clung even closer. By some miracle she still held the lantern clutched in her right hand. It was round the back in my neck somewhere but the reflected beam from the ship's side gave enough light to see by . . .

"I'm not hurt." She gave a long tremulous sigh that was more shudder than sigh. "I was just too scared to move." She eased her grip a trifle, looked at me with green eyes enormous in the pallor of her face, then buried her face in my shoulder. I thought she was going to choke me.

IT didn't last long, fortunately. I felt the grip slowly easing, saw the beam of the lantern shifting, and she was saying in an abnormally matter-of-fact voice: "There they are."

I turned round and there, not ten feet away, they were indeed. Three coffins—Carreras had already removed the cases—and securely stowed between baffle and bulkhead and padded with tarpaulins, so that they could come to no harm.

"That saves me some trouble." My voice was almost back to normal. I took the hammer and chisel I'd borrowed from the bosun's store and let them drop. "This screwdriver will be all I need. We'll find two of those with what's normally inside them. Give me the lantern and stay there. I'll be as quick as I can."

"You'll be quicker if I hold the lantern." Her voice matched my own in steadiness, but the pulse in her throat was going like a trip hammer. "Hurry, please."

I was in no way to argue. I caught the foot of the nearest coffin and pulled it toward me so that I could have room to work. It was jammed. I slid my hand under the end to lift it and suddenly my finger found a hole in the bottom of the coffin. And then another. And a third. A lead-lined coffin with holes bored in the bottom of it. That was curious, to say the least.

When I'd moved it far enough out, I started on the screws. They were brass and very heavy, but so was the screwdriver I'd taken from MacDonald's store. I had the

coffin lid off in no time at all.

Beneath the lid was not the satin shrouds of silks I would have expected, but a filthy old blanket. In the generalissimo's country, perhaps, their customs with coffins were different from ours. I pulled off the blanket and found I was right. Their customs were, on occasion, different. The corpse, in this case, consisted of blocks of amatol—each block was clearly marked with the word, so there was no mistake about it—a primer, a small case of detonators, and a compact square box with wires leading from it, a timing device, probably.

Susan was peering over my shoulder. "What's amatol?"

"High explosive. Enough here to blow the Campari apart."

She asked nothing else. I replaced the blanket, screwed on the lid, and started on the

next coffin. This, too, had holes in the underside, probably to prevent the explosive sweating. I removed the lid, looked at the contents and replaced the lid. Number two was the duplicate of number one. And then I started on the third one. The one with a plaque. This would be the one.

The plaque was heart-shaped and read with impressive simplicity: "Richard Hoskins. Senator." Impressive enough to ensure its reverent transportation to the United States. I removed the lid with care, gentleness and as much respectful reverence as if Richard Hoskins actually were inside, which I knew he wasn't.

Whatever lay inside was covered with a rug. I lifted the rug gingerly, Susan brought the lantern nearer, and there it lay, cushioned in blankets and cotton-wool. A polished aluminium cylinder, 75 inches in length, 11 inches in diameter, with a whitish

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 24, 1962

HEADLINES ON HAIR CARE

by Anne Bryant

HAIR BEAUTY ADVISOR



There's a bright gleam in fashion's eye this spring. Designers are showing real zeal in the new styles, there's a lively zing in the new season's colours and a gay zest in the new fashion trends generally. So it's time to whisk yourself out of your dreary winter doldrums, and be a beautiful part of the spring scheme!

If you haven't yet discovered the thrill of trying a new hair colour, this is the very first step to take towards your brand new look for spring. The wonderful way to set off the spark that brings alive your own natural hair beauty is with L'Oreal of Paris Color-Glo, the only hair colouring which is so easy, so effortless and so rewarding. And Color-Glo has many lovely advantages — it looks exquisitely natural, lasts through several shampoos, doesn't rub off or stain, and leaves your hair feeling like silk.



It's almost unbelievable what a difference fifteen minutes can make (that's all the time it takes to transform your hair with Color-Glo), and you just can't make a mistake, because it's as easy to use as a shampoo.

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With any type of hair colouring, it is important to use a soapless shampoo, as other shampoos leave a film on the hair and prevent perfect colour penetration. I always recommend L'Oreal Shampoo, which is made to the original French formula and guaranteed soapless — a perfect partner-in-beauty for Color-Glo. You'll find Color-Glo and L'Oreal Shampoo at all pharmacies, hairdressers and selected stores.

If you have any hair beauty problems, why not write and tell me about them? Enclose a 2 inch snippet of your hair if you'd like my suggestions on the Color-Glo shade you should use.



Sincerely
Anne Bryant

Marigny/L'Oreal Advisory
Bureau, 4th Floor, 177 Collins
Street, Melbourne.

CG3

Pyroceram nose-cap. Just lying there, there was something frightening about it, something unutterably evil: but perhaps that was just because of what was in my own mind.

"Oh, Johnny, what in the world is it?"

"The Twister."

"Oh, no! This—this atomic device that was stolen in South Carolina." She rose unsteadily to her feet and backed away.

"It won't bite you," I said. I didn't feel too sure about that, either. "The equivalent of five thousand tons of T.N.T. Guaranteed to blast any ship on earth into smithereens, if not actually vaporise. And that's just what Carreras intends to do."

"When he gets the gold from the Ticonderoga and transports it to this vessel he has standing by, he's going to blow up the Campari with— with this?"

Continuing . . . THE GOLDEN RENDEZVOUS

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"There is no ship standing by, there never was. When he has loaded the gold aboard, the kind-hearted Miguel Carreras is going to free all the passengers and crew of the Campari and let them sail off in the Fort Ticonderoga.

"As a further mark of his sentimentality and kindness he's going to ask Senator Hoskins here and his two presumably illustrious companions to be taken back for burial in their native land. The captain of the Ticonderoga would never dream of refusing—and, if it came to that, Carreras would make certain that he damn' well didn't refuse. See that?" I pointed to a panel near the tail of the Twister.

"Don't touch it!" If you can

imagine anyone screaming in a whisper, then that's what she did.

"I wouldn't touch it for all the money in the Ticonderoga," I assured her fervently. "I'm even scared to look at the damn' thing. Anyway, that panel is almost certainly a timing device which will be pre-set before the coffin is transhipped. We sail merrily on our way, hell-bent for Norfolk, the Army, Navy, Air Force, F.B.I. and what have you—for Carreras' radio stooges aboard the Ticonderoga will make good and certain that the radios will be smashed and we'll have no means of sending a message.

"Half an hour, an hour after

leaving the Campari—an hour, at least, I should think, even Carreras wouldn't want to be within miles of an atomic device going up—well, it would be quite a bang."

"He'll never do it—never."

"Why do you think they stole the Twister and made it appear as if Dr. Slingsby Caroline had lit out with it? From the very beginning it was with the one and only purpose of blowing the Fort Ticonderoga to kingdom come. So that there would be no possibility of any come-back, everything hinged on the total destruction of the Ticonderoga and everyone aboard it, including passengers and crew of the Campari.

"Maybe Carreras' two fake radio men could have smuggled explosive aboard—but it would be quite impossible to smuggle enough to ensure complete destruction. He couldn't sink it by gunfire—a couple of shots from a moderately heavy gun and the Campari's decks would be so buckled that the guns would be useless—and even then there would be bound to be survivors. But with the Twister there will be no chances of survival."

"Carreras' men," she said slowly. "They killed the guards at the atomic research establishment?"

"What else? And then forced Dr. Caroline to drive out through the gates with themselves and the Twister in the back. The Twister was probably en route to their island, by air, inside an hour, but someone drove the brake wagon down to Savannah before abandoning it. No doubt to throw suspicion on the Campari, which they knew was leaving Savannah that morning. I'm not sure why, but I would take long odds it was because Carreras, knowing the Campari was bound for the Caribbean, was reasonably sure that she would be searched at her first port of call, giving him his opportunity to introduce his bogus Marconi-man aboard."

W

ILE I had been talking I'd been studying two circular dials inset in the panel on the Twister. Now I spread the rug back in position and started to screw the coffin lid back in position. For a time Susan watched me in silence, then said wonderingly: "Mr Cerdan, Dr. Caroline. The same person. It has to be the same person. I remember now. At the time of the disappearance of the Twister it was mentioned that only one or two people so far knew how to arm the Twister."

"He was just as important to their plans as the Twister. Without him, it was useless. Poor old Doc Caroline has had a rough passage, I'm afraid. Not only kidnapped and forced to do as ordered, but knocked about by us also, the only people who could have saved him. Under constant guard by those two thus disguised as nurses. He bawled me out of his cabin first time I saw him, but only because he knew that his devoted nurse, sitting beside him with her dear little knitting bag on her lap, had a sub-machine-gun inside it."

"But—but why the wheelchair? Was it necessary to take such elaborate—"

"Of course it was. They couldn't have him mingling with the passengers, communicating with them."

"It helped conceal his unusual height. And it also gave them a perfect reason to keep a non-stop radio watch on incoming messages. He came to your father's cocktail party because he was told to—the coup was planned for that evening and it suited Carreras to have his two armed nurses there to help in the take-over. Poor old Caroline. That dive he tried to make from his wheel-chair when I showed him the earphones wasn't made with the intention of getting at me at all—he was trying to get at the nurse with the sub-machine-gun, but Captain Bullen didn't know that, so he laid him out."

I tightened the last of the screws and said: "Don't breathe a word of this back in the sick-bay—the old man talks non-stop in his sleep—or anywhere else. Not even to your parents. Come on. That sentry may come to any minute."

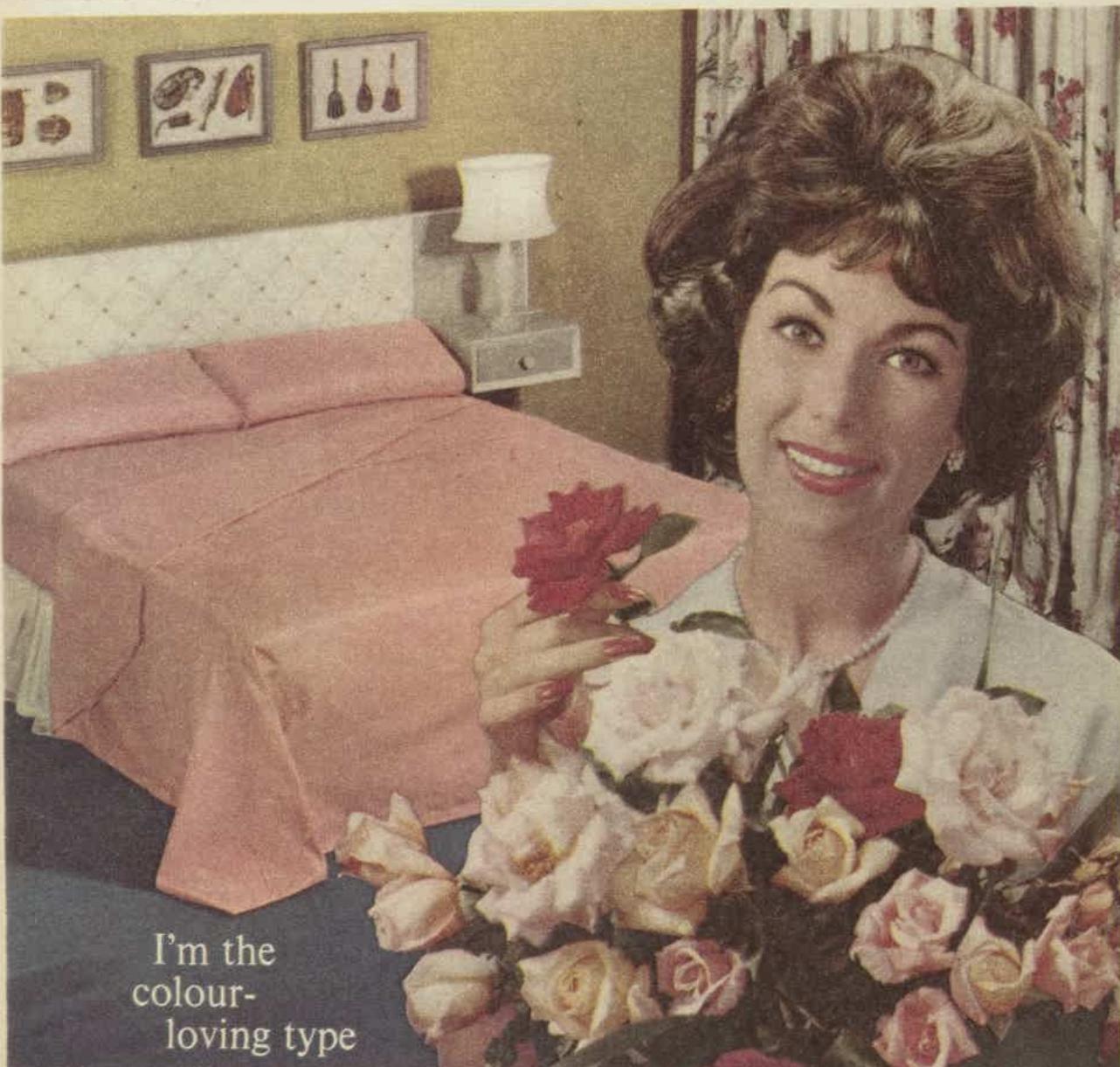
"You—you're going to leave that thing here?" She stared at me in disbelief. "You must get rid of it—you must!"

"How? Carry it up a vertical ladder over my shoulder. That thing weighs about 350lb. altogether, including the coffin. And what happens if I do get rid of it? Carreras finds out within hours. The point is that getting rid of the Twister is not going to save any lives at all; it will accomplish the certain death of all of us."

"Oh, Johnny, what are we going to do?"

"I'm going back to bed." Heaven only knew I felt like it. "Then I'll waste my time trying to figure out how to save Dr. Caroline."

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Holiday House
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—October 24, 1962

"Dr. Caroline? I don't see — why Dr. Caroline?"

"Because he's number one for the high jump, as things stand. Long before the rest of us. Because he's the man who's going to arm the Twister," I said patiently.

She had her hands twisted in my lapels, her face buried in my jacket — well, anyway, her old man's jacket — and her voice was muffled. "Oh, Johnny, where's it all going to end?"

"A touching scene, a most touching scene," a mocking voice said from close behind me. "But it all ends here and now. This moment."

I whirled round, or at least I tried to whirl round, but I couldn't even do that properly. What with disengaging Susan's grip, the weakness in my leg, and the lurching of the ship, the sudden turn threw me completely off-balance and I stumbled and fell against the ship's side. A powerful light switched on, blinding me, and in black silhouette against the light I could see the snub barrel of an automatic.

"On your feet, Carter." There was no mistaking the voice. Tony Carreras, no longer pleasant and affable, but cold, hard, vicious, the real Tony Carreras at last. "I want to see you fall when this slug hits you. On your feet, I said! Or you'd rather take it lying there? Suit yourself."

My bad leg was under me and I couldn't get up. I stared into the beam of light, into the black muzzle of the gun. I stopped breathing and tensed myself. Tensing yourself against a .38 fired from a distance of five feet is not a great help, but I wasn't feeling very logical at the moment.

"Don't shoot!" Susan screamed. "Don't kill him or we'll all die."

THE torch beam wavered, then steadied again. It steadied on me. And the gun hadn't shifted any that I could see. Susan took a couple of steps toward him, but he fended her off, stiff-armed.

"Out of the way, lady." I'd never in my life heard such concentrated venom and malignance.

"The Twister?" Her voice was urgent, compelling, desperate. "He's armed the Twister!"

"What! What are you saying?" This time she had got through. "The Twister? Armed?" The voice malignant as ever, but I thought I detected overtones of fear.

"Yes, Carreras, armed! Armed, Carreras, armed!" The repetition was not for emphasis, I couldn't think of anything else to say, how to carry this off, how to exploit the few seconds grace Susan had bought for me. I shifted the hand that was propping me up, the one in the black shadow behind me, as if to brace myself against the pitching of the Campani. My fingers closed over the handle of the hammer I'd dropped. I wondered bleakly what I was going to do with it. The torch and the gun were steady as ever.

"You're lying, Carter." The confidence was back in his voice. "How you found out about it I don't know, but you're lying; you don't know how to arm it."

That was it: keep him talking, just keep him talking.

"I don't. But Dr. Slingsby Car-
oline does."

That shook him. "How do you know about Dr. Caroline?" he demanded hoarsely. His voice was almost a shout. "How do you —"

"I was speaking to him tonight," I said calmly.

Speaking with him! But — but there's a key to arm this. The only key to arm it. And my father has it."

"Dr. Caroline has a spare. In his tobacco pouch. You never thought to look, did you, Carreras?" I sneered.

"You're lying," he repeated mechanically. Then, more strongly: "Lying, I say, Carter! I saw you tonight! I saw you leave the sick-bay — do you think I was so stupid as not to get suspicious when I saw the sentry drinking coffee given him by kind-hearted Carter — locked it up, followed you to the radio office and then down to Caroline's cabin. But you never went inside. I lost you then for a few minutes, I admit. But you never went in-

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"Why didn't you stop us earlier?" "Because I wanted to find out what you were up to, I found it."

"So he's the person we thought we saw!" I said to Susan. The conviction in my voice astonished even myself. "You poor fool, we noticed something in the shadows as Carreras had started to turn and she had only about three feet to go. Now she was clinging desperately to his gun-arm, all her weight on it, forcing it down toward the floor. I twisted myself convulsively forward and that two-pound hammer came arching over my shoulder and flew straight for Carreras' face with all the power, all the hatred and viciousness that was in me."

He saw it coming. His left hand, still gripping the torch, was raised high to smash down on the unprotected nape of Susan's neck. He jerked his head sideways, flung out his left arm in instinctive reaction: the hammer caught him just below the left elbow with tremendous force, his torch went flying through the air and the hold was plunged into absolute darkness. Where the hammer went I don't know; a heavy crate screeched and rumbled across the floor just at that moment and I never heard it land.

The crate ground to a standstill. In the sudden momentary silence I could hear the sound of struggling, of heavy breathing. I was slow in getting to my feet, my left leg was

practically useless. I heard Susan cry out, a cry of shock or fear. A moment's silence, a heavy soft thump as of falling bodies, a scream of agony, again from Susan, and then that silence again.

They weren't there. When I reached the spot where they had been struggling, they weren't there. For a second I stood still in that impenetrable darkness, bewildered, then my hand touched the top of the three-foot baffle and I had it: in their wrestling on that crazily careening deck they'd staggered against the baffle and toppled over on to the floor of the hold. I was over that baffle before I had time to think, before I knew what I was doing: the bosun's knife was in my hand, the needle-pointed marline-spike open, the locking shackle closed.

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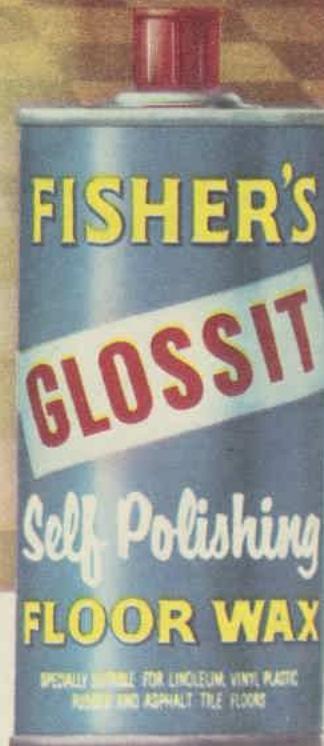
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Continuing . . . THE GOLDEN RENDEZVOUS

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need not have worried about the sentry. Head bent low over his chest, he was still far away in another world and showed no signs of leaving it. I wondered how he would feel when he came to. One sure guess I could make and that was when the sentry woke he would tell no one about his sleep. Miguel Carreras struck me as the kind of man who might have a very short way indeed with sentries who slept on duty.

I took out the key I'd found on Tony Carreras and unlocked the door. Marston was at his desk, the bosun and Bullen were both sitting in bed. This was the first time up in bed. This was the first time I'd seen Bullen conscious since he'd been shot. He was pale and haggard and obviously in considerable pain, but he didn't look as if he were on his last legs. It took a lot to kill off a man like Bullen.

He gave me a long look that was pretty close to a glare.

"Well, Mister. Where the hell have you been?" Normally, with those words, it would have come out like a rasp, but his lung wound had softened his rasp to a hoarse whisper.

"A minute, sir. Dr. Marston, Miss Bercroft has—"

"I can see, I can see. How in the world did you manage?"

Close to us now, he broke off and peered at me with his short-sighted eyes. "I would say, John, that you're in the more immediate need of attention."

"Me? I'm all right."

HE took Susan by her good arm and led her into the dispensary. He said, over his shoulder: "Seen yourself in a mirror recently?"

I looked in a mirror. The whole of the left side of my head, face and neck was covered in blood that had soaked through hood and mask, matted in thick dark blood that even the rain hadn't been able to remove. It must all have come from Tony Carreras' blood-stained shirt when I'd carried him up the ladder of number four hold.

"I'll wash off," I said to Bullen and the bosun. "It's not mine. That's from Tony Carreras. I killed him tonight down in number four hold."

"Your mad," Bullen said flatly. "You don't know what you're saying."

MacDonald said quietly. "My knife, sir? Did you bring it back?"

I nodded wearily, hobbled across to MacDonald's bed and handed him the knife. I'd had no chance to clean it. The bosun said nothing, just handed it to Bullen, who stared down at it for long, un-speaking moments.

"We've been worried to death."

I grinned faintly. It was an effort even to do that. "So was I, sir, so was I."

"All in your own good time," Bullen said encouragingly.

"I think Mr. Carter should tell us later, sir," MacDonald suggested. "He's got to clean himself up, get those wet clothes off and into bed. If anyone comes—"

"Right, bosun, right." You could see that even so little talk was exhausting him. "Better hurry, my boy."

"Yes." He looked vaguely at the bag I'd brought with me. "I've got the ropes there, Archie."

"Let me have them, sir." He took the bag, pulled out the two coils of rope, pulled the pillow from his lower pillow-case, stuffed the ropes inside and placed them under his top pillow. "Good a place as any, sir. If they really start searching, they're bound to find it, anyway. Now if you'd just be dropping this pillow and bag out the window."

I did that, stripped, washed, dried myself as best I could, and climbed into bed, just as Marston came into the bay.

"She'll be all right, John. Simple fracture. All wrapped up and in her blankets and she'll be asleep in a minute. Sedatives, you know."

I nodded. "You did a good job tonight, Doctor. Boy outside is still asleep and I hardly felt a thing in my leg." It was only half a lie and there was no point in hurting his feelings unnecessarily. I

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

glanced down at my leg. "The splints—"

"I'll fix them right away."

He fixed them, not more than half killing me in the process, and while he was doing so I told them what had happened. Or part of what had happened. I told them the encounter with Tony Carreras was a result of an attempt I'd made to spike the gun on the after-deck: with old Bullen talking away non-stop in his sleep, any mention of the Twister would not have been clever at all.

At the end of it all, after a heavy silence, Bullen said hopefully: "It's finished. It's all finished. All that work and suffering for nothing. All for nothing."

trayed it in his half delirious muttering under sedation. I hadn't even liked to mention Tony Carreras: but the blood had had to be explained away.

When I finished, Bullen said in his hoarse whisper: "I'm still the captain of the ship. I will not permit it, Mister, look at the weather, look at your condition. I will not allow you to throw your life away. I cannot permit it."

"Thank you, sir. I know what you mean. But you have to permit it. You must. Because if you don't—"

"What if someone comes into the sick-bay when you're not here?" he asked helplessly. He'd accepted the inevitable.

"This," I produced a gun and tossed it to the bosun. "This was Tony Carreras'. There are still seven shots in the magazine."

"Thank you, sir," MacDonald said quietly. "I'll be very careful with those shots."

"But yourself, man?" Bullen demanded hoarsely. "How about yourself?"

"Give me back that knife, Archie," I said.

I slept that night and slept deeply, as deeply, almost, as Tony Carreras: I had neither sedatives nor sleeping pills, exhaustion was the only drug I needed.

Coming awake next morning was a long slow climb from the depths of a bottomless pit. Then, all of a sudden Miguel Carreras was bending over me and shaking my shoulder with no gentle hand.

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Continuing . . . THE GOLDEN RENDEZVOUS

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Marston stood at the other side of the bed, and when he saw I was awake he caught me under the arms and lifted me gently to a sitting position.

"He shouldn't be moved, Mr. Carreras, he really shouldn't be moved. He's in constant great pain and I repeat that major surgery is essential at the earliest possible moment."

Marston looked at me gravely, then away without saying anything. I looked across at Bullen and MacDonald. Both of them were awake, both of them carefully not looking in my direction. And then I looked at Carreras.

At first glance he looked exactly the same as he had a couple of days ago. A second and closer inspection showed the difference: a slight pallor under the tan, a reddening of the eyes, a tightening of the face that had not been there

before. He had a chart under his left arm, a slip of paper in his left hand.

"Well," I sneered. "How's the big bold pirate captain this morning?"

"My son is dead," he said dully. Miguel Carreras, whatever else he lacked, unquestionably had all the normal instincts of a parent, a father. The very intensity of his restraint showed how badly he had been hit. For a moment I felt genuinely sorry for him.

For a very short moment. Then I saw the faces of Wilson and Jamieson and Benson and Brownell and Dexter, the faces of all those dead men, and I wasn't sorry any more.

S H O C K E D

puzzlement, but not too much shock, it wouldn't be expected of me. "Your son? Dead? How can he be dead? What did he die of?"

"I don't know." He shook his head and I felt like cheering: there were no traces of suspicion in his face. "I don't know."

"Dr. Marston," I said. "Surely you—"

"We haven't been able to find him. He has disappeared. We spent over two hours searching the ship. My son is not aboard the Campani. When did you last see him, Mr. Carter?"

"After dinner last night when he came here. He didn't linger. Said something like 'Captain Carreras making his rounds,' and left."

"That is correct. I'd sent him to make a tour of inspection. How did he look?"

"Not his usual self. Green. Sea-sick."

"My son was a poor sailor," Carreras acknowledged. "It is possible. I also haven't ruled out the possibility of foul play."

"With all the crew and passengers under guard, lock and key, how is foul play possible? Unless," I added thoughtfully, "there's a nigger in your own woodpile."

"I have not yet completed my investigations." The voice was cold, the subject was closed and Miguel Carreras was back in business again.

"The chart, Carter." He handed it across to me along with a paper giving a list of fixes. "Let me know if the Fort Ticonderoga is on course. And if she is running on time. We can later calculate our time of interception if and when I get a fix this morning."

"You'll get a fix," Bullen assured him huskily. "They say the devil is good to his own, Carreras, and he's been good to you. You're running out of the hurricane and you'll have clear patches of sky by noon. Rain later in the evening, but first clearing."

"You can tell all this just lying in your bed there?" Carreras demanded.

Bullen gave him the commodore's look he would have given any cadet who dared question his knowledge, and ignored him.

"The weather is going to moderate?" Carreras persisted.

"That's obvious, isn't it?" Carreras nodded slowly.

Making his rendezvous in time and being able to tranship the gold had been his two great worries; and now both of these were gone. He turned abruptly, walked out of the sick-bay.

Bullen cleared his throat and said formally, in his strained whisper: "Congratulations, Mr. Carter. You are the most fluent liar I've ever known."

MacDonald just grinned.

The forenoon, the afternoon came and went. Bullen, under sedation, slept nearly all day, while MacDonald and I talked or slept. But we didn't sleep before I told him what I hoped to do that night when—and if—I managed to get loose on the upper deck.

Susan made her appearance after breakfast with her arm in plaster and in a sling. There was no danger of this arousing any suspicion, even in a mind like Carreras': the story was to be that she had gone to sleep in a chair, been flung out of it during the storm and sprained her wrist. About ten o'clock in the morning she asked to be allowed to join her parents in the drawing-room, and stayed there all day.

Fifteen minutes after noon Carreras appeared again. He had the inevitable chart — two of them, this time—with him and the noon position of the Campani.

"Our position, our speed, their position, their speed and our respective course. Do we intercept at the point marked 'X'?"

"We don't intercept," I said after a few minutes. "At our present speed we should

arrive at your rendezvous in between eleven and eleven and a half hours. Say midnight. Five hours ahead of schedule."

"Thank you, Mr. Carter. My own conclusion exactly. The five-hour wait for the Ticonderoga won't take long in passing."

This would ruin everything, completely destroy what little chance my plan ever had of succeeding.

"I would have thought that you would want your crew at the maximum stage of efficiency for transhipping the gold when we met the Fort Ticonderoga."

"So?"

"So there's still going to be a heavy sea running in twelve hours' time. When we stop at the rendezvous the Campani is going to lie in the trough of the seas and, in the elegant phrase of our times, roll her insides out. I don't know how many of that crowd of landlubbers you have along with you were seasick last night, but I'll bet there will be twice as many tonight. And don't think our stabilisers are going to save you—they depend upon the factor of the ship's speed for their effect."

"

"A well-taken point," he agreed calmly. "I shall reduce speed, aim at being there about 4 a.m." He looked at me with sudden speculation. "Remarkably cooperative, full of helpful suggestions. Curiously out of the estimate I had formed of your character."

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FROCKS Fashion

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NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 79. Fashion Frock may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Pattern Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



DomineX
Fashions

PURE LINEN

"Which only goes to show how wrong your estimate is, my friend. Common sense and self-interest explain it. I want to get into a proper hospital as soon as possible—the prospect of going through life with one leg doesn't appeal. The sooner I see passengers, crew, and myself transferred aboard the *Ticonderoga* the happier I'll be. Only a fool kicks against the pricks: I know a fait accompli when I see one. You are going to transfer us all aboard the *Ticonderoga*, aren't you, Carreras?"

"I shall have no further use for any member of the Campari's crew, far less for the passengers." He smiled thinly. "You have my word that all of you will be transferred in safety and unharmed." It was the truth, but it wasn't, of course, the whole truth: he'd left out the bit about our being blown out of existence half an hour later.

About seven o'clock in the evening Susan Beresford returned and Marston left, under guard, to dispense pills and soothing words to the passengers in the drawing-room, many of whom were understandably not feeling at their best.

Susan looked tired and pale, no doubt the emotional and physical suffering of the previous night together with the pain from her broken arm accounted for that, but I had to admit for the first time, in an unbiased fashion, that she also looked very lovely: I'd never before realised that auburn hair and

Continuing . . . THE GOLDEN RENDEZVOUS

from page 76

green eyes were a combination that couldn't be matched.

She came softly to my bedside—Bullen was still under sedation and MacDonald either asleep or dozing—and sat down on a chair. After I'd asked her how she was and how the passengers were, and she'd asked me how I was and I'd told her and she hadn't believed me, she said suddenly: "Johnny, if everything goes all right, will you get another ship?"

"I don't think I'd go back to sea again, somehow. I'm a pretty fair mechanic and I've a bit of cash put away. There's a very nice flourishing little garage down in Kent that I can take over any time I want. And Archie MacDonald there is an outstanding mechanic. We'd make a pretty fair team, I think."

"You're pretty good friends, aren't you?"

"Good enough? What's that got to do with anything?"

"Nothing, just nothing. Funny, that's all. There's the bosun, he'll never walk properly again, nobody will want him at sea any more, he's probably got no qualifications for any decent job on land—especially with that leg—and all of a sudden Chief Officer Carter gets tired of the sea, decides—"

"It's not that way at all," I interrupted. "You've got it all wrong."

"Probably, probably," she

agreed. "I'm not very clever. But you don't have to worry about him, anyway. Daddy told me this afternoon that he's got a job for him, storeman."

"Well, it's kind of him. Nothing wrong with a storeman, but I just don't see Archie MacDonald as one, that's all. Especially not in America."

"Will you listen?" she asked sweetly. A touch of the Miss Beresford that was. "You've heard that Daddy's building a big refinery in the West of Scotland? Storage tanks, own port to take goodness know how many tankers?"

"I've heard."

"Well, that's the place. Stores for the oil-port and the refinery—millions and millions of dollars of stores, Daddy says, with goodness knows how many men to look after them. And your friend in charge—and with a dream house attached."

"That is a very different proposition altogether. I think it sounds wonderful, Susan, just wonderful. It's terribly kind of you."

"Not me!" she protested.

"Daddy."

"Look at me. Say that without blushing."

She looked at me. She blushed. With those green eyes the effect was devastating. I thought about my constitution again and looked away, and then I heard her saying: "Daddy wants you to be the manager of the new oil-port. So then you and the bosun would be in business together after all. Wouldn't you?"

I TURNED slowly and stared at her. I said slowly: "Was that the job he meant when he asked me if I'd like to work for him?"

"Of course. And you didn't even give him a chance to tell you. Do you think he'd given up—he hadn't really started. You don't know my father. And you can't claim I'd anything to do with it, either."

I didn't believe her. I said: "I can't tell you how—well, how grateful I am. It's a terrific chance, I know and admit. If you see your father again this evening thank him very much indeed from me."

Her eyes were shining. I'd never seen a girl's eyes shining for me before. Not in this way.

"And tell him no. It's a foolish thing to have pride, perhaps, but I've still got a little left. Whatever job I'll get, I'll get one I found for myself, not one bought for me by a girl."

She looked at me, her face suddenly very still, said "Oh, Johnny," in a curiously muffled voice, turned and buried her face half on the pillow, half on the sheets, her shoulders heaving, sobbing as if her heart would break.

I didn't feel good at all. I could have walked under a five-barred gate without opening it. I reached out and touched her head awk-

wardly and said: "I'm terribly sorry, Susan."

I heard the creak of springs and saw MacDonald propped up on one elbow, thick black eyebrows raised in puzzlement and concern. The sound of her crying must have awakened him.

"It's all right, Archie," I said. "Just a bit upset, that's all."

"I'm sorry." She straightened herself and turned her tear-stained face in the bosun's direction. Her breath was coming in the quick, short, indrawn gasps that are the aftermath of crying. "I'm terribly sorry I woke you up. But there is no hope, is there, Mr. MacDonald?"

"'Archie' will do for me," the bosun said gravely.

"Well, Archie." She tried to smile at him through her tears. "I'm just a terrible coward."

"And you spending all day with your parents and never once being able to tell them what you knew? What kind of cowardice do you call that, miss?" MacDonald said reproachfully.

"You're not answering me," she said in tearful accusation.

"Everything is going to turn out well," he said firmly.

He even had me convinced. I, too, knew that everything was going to turn out just fine, until I remembered who he was depending on. Me. I gave Susan a handkerchief and said: "Go and tell Archie about that job."

"You're not going to trust your life to that thing?" There was horror in Susan's face, panic in her voice as she watched me tie a bowline round my waist. "Why, it's no thicker than my little finger." I could hardly blame her: that thin three-stranded rope, no bigger than an ordinary clothes-line, was hardly calculated to inspire confidence in anyone. It didn't inspire much in me, even although I did know its properties.

"It's nylon, miss," MacDonald explained soothingly. "The very rope mountaineers use in the Himalayas—and you don't think they'd trust their lives to anything they weren't sure of?"

The time was exactly midnight. If I'd read the clock dial settings on the Twister properly, six hours was the maximum delayed action that could be obtained. Assuming Carreras rendezvoused exactly on time at 3 a.m., it would be at least another hour before he could get clear: so, the Twister wouldn't be armed until after midnight.

Everything was ready. The sick-bay door had been cautiously locked on the inside with the key I'd taken from Tony Carreras, so that neither of the two guards could burst in unexpectedly in the middle of things. And even if they did get suspicious and forced an entrance, MacDonald had a gun.

MacDonald himself was now sitting at the top of my bed, beside the window. Marston and I had half-carried him there from his own bed. His left leg was quite useless—like myself, he'd been given an injection by Dr. Marston to deaden the pain, mine being twice as powerful as the previous night's dose—but then MacDonald was not going to be called upon to use his leg that night, only his arms and shoulders, and there was nothing wrong with MacDonald's arms and shoulders. I had the feeling I was going to need all their strength that night.

Only MacDonald knew the purpose I had in mind that night. Only MacDonald knew that I intended returning the way I went. The others be-

lieved in my suicidal plan for an attack on the bridge, believed if I were successful I would be returning via the sick-bay door.

Bullen was awake now, lying flat on his back, his face stern and grim.

I was dressed in the same dinner suit as I'd worn the previous night. It was still damp, still crusted with blood. I'd no shoes on. The clasp-knife was in one pocket, oil-skin-wrapped torch in the other, the mask round my face, hood over my head. My leg ached, I felt as a man feels after a long bout of flu and the fever still burned in my blood: but I was as ready as I ever was going to be.

"Lights," I said to Marston.

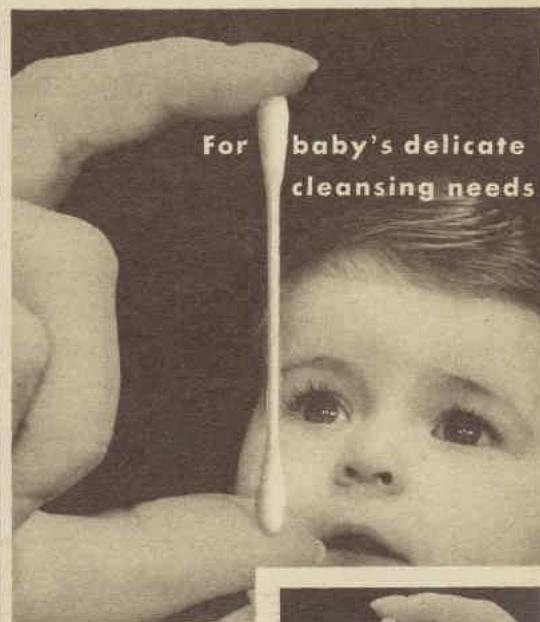
A switch clicked and the sick-bay was dark as the tomb. I drew back the curtains, pulled open the window and secured it on the latch. I stuck my head outside.

It was raining steadily, heavily, a cold driving rain out of the north-west, slanting straight in through the window on to the bed. The Campari still pitched a little, rolled a little, but it was nothing as compared to the previous night. She was doing about twelve knots. I twisted my neck and peered upwards. No one there. I leaned out as far as possible and looked fore and aft. If there was a light showing on the Campari that night I couldn't see it.

I came inside, stooped, picked up a coil of nylon rope, checked that it was the one secured to the top of the iron bedstead, and flung it out into the rain and the darkness. I made a last check of the rope knotted round my waist—this was the one the bosun held in his hands—and said: "I'm off." As a farewell speech it could perhaps have been improved upon, but it was all I could think of at the time.

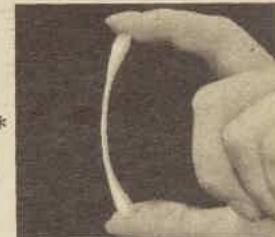
To page 78

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Page 78

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 24, 1962

Captain Bullen said: "Good luck, my boy." He'd have said an awful lot more if he knew what I really had in mind.

Marston said something I couldn't catch. Susan said nothing at all. I wriggled my way through the window, favoring my wounded leg, and then was fully outside, suspended from the sill by my elbows. I could sense rather than see the bosun by the window, ready to pay out the rope round my waist.

I felt for the rope attached to the bed, got it in both hands, eased my elbows off the sill and dropped quickly, hand over hand as MacDonald paid out my lifeline. Five seconds later I was in the water.

The water was dark and cold and it took my breath away. After the warmth of the sick-bay the shock of the almost immediate transition, the abrupt drop in temperature, was

Continuing . . . THE GOLDEN RENDEZVOUS

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literally paralysing. Momentarily, involuntarily, I lost my grip on the rope, panicked when I realised what had happened, floundered about desperately and caught it again. The bosun was doing a good job above: the sudden increase in weight as I'd lost my lifeline must have had him half-way out of the window.

I had known that being towed alongside a ship doing twelve knots wasn't going to be any too pleasant, but I had never thought it was going to be as bad as this. The factor I hadn't taken into the reckoning was the waves. One moment I was being towed, face down and planing, up the side of a wave: the next, as the wave swept by under me, I was almost com-

pletely out of the water, then falling forwards and downwards to smash into the rising shoulder of the next wave with a jarring violence that knocked all the breath from my body.

And when all the breath has been driven from you the body's demands that you immediately gulp in air are insistent, imperative, and not to be denied. But with my face buried in the sea I wasn't gulping in air, I was gulping down large quantities of salt water. Slowly, but surely, I was drowning.

Salvation came by sheer chance: no credit to me. One particularly

heavy wave had twisted me round till I was on my back, and in this position I fell into the next trough and hit the following wave with back and shoulders. Followed the inevitable explosive release of air from my lungs, the just as inevitable sucking in of fresh air — and this time I found I could breathe! Air rushed into my lungs, not water: I could breathe! Lying on my back like this, half lifted out of the water by my grip on the lifeline and with my head bent forward almost to my chest between my overhead arms, my face remained clear of the water and I could breathe.

I wasted no time, but went hand over hand down the lifeline as fast as MacDonald paid out the rope

about my waist. I was still swallowing some water, but not enough to matter.

After about fifteen seconds I took my left hand off the lifeline and started scraping it along the side of the ship, feeling for the rope I'd left dangling over the side of the after-deck last night. The lifeline was now sliding through my right hand and, wet though it was, it was burning the skin off my palm. But I hardly noticed it. I had to find that manila I'd left tied to the guard-rail stanchion; if I didn't, then it was curtains. Not only would the hopes of my carrying out my plan be at an end it would be the end of me also.

MacDonald and I had had to act on the assumption that the rope would be there and no attempt would be made to pull me back until he got the clear prearranged signal that it was time to begin just that. And to make any such clear signal while in the water, I had discovered, was impossible. If the manila wasn't there I'd just be towed along at the end of that nylon rope until I was drowned. Nor would that take long.

My left hand brushed against the manila: I grabbed it, a drowning man seizing the last straw in the whole endless expanse of the ocean.

Tucking the lifeline through the rope round my waist, I overarmed myself up the manila till I was all but clear of the water, wrapped my one good leg around the rope, and hung there, gasping like an exhausted dog, shivering and then being violently sick as I brought up all the sea-water that had collected in my stomach. After that I felt better, but weaker than ever. I started to climb.

I HADN'T far to go — twenty feet and I'd be there — but I hadn't gone two feet before I was bitterly regretting the fact that I hadn't followed my impulse of the previous night and knotted the manila. The manila was soaking wet and slippery, and I had to clamp tight with all the strength of my hands to get any purchase at all. And there was little enough strength left in my hands, my aching forearm muscles were exhausted from clinging so long and so desperately to the lifeline: my shoulders were just as far gone, even when I could get a good purchase even when my weakening hand didn't slide down the rope when I put all my weight on them, I could still pull myself up only two or three inches at a time. Three inches, no more: that was all I could manage at one time.

I couldn't make it, reason, instinct, logic, common sense all told me that I couldn't make it but I made it. The last few feet of the climb was something out of a dark nightmare, hauling myself up two inches, slipping back an inch, hauling myself up again and always creeping nearer the top. Three feet from the top I stopped. I knew I was only that distance away from safety, but to climb another inch on that rope was something I knew I could never do.

Arms shaking aigue-like from the strain, shoulders on fire with agony, I hauled my body up until my eyes were level with knotted hands; even in that almost pitchy darkness I could see the faint white blur of my gleaming knuckles. For a second I hung there, then flung my right hand desperately upwards. If I missed the coaming of the scupper . . . but I couldn't miss it. I had no more strength in me, I could never make such an effort again.

I didn't miss it. The top joint of my middle finger hooked over the coaming and locked there, then my other hand was beside it, I was scrabbling desperately for the lowermost bar in the guard-rails, I had to get it over, and over at once or I'd fall back into the sea. I found the bar, had both hands on it, I swung my body convulsively to the right till my sound foot caught the coaming, reached up to the next bar, reached the teak rail, had dragged, half slid my body over the top and fell heavily on the deck on the other side.

To be concluded

The novel "The Golden Rendezvous" was recently published by William Collins.

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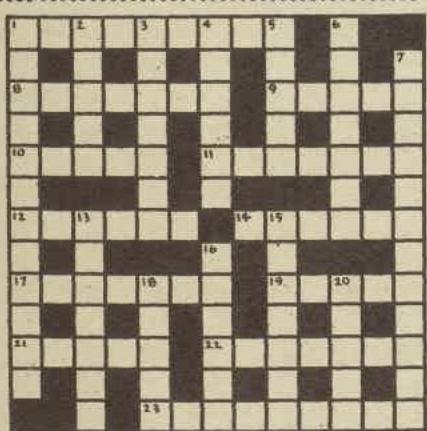
MR. BRIGGS, a secret service agent, explains why Mandrake underwent strange tests. He was being checked for a special mission. NOW READ ON...



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- No big ball for this Australian river branch that comes to a dead end (9).
- Examine officially (7).
- Heathen hiding a Turkish commander (5).
- I sent a small missp placed in a larger one (5).
- Dizziness, caused possibly by a tiger inside (7).
- Those who dislike intensely (6).
- So pigs chat (6).
- It twists and winds the thread (7).
- The senior tree (5).
- Woman's name; she is French for a start (5).
- Throw across (7).
- Surrounds (9).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- This country is their bliss (7, 5).
- Leans over to one side (5).
- Inciter by encouragement makes first a wager (7).
- An interval of 12 semitones (6).
- Can be a bird, a fish, or a mollusc (5).
- Chattering black and white birds (7).
- Embodies sport in a core (12).
- One poem in which three allowed (7).
- A rope in outdoors (4, 3).
- Exciting, and, judging from the head, it must be masculine (6).
- Compact or possibly stupid (5).
- Reside mostly in a well (5).

L A N E T H R O W E R S
L U X P M T
S U P P O R T
H E G I L
R A D E M I S S I V E
U D L E S T V W
R A F F E S T R E F S H
A G D P S U P
A G D S T E R N
U
E S P R E V P R I C E S

Solution of last week's crossword.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 24, 1962

Fashion PATTERNS

• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Patterns, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

F7601.—Smart style with tie at the neckline in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: Short sleeves (A), 3½yds. 36in. material; three-quarter sleeves (B), 1½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.



F7601

F7611.—Machine-pleated sleeveless frock in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.



F7611

F5992

F5992.—Young girl's frock in sizes 4, 6, 8, or 10 years (22, 24, 30, or 36in. length). Requires 1½ to 2½yds. 36in. material, ½ to 1yd. 36in. contrast, ¼yd. interlining. Price 3/6.



F5992

F7440.—Slacks and "sissy" top have contrasting cummerbund. Teenage sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material, ½yd. 36in. contrast, 2½yds. 2in. ribbon, 1yd. tape. Price 4/6.

F7440

F7750.—Short shorts and top in sizes 32 to 38 in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

F7750



F7750

F7417.—Summer style with pleated - ruffle skirt trim. Sizes 30 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

F7417

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 716.—GIRL'S FROCK
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Three-piece set available cut out and traced to embroider with butterfly design on pink, blue, white, or cream Irish linen. Price 9/6, plus 1/6 postage.

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Cool two-piece set out to sew in printed check cotton with rose design. Colors are olive and white, pink and white, and turquoise and white. Sizes 32 to 34in. bust, £1/14/6; 36 to 38in. bust, £1/17/6. Postage 4/- extra on all sizes.

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